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A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

IV.

Profile of Boehm's Statuette.

WHITE LION, BRISTOL,
Monday 1850.

MY DEAR LADY:

With the gold pen there's no knowing how and what I write, the handwriting is quite different and it seems as if one was speaking with a different voice. Fancy a man stepping up to speak to you on stilts and trying to make a bow, or paying you compliments through a Punch's whistle;—not that I ever do pay you a compliment, you know, but I can't or I shan't be able for a line or two to approach you naturally, and must skate along over this shiny paper.

I went to Clevedon and saw the last rites performed for poor dear Harry.—* I went from here, and waited at Candy's till the time of the funeral, in such cold weather! Candy's shop was full of ceaseless customers all the time—there was a little boy buying candles and an old woman with the toothache—and at last the moment drew nigh and Tinling in a scarf and hat-band driving himself down from the Court, passed the shop, and I went down to the church. It looked very tranquil and well ordained, and I had half an hour there before the procession came in view. Those ceremonies over a corpse—the immortal soul of a man being in the keeping of God, and beyond the reach of all undertakers,—always appear to me shocking rather than solemn,—and the horses and plumes give me pain.—The awful moment was when the dear old father—the coffin being lowered into the vault where so much of his affection and tenderest love lies buried, went down into the cave and gave the coffin a last kiss;—there was no standing that last most affecting touch of Nature. . . . Mr. Hallam who had been up-stairs came down after an hour or two; and I was so sorry that I had decided on coming back to Bris-

* H. F. Hallam died 24th Oct. 1850.

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tol, when he asked me whether I wasn't going to stay? Why didn't I? I had written and proposed myself to Dean Elliot in the morning personally, and I find he is out of town on returning here in the coldest night to the most discomfortable inn, writing paper, gold pen. . . . Duty, Duty is the word, and I hope and pray you will do it *cheerfully*.

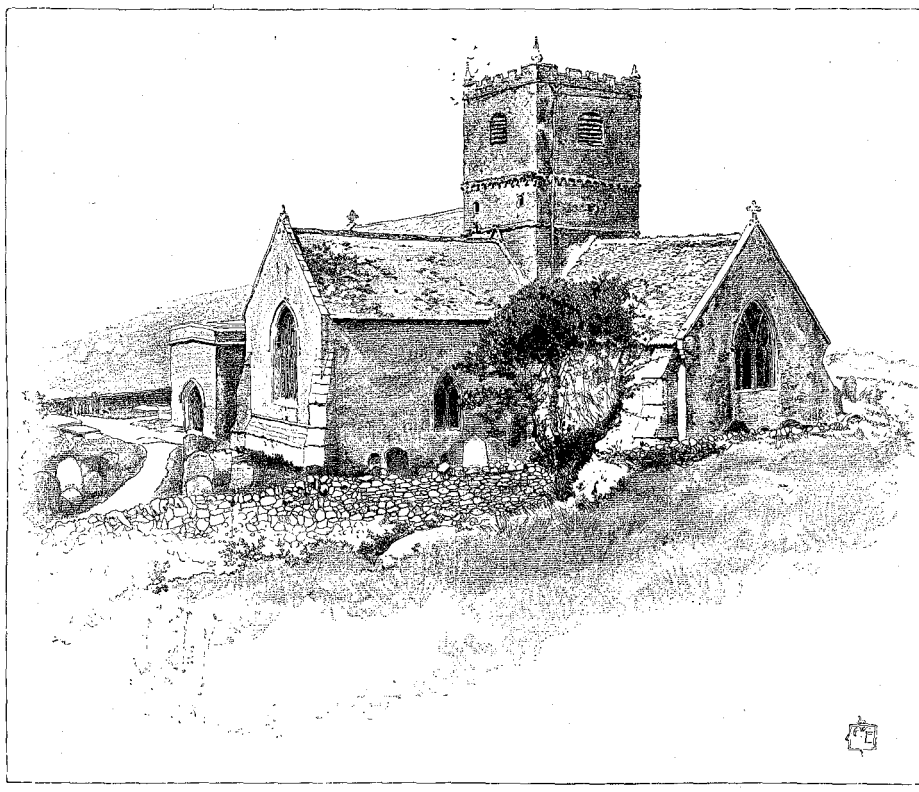
Now it is to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and so may your comforter and helper raise you up when you fall. I wonder whether what I said to you yesterday was true? I know what I think about the famous chapter of St. Paul that we heard to-day,—one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, and one flesh of birds and one of fish and so forth,—premature definitions—yearnings and strivings of a great heart after the truth. Ah me—when shall we reach the truth? How can we with imperfect organs? but we can get nearer and nearer, or at least eliminate falsehood.

To-morrow then for Sir John Cam Hobhouse. Write to me there, dear sister, and tell me you are cheerful and that your baby is well, and that you love your affectionate old brother. When will you see the children? to-morrow I hope. And now I will go to bed and pray as best I can for you and yours and your nieces and your faithful old Makepeace.

G. B. Y.

1851.

I have no news to give for these two days, but I have been busy and done nothing. Virtue doesn't agree with me well, and a very little domestic roseleaf rumpled puts me off my work for the day. Yesterday it was, I forget what; to-day it has been the same reason; and lo! Saturday cometh and nothing is



Clevedon Church.

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done. . . . We have been to the Zoölogical Gardens this fine day and amused ourselves in finding likenesses to our friends in many of the animals. Thank *Evns!* both of the girls have plenty of fun and humour; your's ought to have, from both sides of the house,—and a deal of good besides, if she do but possess a mixture of William's disposition and yours. He will be immensely tender over the child when nobody's by, I am sure of that. No father knows for a few months what it is, but they learn afterwards. It strikes me I have made these statements before.

To the Memory of
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM,
of Trinity College, Cambridge B.A.
eldest Son of HENRY HALLAM Esquire,
and of JULIA MARIA his Wife,
Daughter of Sir ABRAHAM ELTON Bart.
of Clevedon Court.
Who was snatched away by sudden death
at Vienna on September 15th 1833.
in the 23rd year of his age.
And now in this obscure and solitary Church
repose the mortal remains of
one too early lost for public fame,
but already conspicuous among his contemporaries
for the brightness of his genius,
the depth of his understanding,
the nobleness of his disposition,
the fervour of his piety
and the purity of his life.
VALE DULCISSIME
VALE DILECTISSIME DESIDERATISSIME
REQUIESCAS IN PACE
PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM
USQUE AD TUBAM
To the Memory of
HENRY FITZMAURICE HALLAM.
Born Augt 31st 1824. Died at Siena Octr 23rd 1850.
In whose clear and vivid understanding, sweetness of disposition
and purity of life, an image of his elder brother was
before the eyes of those who had most loved him.
Distinguished like him by early reputation, and by the affection of
many friends, he was like him also, cut off by a short illness
in a foreign land.
His father deeply sensible of the blessing which he enjoyed
in possessing such children as are commemorated
in these tablets,
submits to the righteous will of Heaven
which has ordained him to be their survivor.

Memorial Tablets to Arthur and Henry Hallam in Clevedon Church (from a photograph).

We had a dull dinner at Lady ——'s, a party of —— chiefly; and O! such a pretty, one, blue eyes, gold hair, alabaster shoulders and such a splendid display of them. Venables was there, very shy and grand-looking—how kind that man has always been to me! —and a Mr. Simeon of the Isle of Wight, an Oxford man, who won my heart by praising certain parts of *Vanity Fair* which people won't like. Carlyle glowered in in the evening; and a man who said a good thing. Speaking of a stupid place at the sea-side, Sandwich I think, somebody said "Can't you have any fun there?" "O! yes," Corry said, "but you must take it with you." A nice speech I think, not only witty but indicating a gay cheerful heart. I intend to try after that; *we* intend to try after that; and by action and so forth get out of that morbid dissatisfied condition. Now I am going to dress to dine with Lord Holland; my servant comes in to tell me it is time. He is a capital man, an attentive, alert, silent, plate-cleaning, intelligent fellow; I hope we shall go on well together, and that I shall be able to afford him. . . . . .

Boz is capital this month, some very neat pretty natural writing indeed, better than somebody else's again. By Jove, he is a clever fellow, and somebody

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else must and shall do better. Quiet, pleasant dinner at Lord Holland's; leg of mutton and that sort of thing, home to bed at 10.30, and tomorrow to work really and truly. Let me hear, please, that you are going on well and I shall go on all the better.

April 29th, 1851.

MADAM AND DEAR LADY:

Will you have a little letter to-day, or a long letter tomorrow? for there's only half an hour to post time.—A little letter to-day?—I don't wonder at poets being selfish, such as Wordsworth and Alfred.—I have been for five days a poet, and have thought or remembered nothing else but myself and my rhymes and my measure. If somebody had come to me and said, "Mrs. Brookfield has just had her arm cut off," I should have gone on with, Queen of innumerable isles, tidumtidy, tidumtidy, and not stirred from the chair. The children and nobody haven't seen me except at night; and now though the work is just done, (I am just returned from taking it to the *Times* office) I hardly see the paper before me, so utterly beat, nervous, bilious and overcome I feel; so you see you chose a very bad day ma'am for a letter from yours very sincerely. If you were at Cadogan Place I would walk in, I dare say, say God bless you, and then ask leave to go to sleep. Now you must be thinking of coming back to Pimlico soon, for the lectures are to begin on the 15th. I tried the great room at Willis's yesterday, and recited part of the multiplication table to a waiter at the opposite end, so as to try the voice. He said he could hear perfectly, and I daresay he could, but the thoughts somehow swell and amplify with that high-pitched voice and elaborate distinctness. As I perceive how poets become selfish, I see how orators become humbugs and selfish in their way too, absorbed in that selfish pursuit and turning of periods. It is curious to take these dips into a life new to me as yet, and try it and see how I like it, isn't it? Ah me, idleness is best; that is, quiet and repose of mind and somebody to love and be fond of, and *nil admirari* in fine. The gentlemen of the G. tell me, and another auditor from the Macready dinner, that my style of oratory was conspicuous for consummate ease and impudence, I, all the while feeling in so terrible a panic that I scarcely knew at the time what I was uttering, and didn't know at all when I sat down.—This is all I have to tell you about self, and ten days which have passed away like a fever. Why, if we were to let the poetic cock turn, and run, there's no end of it I think. Would you like me now to become a great—fiddlededee? no more egotisms Mr. M. if you please.

I should have liked to see your master on Sunday, but how could I? and Lord! I had such a headache, and Dicky Doyle came, and we went to Soyer's Symposium and the Crystal Palace together, where the great calm leviathan steam engines and machines lying alongside like great line of battle ships, did wonderfully move me; and I think the English compartment do beat the rest entirely, and that let alone our engines, which be incomparable, our painters, artificers, makers of busts and statues, do deserve to compare with the best foreign. This I am sure will interest and please Miss Brookfield very much. God bless that dear little lady. I would give two-pence to hear her say, "more tea." Oh, by the way can I have that young woman of whom Rossiter spoke? Mary goes away at the end of the week and a cook is coming, and I want a maid, but have had no leisure to think of one until now, when my natural affairs and affections are beginning to return to my mind, and when I am my dear lady's friend and servant,

W. M. T.

May, 1851.

AMIE:

I write you a little word after that Exhibition from home. . . . .

The ode has had a great success. What do you mean by "an ode as she calls it?" *Vive dieu*, Madame, it is either an ode or nix (the German for nothing.) And as for the Exhibition, which don't interest me at all so much, it was a noble, awful, great love-inspiring, gooseflesh-bringing sight. I got a good place by good luck and saw the whole affair, of which no particular item is wonderful; but the general effect, the multitude, the riches, the peace, the splendour, the security,

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From a drawing by Thackeray in the possession of Mrs. Brookfield.

the sunshine, great to see,—much grander than a coronation. The vastest and sublimest popular festival that the world has ever witnessed before. What can one say about it but commonplace? There was a Chinese with a face like a pantomime-mask and shoes, who went up and kissed the Duke of Wellington, much to the old boy's surprise.

And the Queen looked not uninteresting; and Prince Albert grave, handsome, and princely; and the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal are nice children,—very eager to talk and observe they seemed. And while the Archbishop was saying his prayer, beginning with *Pater Noster*, which sounded, in that wonderful throng, inexpressibly sweet and awful, three Romish Priests were staring about them, with opera

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glasses; which made me feel as angry as the Jews who stoned Stephen.

I think this is all I have to say. I am *very* tired and the day not over, for I have promised the children to take them to the play, in recompense for their disappointment in not getting to the Exhibition, which they had hopes of seeing through my friend Cole. . . .

. . . . . .

[1851.]

REFORM CLUB.

MY DEAR SIR OR MADAM:

Pax vobiscum; ora pro nobis. If you go to the lecture to-day, will you have the fly? It will be only ever so little out of the fly's way to come for you: and will you fetch me from this place please, and will you send an answer by coachman to say whether you will come or no?

I had a gentle ride in the Park, and was all but coming to 15, but I thought I wouldn't get off my oss at any place save that where I am going to work, namely this here, until lecture time. Doyle will be in waiting at 4½ o'clock to let the stray sheep into the fold.

I am, yours
MAKEPEACE,
Bishop of Mealy Potatoes.

MY DEAR LADY:

I have been at work until now, eight o'clock. The house is very pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. G. bent on being so, the dinners splendacious, and what do you think I did yesterday? Please to tell Spring Rice this with my best regards, tomorrow. I thought over the confounded Erminia matter in the railroad, and wrote instantly on arriving here, a letter of contrition and apology to Henry Taylor for having made, what I see now, was a flippant and offensive allusion to Mrs. Taylor. I am glad I have done it. I am glad that so many people whom I have been thinking bigoted and unfair and unjust towards me, have been right, and that I have been wrong, and my mind is an immense deal easier.

MY DEAR ——: Will you, I mean Mr. Brookfield, like to come to Mrs. S's sworry to-night? There will be very pretty music, and yesterday when I met her, I said I wanted her very much to go and sing to a sick lady of my acquaintance and she said she would with the greatest pleasure in the world; and I think it would be right if Mr. Brookfield should call upon her, and I am disengaged on Wednesday next either for evening or dinner, and Mrs. Sartoris' number is 99 Eaton Place, and I am,

Your obedient servant
W. M. THACKERAY.

MY DEAR VIEUX:

I have told the *mouche* to call for me at the Punch office at eight, and to come round by Portman Street first. If you like you can come and we can go to a little play, a little something, to Hampstead even if you were up to it. If you'd like best to sit at home, I'd like to smoke a pipe with you; if you'd like best to sit at home alone, I can go about my own business, but don't mind choosing which way of the three you prefer, and

Believe me, *hallis* yours
W. M. T.

MY DEAR SICK LADY:

I send you 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, MSS just to amuse you for ten minutes. Annie's I am sure will; isn't it good? the perilous passage, and the wanting to see me. The letters are to ladies who bother me about the Bath and Wash-house *fête;* and the verses, marked 2, were written in a moment of depression—I wonder whether you will like No. 2?

Virginia wasn't at dinner after all, yesterday. Wasn't that a judgment on somebody? She stopped to take care of a sick sister she has; but I made myself as happy as circumstances admitted, and drank your health in a glass of Mr. Prinsep's excellent claret; one can't drink mere port this weather.

When you have read all the little papers, please put them back, and send them by the printer's devil to their owner. It has just crossed my mind that you may think it very conceited, my sending you notes to read, addressed to grand ladies, as if I was proud of my cleverness in writing them, and of being in a state of correspondence with such

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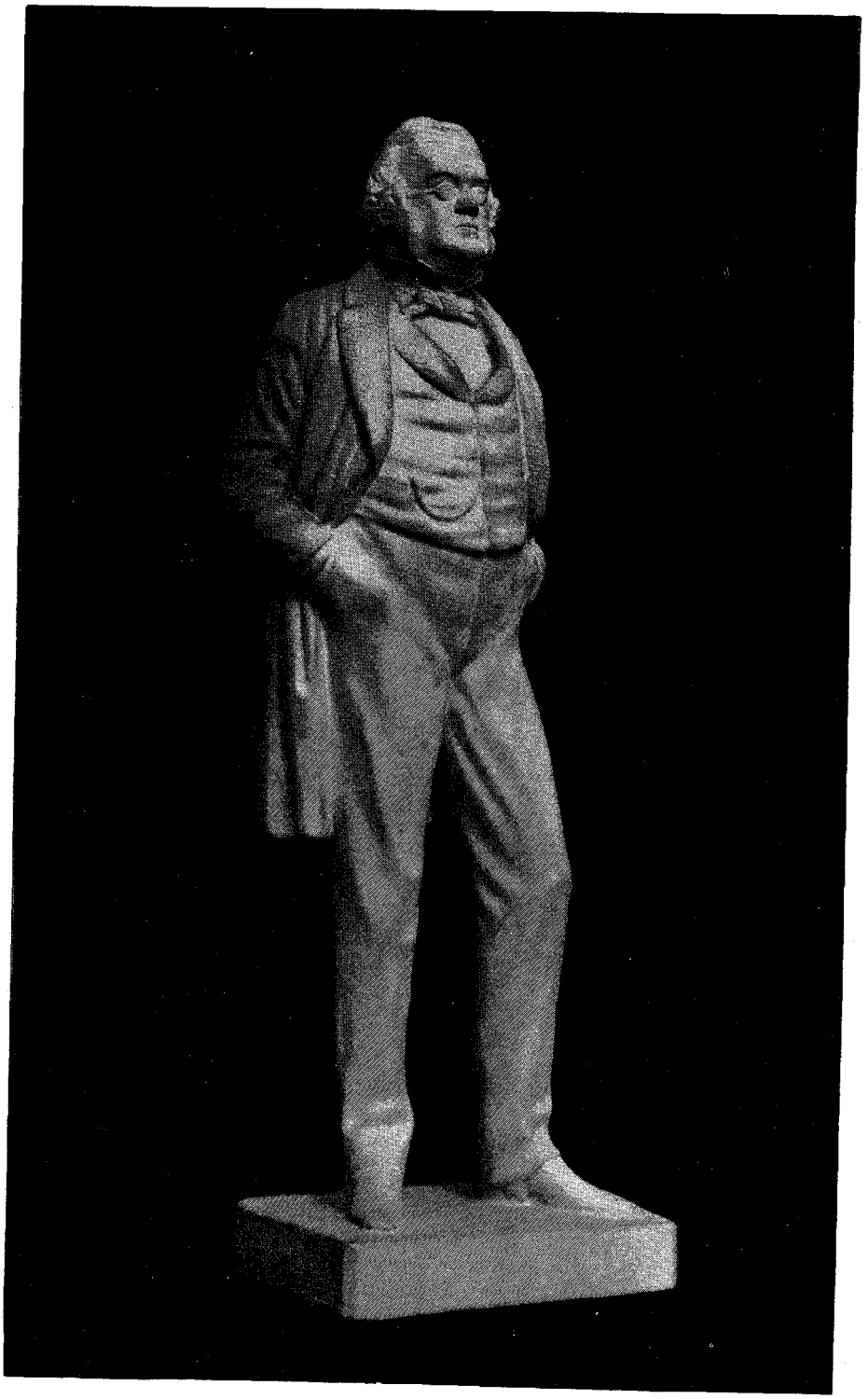

The Statuette of Thackeray by Joseph Edgar Boehm, R.A.

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grand persons. But I don't want to show off, only to try and give you ever so little amusement, and I don't choose to think about what other people choose to think about.

Yours, dear Mrs. Brookfield,
W. M. THACKERAY.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I am always thinking of Mrs. C— W— H— with a feeling of regard, so intense and incomprehensible, that feeble words cannot give it utterance, and I know that only a strong struggle with my interior and a Principle which I may say is based on the eternal data of perennial reminiscences, can keep this fluttering heart tolerably easy and secure. But what, what, is Memory? Memory without Hope is but a negative idiosyncracy, and Hope without Memory, a plant that has no root. Life has many such, but still I feel that they are too few; death may remove or in some way modify their poignancy; the future alone can reconcile them with the irrevocable fiat of yesterday, and tomorrow I have little doubt will laugh them into melancholy scorn. Deem not that I speak lightly, or that beneath the mask of satire, any doubt, any darkness, any pleasure even, or foreboding, can mingle with the depth of my truthfulness. Passion is but a hypocrite and a monitor, however barefaced.

Action, febrile continuous action, should be the pole star of our desolate being. If this is not reality, I know not what is. Mrs. C. W. H. may not understand me, but you will.

Fragment.

. . . And is W. Bullar going to work upon you with his "simple mysticism?" I don't know about the Unseen World; the use of the seen World is the right thing I'm sure!—it is just as much God's world and Creation as the Kingdom of Heaven with all the angels. How will you make yourself most happy in it? how secure at least the greatest amount of happiness compatible with your condition? by despising to-day, and looking up cloudward? Pish. Let us turn God's to-day to its best use, as well as any other part of the time He gives us. When I am on a cloud a-singing, or a pot boiling—I will do my best, and if you are ill, you can have consolations; if you have disappointments, you can invent fresh sources of hope and pleasure. I'm glad you saw the Crowes, and that they gave you pleasure;—and that noble poetry of Alfred's gives you pleasure (I'm happy to say ma'am I've said the very same thing in prose that you like—the very same words almost). The bounties of the Father I believe to be countless and inexhaustible for most of us here in life; Love the greatest. Art (which is an exquisite and admiring sense of nature) the next.—By Jove! I'll admire, if I can, the wing of a Cock-sparrow as much as the pinion of an Archangel; and adore God the Father of the earth, first; waiting for the completion of my senses, and the fulfilment of His intentions towards me afterwards, when this scene closes over us. So when Bullar turns up his i to the ceiling, I'll look straight at your dear kind face and thank God for knowing that, my dear; and though my nose is a broken pitcher, yet, Lo and behold there's a Well gushing over with kindness in my heart where my dear lady may come and drink. God-bless you,—and William and little Magdalene.

Fragment.

I have had the politest offer made me to go to Scotland, to Edinburgh, where there is a meeting of the *savants*—just the thing for me, you know; thence to the Highlands with Edward Ellice; thence to Miss Prince's friend, the Duchess, who is the most jovial, venerable, pleasant, and I should think too, a little wicked, old lady. And I suppose I could be franked through the kingdom from one grandee to another; but it don't seem much pleasure or rest, does it? Best clothes every day, and supporting conversation over three courses at dinner; London over again. And a month of solitary idleness and wandering would be better than that, wouldn't it? On the other hand it is a thing to do and a sight to see, sure to be useful professionally, some day or other, and to come in in some story unborn as yet.

I did the doggerel verses which were running in my head when I last wrote

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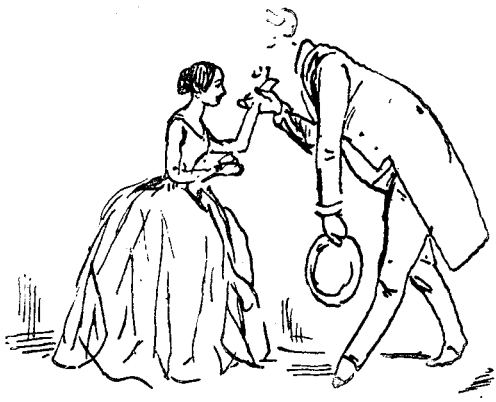
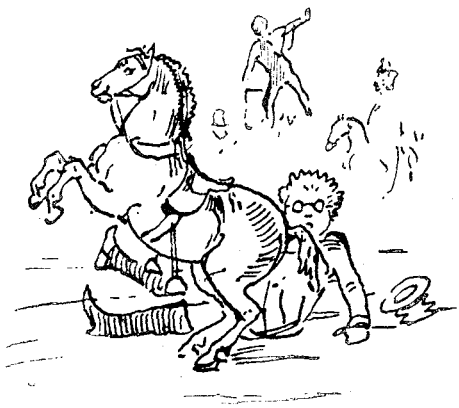


Mr. Jeames de la Pluche presents respectful Compts to Mrs. Elliot and I am very sorry that he cannot accept your genteel and polight invitation as he is engaged as you will be glaad to hear to meet Miss Virginia Pattle: and afterwards to go to a friendly Swaary where prayes a reverend gentl lady by name of Br—kf—ld may cumsoal me for his igstreme disapintment in not meeting neither Mrs E nor Miss P

PS. Respectfl Compts to the young lady who sang like a Siring

PS. Genteel regards to Miss K.E.P.



From a letter to Mrs. Elliot, now in the possession of her sister, Miss Kate Perry.

you, and they are very lively. You'd say the author must have been in the height of good spirits;—no, you wouldn't, knowing his glum habit and dismal views of life generally.

We are going on a little holiday excursion down the river to Blackwall, to board the American Packet-ship, the Southampton, I told you of before; and shake hands with the jolly captain, and see him out of the dock. Then the young ladies are going to *Don Giovanni* in the evening, and I to dine with the Earl of Carlisle, but I want quiet. . .

Do you remember my telling you of O'Gorman Mahon, bidding some ladies to beware of me for I could talk a bird off a tree? I was rather pleased at the expression, but O'Gorman last Saturday, took me away out of Lord Palmerston's arms, with whom I was talking, and said that some ladies had informed him,

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that when he made use of that expression, my countenance assumed a look of the most diabolical rage and passion, and that I abused him, O'Gorman, in the most savage manner. In vain I remonstrated, he'll believe it to the end of his life.

1851.

Good Friday.

Yesterday evening in the bitter blast of the breeze of March, a Cavalier, whose fingers were so numbed that he scarce could hold the rein of his good steed, might have been perceived at a door in Portman Street in converse with a footman in dark green livery, and whose buttons bore the cognizance of the Well-known house of Brookfield. Clouded with care and anxiety at first the horse-man's countenance (a stalwart and grey-haired man he was, by our lady, and his face bore the marks of wounds received doubtless in early encounters) presently assumed a more cheerful aspect when he heard from the curly-pated servitor whom he interrogated that his Lady's health was better. "Gramercy" he of the steed exclaimed "so that she mend I am happy! happier still when I may behold her! Carry my duty, Fellow, to my Mistress' attendant, and tell her that Sir Titmarsh hath been at her gate." It closed upon him. The horse-man turned his charger's head home-ward, and soon was lost to view in the now lonely park.

I've been to church already with the young ones—had a fine ride in the country yesterday—am going to work directly this note goes off—and am exceedingly well and jolly in health. I think this is all my news. . . . Mrs. Elliot has been very bad but is mending. I dined there last night. She was on the sofa, and I thought about her kind face coming in to me (along side of another kind-face) when I was ill. What numbers of good folks there are in the world! Fred. Elliot would do anything, I believe, to help me to a place. Old Miss Berry is very kind too, nothing can be kinder; but I will go back to my poetry for Punch, such as it is, and say good-bye to my dear lady and Miss Brookfield and Mr.

W. M. T.

[1851.]

MESDAMES:

You mustn't trust the honest *Scotsman*, who is such a frantic admirer that nothing less than a thousand people will content him. I had a hundred subscribers and two hundred other people for the first lecture. Isn't that handsome? It is such a good audience that I begin to reflect about going to America so soon. Why, if so much money is to be made in this empire, not go through with the business and get what is to be had? The Melgunds I saw at the sermon, and the Edinburgh big-wigs in plenty. The M's live over the way, I go to see them directly and thank them. And I like to tell you of my good luck, and am always yours,

W. M. T.

15 July, 1851.

The happy family has scarce had a moment's rest since we left the St. Katherine's wharf, and this is wrote on board the steamer——in the Rhine, with ever so many fine views at my back,—Minnie on t'other side writing to her grandmother, and Annie reading her father's works in the Tauchnitz edition. It has not been a very brilliant journey hitherto, but the little ones are satisfied, that's the main point. The packet to Antwerp was awful, a storm, and a jib carried away, and a hundred women being sick on the cabin floor all night. The children very unwell, but behaving excellently; their pa, tranquil under a table and not in the least sick, for a wonder.

We passed the day, Friday, at Antwerp, when I hope his reverence came home to you better. And it was very pleasant going about with the children, walking and lionising. Yesterday, we got up at five and rushed to Cologne; today we rose at four, and rushed to Mayence. We shall sleep at Wiesbaden or at Frankfurt tonight, as the fancy seizes me; and shall get on to Heidelberg, then to Basle, then to Berne, & so on to Como, Milan, Venice, if it don't cost too much money. I suppose you are going to church at this time, and know the bells of Knightsbridge are tolling. If I don't go to church myself

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(but I do, here, this instant, opposite the young ones) I know who will say a God bless me. . . . . .

I bought *Kickleburys, Rebecca and Rowena*, and the *Rhine Story* and read them through with immense pleasure. Do you know I think all three Capital, and R. and R. not only made me laugh but the other thing. Here's pretty matter to send a lady from a tour! Well, I know you like to hear my praises and I am glad to send them to you. They are putting off a flat-bottomed boat from the shore—they are putting out the tables for dinner. I will lock up my paper and finish my letter at some future halting-place, and so good-bye dear lady.

Wiesbaden. The first minute to myself since we came away, and that in a ground floor closet, where it has been like sleeping in the street,—the whole house passing by it. It is the Hôtel de la Rose. Annie and Minnie are put away somewhere in the top of the house, and this minute at six in the morning, on the parade, they have begun music. The drive hither last night from the steamer was the most beautiful thing which has happened to us yet, and a view of the Rhine at Sunset, seen from a height, as lovely as Paradise. This was the first fine day we have had, and the splendour of the landscape-colours something marvellous to gaze upon. If Switzerland is better than this, we shall be in a delirium. It is affecting to see Annie's happiness. My dear noble creature, always magnanimous and gentle. I sat with the children and talked with them about their mother last night. . . . It is my pleasure to tell them how humble-minded their mother was. how humble minded you are, my dear lady. They bid me to the bath, I rise, I put on my scarlet gownd, I go.

Thursday morning. Again six o'clock. *Heidelberg.* After the bath and the breakfast we discovered that we were so uncomfortable at that most comfortable inn the Rose, without having the least prospect of bettering ourselves, that we determined on quitting Wiesbaden, though Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie had arranged a party for us, to see the Duke's garden,—an earthly paradise according to her account,—and though in the walk, a taking his waters, whom should I see, but T. Parr, Esquire, and I promised to go and see him and your sister. But *Dieu dispose*, and we came off to Frankfurt and took a carriage there for two hours and a half and inspected the city and then made for Heidelberg which we reached at 6½, too late for anything but dinner and a sleep afterwards, in the noisiest street I ever *slep* in; and there were other causes for want of rest, and so I got me up at five and soothed myself with the pleasant cigar of morn.

My dear lady, the country is very pretty, *zwischen* Frankfurt and Heidelberg, especially some fantastical little mountains, the Melibocus range, of queer shapes, starting out of the plain, capped with darkling pine forests and ruined castles, covered with many coloured crops and based by peaceful little towns with old towers and walls. And all these things as I behold, I wish that somebody's eyes could see them likewise; and R! I should like a few days rest, and to see nothing but a shady wood and a tolerably stupid book to doze over.

We had Kingsley and his parents from Antwerp; a fine honest go-ahead fellow, who charges a subject heartily, impetuously, with the greatest courage and simplicity; but with narrow eyes (his are extraordinarily brave, blue and honest), and with little knowledge of the world, I think. But he is superior to us worldlings in many ways, and I wish I had some of his honest pluck. And so my stupid paper is full, and I send my love to you and yours.

Thursday, 17th. [July, 1851.]

Yesterday was a golden day, the pleasantest of the journey as yet. The day before we got to Baden-Baden; and I had a notion of staying, say two or three days, having found an agreeable family acquaintance or two, Madame de Bonneval, sister of Miss Galway, with whom we went to the hippodrome, & M. Martchenko, that nice Russian who gave me cigars and flattered me last year; but the weather beginning to be bad, and the impure atmosphere of the pretty,

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witty gambling place not good for my young ones, we came away by the Basel railroad in the first-class, like princes. A most delightful journey through the delicious landscape of plain and mountains, which seemed to Switzify themselves as we came towards here; and the day's rest here has not been least pleasant, though, or perhaps because, it rained all the morning and I was glad to lie on the sofa and smoke my cigar in peace. On Tuesday at Baden it was pretty. Having been on duty for five days, I went out for a solitary walk, and was finding myself *tant soit peu* tired of my dear little companions; and met Madame de Bonneval, who proposed a little tea, and a little society &c.; and when I came back to the inn, there was Annie, with Minnie on her knees, and telling her a story with a sweet maternal kindness and patience, God bless her. This touched me very much and I didn't leave them again till bedtime, and didn't go to the *rouge-et-noir* and only for half an hour to Monsieur and Madame de Bonneval,—from whose society I determined to escape next day,—and we agreed it was the pleasantest day we had had; and Minnie laid out the table of the first class carriage (they are like little saloons and delightful to travel in) with all the contents of the travelling bag, books, o de Cologne, ink &c.; and we had good trout for supper at nine o'clock; and today, at two, we walked out and wandered very pleasantly for two hours and a half about the town and round it; and we are very hungry; and we hope the dinner bell will ring soon —and tomorrow I am forty years old, and hope to find at Berne a letter from my dear lady. You see one's letters must be stupid, for they are written only when I am tired and just come off duty; but the sweet young ones' happiness is an immense pleasure to me, and these calm sweet landscapes bring me calm and delight too; the bright green pastures, and the soft flowing river (under my window now) and the purple pine-covered mountains, with the clouds flickering round them—O! Lord! how much better it is than riding in the Park and going to dinner at eight o'clock! I wonder whether a residence in this country would ennoble one's thoughts permanently, and get them away from mean quarrels, intrigues, pleasures? make me write good books—turn poet perhaps or orator—and get out of that business of London—in which there is one good thing? Ah, one good thing, and God bless her always and always. I see my dear lady and her little girl; *pax* be with them. Is it only a week that we are gone, it seems a year.

Berne. Saturday 19th. Faucon.—I must tell you that I asked at Heidelberg at the post only by way of a joke, and never so much as expecting a halfpenny worth of letter from you; but here I went off to the post as sure as fate. Thinks I, it being my birthday yesterday there must be a little something waiting for me at the *poste restante*, but the deuce a bit of a little something. Well I hope you're quite well, and I'm sure you'd write if something hadn't prevented you, and at Milan or at Venice I hope for better fortune. We had the most delightful ride yesterday from Basel, going through a country which I suppose prepares one for the splendider scenery of the Alps; kind good-natured little mountains, not too awful to look at, but encouraging in appearance, and leading us gradually up to the enormities which we are to contemplate in a day or two. A steady rain fell all day, but this, as it only served to make other people uncomfortable, (especially the six Belgian fellow-travellers in the *Bei-wagen*, which leaked, and in which they must have had a desperate time) rather added to our own pleasure, snug in the *coupé*. We have secured it for tomorrow to Lucerne, and today for the first time since our journey there's a fine bright sun out, and the sight we have already had of this most picturesque of all towns, gives me a zest for that fine walk which we are going to fetch presently. I have made only one sketch in this note; best not make foolish sketches of buildings, but look about and see the beautiful pictures done for you by Nature beneficent. It is almost the first place I have seen in Europe where the women actually wear costumes—in Rome only the women who get up for the painters dress differently from other folks. Travelling as Paterfamilias, with

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a daughter in each hand, I don't like to speak to our country folks; but give myself airs, rather, and keep off from them. If I were alone I should make up to everybody. You don't see things so well *à trois* as you do alone; you are an English gentleman; you are shy of queer-looking or queer-speaking people; you are in the *coupé;* you are an earl;—confound your impudence, if you had £5000 a year and were Tomparr, Esq., you could not behave yourself more high and mightily. Ah! I recollect ten years back, a poor devil looking wistfully at the few napoleons in his *gousset,* and giving himself no airs at all. He was a better fellow than the one you know perhaps; not that our characters alter, only they develop and our minds grow grey and bald, &c. I was a boy ten years ago, bleating out my simple cries in the Great Hoggarty diamond. We have seen many pretty children, two especially, sitting in a little tub by the roadside; but we agree that there is none so pretty as baby Brookfield, we wish for her and for her mother, I believe. This is a brilliant kind of a tour isn't it? egotistical twaddle. I've forgot the lectures as much as if they had never been done, we? such a two-penny absurd thing?) and folding the sheet up in a different way. So good bye lady, and I send you a G and a B and a Y.

Lucerne. Monday morning.—We are in love with Berne. We agree that we should like to finish our lives there, it is so homely, charming and beautiful, without knowing it; whereas this place gives itself the airs of a beauty and offends me somehow. We are in an inn like a town, bells begin at four in the morning, two hours ago, and at present all the streets of the hotel are alive; we are not going up the Righi; Y should we go up a dimmed mountain to see a dimmed map under our feet? We are going on to Milan pretty quick. The day after tomorrow we shall sail down the Major lake, we hope to Sesto Calendi and so to Milan. I wonder whether you have written to me to Como? Well, I would have bet five to one on a letter at Berne; but such is life and such is woman, that the philosopher must not reckon on either. And what news would you have sent? that the baby is well, that you have enjoyed yourself pretty well at Sevenoaks?—I would give sixpence to hear as much as that.

And what news wd you have sent? That the baby is well that you have enjoyed
yourself pretty well at Sevenoaks? tho - I would give 6d to hear as much as that
Such is a feeble but ac
curate outline of the
view out of my window
at this moment and all
the time I am drawing
it (you will remark how
pleasantly the firs & pasture
in the foreground are in-
tated whereas I can't do anything with ink being black to represent the snow on the mountains behind)

and my impression is that they were a failure. Come along young ladies, we'll go a walk until dinner time, and keep the remainder of this sheet (sacrificing the picture, as after all, why shouldn't Such is a feeble but accurate outline of the view out of my window at this moment, and all the time I am drawing it, (you will remark how pleasantly the firs and pastures in the foreground are in-

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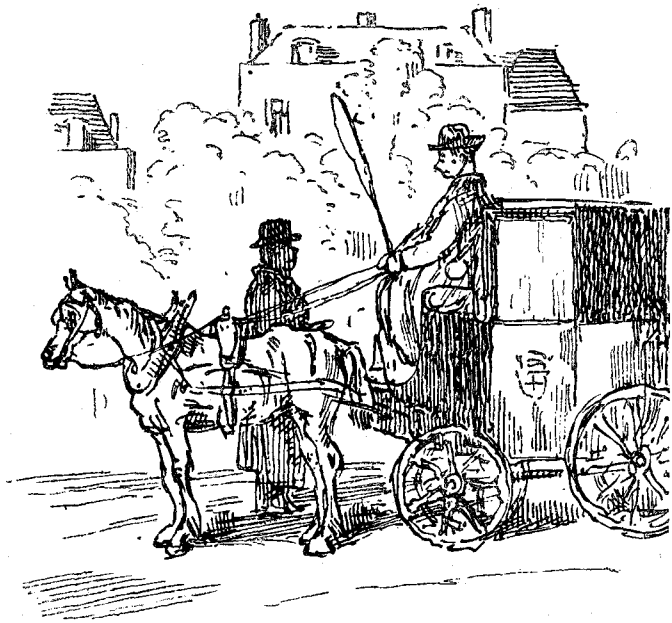
dicated, whereas I cannot do anything with ink, being black, to represent the snow on the mountains behind) I am making pretty dramatic sketches in my mind of misfortune happening to you,—that you are unwell, that you are thrown out of a carriage, that Dr. Locock is in attendance, *que sais-je?*

As for my dear young ones I am as happy with them as possible; Annie is a fat lump of pure gold, the kindest dearest creature, as well as a wag of the first water. It is an immense blessing that Heaven has given me such an artless affectionate companion. We were looking at a beautiful, smiling, innocent view at Berne, on Saturday, and she said, "it's like Baby Brookfield." There's for you! and so it was like innocence, and brightness, and &c. &c. Oh! may she never fall in love absurdly and marry an ass! If she will but make her father her confidant, I think the donkey won't long keep his ground in her heart. And so the paper is full and must go to England without ever so much as saying thank you for your letter. Good-bye my dear lady, good-bye Miss Brookfield, Good-bye Mr. Brookfield, says

Your affectionate,

W. M. T.

Au Suisse, July 21st.



"Portrait of No. 913," from a drawing by Thackeray.

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DISILLUSION.

By Mary W. Plummer.

MORNING.

Come, sweet, the world is wide; so, hand in hand,
Let us fare forth to win our victories.
Thou shalt be queen of beauty and of love,
As in the old, bright days of tournament;
And I will wear thy colors in my heart,
And on my brow the seal invisible
Of thy true kiss; so shall before me fall
All shapes of evil that infest the light.
Then, when the jousts are ended and the games,
Thou shalt sit proudly upright in thy place,
And while the world is wondering, all agaze,
Lo! at thy feet my garlands shall be laid;
For half my strength is thine, being come from thee
And that sweet faith that armors me anew.

EVENING.

The days are short'ning,—wilt forgive me, heart,
For the long turmoil I have led thee through
And to no end? I meant it otherwise,
But one right arm is weak against the world.
Here on thy shoulder let me rest my head,
My weary head that aches from life's long din;
And in thy comforting let me forget
The disappointment and the hidden foe,
And all that made my days a vulgar strife,
Unheralded, untrumpeted, uncrowned.
My strength is weak beside thy steadfastness,
And there takes refuge. If thou cherish it,
Then to have failed, and yet to win thy smile,
Ah, love, is victory beyond desert!

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THE LOST REMBRANDT.

By T. R. Sullivan.

THE lovely old city of The Hague, now, as always, withdrawn from the vulgarizing influences of commerce, has an indescribable air of refinement, much dwelt upon in the books and peculiarly its own. This is due, as any writer of guides will bear me out in saying, to the fact that the town grew up around the royal hunting-box, and has been, since Holland was, the favorite resort of Dutch princes. And the same writer will probably go on to tell you that, by leaving your hotel at 6 A.M., you can in one day see it all—*all*, even to its flippant watering-place, two miles off, among the dunes on the melancholy shore of the North Sea. And so, with this impression of dulness setting, as it were, the seal upon his own, he will cheerfully whirl you away to view the Leyden University and the Haarlem tulips, with no effort whatsoever, from the window of your railway-carriage.

But if you are of a certain age, and temperate; if Time has touched you gently, inclining you to be sad and civil, like Malvolio; if you are fond of the light that falls aslant into old pictures; and if, above all, the commercial spirit of your own enterprising nation often oppresses and disheartens you—why, then, you will walk leisurely back from Scheveningen over the ancient dyke, that is really a long, straight, lofty arbor of interlacing elm-branches; and you will wonder at the contentment in the faces of the peasant women, and at the barbaric gilded crowns and ear-rings which they wear. On either hand you will catch glimpses of sunny gardens, and choose more than one villa you would be glad to call your own; while the trees go on before you, in among the broad canals and splendid city squares, where all the houses seem palaces, built for comfort, with no state apartments in them; until a few steps more have brought you to the border of the shadowy wood, upon which the old hunting-seat now encroaches. Here are acres of superb beeches, with mossy trunks and gnarled roots, recalling some enchanted forest of the brothers Grimm, and that picture of it left over in your memory from the pantomime of childhood; only now you find the dreadful abode of fabulous monsters and misshapen goblins haunted merely by an invisible chorus of blackbirds, too far above your head to fear or even to heed you. Who calls that place dull where town and country meet upon such terms? Forgive the Dutchmen, for the moment, if they take their pleasures somewhat sadly, as the English do. It is true that the city's one poor theatre is closed in this warm June weather. But the train is always panting to take you back to Paris; stay here a little longer, if only for a day or two.

The Hague has its open jewel-casket, and therein its captain-jewel. When you make your first visit to Maurice of Nassau's house, now transformed into a museum, you will pass through certain anterooms, where the two wives of Rubens, his father-confessor, a glorious Faun and Nymph of Jordaens, and a likeness of William of Orange, by some unknown but strong and tender hand, will all delight you. Then, at the top of the great staircase, you will hesitate for a moment, as one often does in all the galleries, wondering which way to turn. A look to the left will decide the question. There is the loadstar; no other guide is needed. You stand a long time before it, and turn away only to come back. You are surrounded by fine pictures, half of them to be forgotten within the next hour; but this one you will remember through all the after years.

It is the "Lesson in Anatomy" of Rembrandt. A famous surgeon explaining to five brothers of his guild the muscles in the arm of a subject upon the dissecting-table; and not to these eager listen-

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ers alone are the words and gesture of the man directed; for he stands in a vaulted hall and looks beyond you to the imaginary audience, of which, losing your own identity, you, for the time being, form a part. All the world knows this masterpiece from countless reproductions; but only those who have seen the picture can fully understand the charm in the painter's noble treatment of it that compels one to overlook its disagreeable motive.

The light streams down upon the dead man; yet you hardly know he is there. It is death, indeed, and painted so truthfully that to shut out the living faces is to shudder at it. Bring them back, and this central object which so fixes their attention has no power upon yours. They glow with color, they breathe; you are ready to swear that one has moved a little. Hark! the lecturer has spoken. Alas! his voice has been hushed for more than two centuries. All these that look have become even as the thing they look at; their very dust is now unrecognizable. And while the beauty of this life completely fills your thought, all life's sadness, all the mystery of death, lie on the canvas there before you.

One day, on my way out of the gallery, I turned back for another look at the Rembrandt. The noon light was superb, and there was no one about; so I stayed on, absorbed in the picture, and studying it from every possible point of view. At last, determined to go, I made some commonplace exclamation of delight or regret, speaking aloud, as when alone one may without undue absence of mind. A slight movement behind me brought me to myself, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw that I had been overheard by a little, gray, old man, who had come quietly into the room by another door. He was plainly dressed, closely shaven, and his somewhat heavy features had nothing distinctive about them; yet I felt sure that I had seen him before. But one often has this fancy, and I dismissed it at once, even though I had caught him in the act of eyeing me curiously. For I saw at a glance that he was a Dutchman, and my acquaintance in Holland was limited to landlords and bankers, with an occasional porter or two. The man turned from me to the Rembrandt almost immediately, and I could only be provoked with myself for my small display of emotion. This had amused him, naturally. I must be more self-contained in future. With these mental notes I went away.

But the next day and the day after I found him there again. Then, to avoid him, I changed the hour of my daily visit; to no purpose. Whenever I went to the gallery, this strange companion was sure to make his appearance before I left it. I tried not to notice him, and sometimes he hardly noticed me; but, once or twice, I could not help observing that he seemed pleased when we met, as usual, in the Rembrandt room. He never spoke, never saluted me, never sought in any way to make his presence an intrusion. He irritated me, nevertheless. I could no more see my favorite picture apart from this gray shadow than I could stand in the sunlight and escape my own.

I pointed him out to each of the custodians in turn. They all agreed in recognizing him as a constant visitor, but none knew his name. If I expressed surprise, or questioned further, I was either politely referred to the visitors' book, that labyrinth without a clew, or I was given, in imperfect English, a summary of the custodial duties, of which a personal acquaintance with all mankind had never been reckoned one. He did no injury; he molested nobody. Upon these conditions the gallery was open to him. What would I have?

What, indeed? I could complain of nothing; the annoyance was of my own making. Why should this man dog my steps with no apparent purpose? Could it be a case of mistaken identity? Was I, through a chance resemblance, in danger of arrest for some extraordinary crime? No. Were I really shadowed, in that sense of the word, I should be the last to know it. Besides, I had become convinced that my first impression was correct, and that I had of the man some knowledge earlier than any I could now recall. Moreover, he emphasized himself, so to speak, by never leaving the gallery before me. Once, I waited in a remote corner until the hour of closing, with the conviction that this

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time he would be forced to take the lead. When I ventured out, it was to find him standing, with the rigid patience of a lackey, near the head of the staircase. At the sight of me, he drew back with a courteous gesture that was almost servile. Further persistence on my part would involve conversation, perhaps fellowship. I accepted the situation, and went first, lifting my hat formally. At the door I looked back and saw him slowly following. But I had already passed out of his thoughts, and my look was not returned.

I might have played the shadow in my turn, and, watching my chance, have dogged him to his own door. But this scheme, I argued, if detected, would lead me into endless complication; if carried out successfully, it could avail me little; I might learn his address, his occupation, perhaps his name; for all which, as I persuaded myself, I cared next to nothing. I wanted to ignore him, to forget him; but I was not long permitted to do either.

One evening, after dinner, I strolled lazily away from the hotel-porch, to smoke my cigar, in the gathering twilight, upon the shore of the Vyver. This pretty sheet of water lies in the centre of all things, and has, to mark its own central point, a little mossy island, around which many garrulous ducks and stately swans go always gliding—as if they bore, in those unruffled breasts, vague longings vaster than their appetites, and less likely to be satisfied. On one side, the irregular, mediæval Palace of the Binnenhof springs directly from the water, and throws back upon the waveless surface a reflection that seems to sink deeper than its own foundations. There are strange gate-ways, and high-pitched roofs, and oddly ornamented towers; while, farther off, the great Church of St. Jacob thrusts itself up from the humming market-place; and, opposite the palace, a broad, shady walk runs the whole length of the Vyver, with now and then a seat, where a man may take his ease and watch all this, and let the great world hum on in the distance. And if he remembers that he is a little lonely, just a very little, when the stars come out, and the recesses of the Binnenhof grow deep and black under his eyes, why then that tinge of loneliness suits the place and helps it, so long as the pain does not prove acute enough to be unbearable.

Upon this memorable evening I found the Vyverberg crowded with good city folk, walking sedately up and down under the trees. They looked so dull that, thankful for not knowing them, I turned back to the ducks and muttered Voltaire's malicious marginal note upon his life in Holland: "*Canaux, canards, canaille!*" Here was his picture reproducing itself in little, to perfection. Then the light waned, and the throng gradually dispersed; until, at the end of my second cigar, I was left almost alone. I smoked on, trying to lose myself in my thoughts. But night came down with a rush, for there was no moon; and it brought up my wandering senses more than once with a round turn. The stars grew brilliant, and the lamps cast sharp lines of light into the water. It was picturesque, but disagreeably damp and chilly, too. I shivered a little; then I thought of the homely saying, that a man shivers when a step has been taken somewhere, a long way off, upon the spot of earth destined for his grave; and, at this not over-cheerful suggestion, I shivered again. "I shall catch my death," I mentally predicted. The cigar was bitter; I tossed it away, and got up to go.

As I turned out into the path, I saw a man moving slowly toward me in the darkness on the very edge of the basin. At the first glimpse of his figure, two thoughts came to me like successive lightning-flashes—that I had never encountered my tormenting shadow in the open air, and that this was he. I stood still. The light from one of the street-lamps must have fallen upon my face; for as the man came nearer, he looked up, saw me, and, starting a little, lost his balance and stepped back into the water of the Vyver.

I knew that it was very shallow; but, of course, I dashed forward and helped him out. He had fallen flat, and I found him thoroughly limp and wet. He shivered, and his hands were cold. To my surprise, he thanked me in good English, speaking very simply; and his voice was decidedly agreeable. He did

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not laugh, or even smile at his accident; yet he treated it lightly, and his way of taking it made me forget its ludicrous side.

"I will find you a carriage," I said.

"Oh, no; I should walk, it is better. I am cold."

"But not alone. That will not do."

And thereupon, forgetting my former antipathy, I pulled out my card and actually offered to walk home with him.

He looked at the card and read the name, as we stood there under the lamp.

"Yes," he said, "you are at the Marshal Turenne. I have no card about me; but I am called Lucas Grafman. You are very kind. I could go alone, yet I shall be glad of your company. Will you walk on? It is cold."

It did not strike me as strange that he should know the name of my hotel. I felt that we were in sympathy, and I was anxious to learn more of him; yet I hesitated to put leading questions. We walked for some time in silence, and at a slow pace, his gait being uncertain and feeble; until, as we turned a corner, and came out into the great square of the Plein, one side of which was ablaze with lighted windows, he stopped and sighed.

"You are tired," I said.

He shook his head, and, avoiding the shops, led the way across the darkest part of the square, by the statue of William the Silent, and so on under the trees.

"Where have we met before?" I asked, abruptly.

He pointed at the dark Mauritshuis, just definable through the wavering shadows.

"There—in the Rembrandt room," he answered.

"Yes; but before that?"

"Never before that." Then quickening his pace, he added: "A little faster; I am cold."

It made me cold myself to walk beside him. But his voice was low and sweet as the night-murmur of a brook. I liked to hear it.

"Do we go much farther?" I asked again.

"No, only a little—a very little." He went on as if he were talking to himself. "The way is short—and it is sure. No one can miss it."

We crossed the top of the Spui, where all the bustle and movement evidently distressed him. Another turn into a narrow, dimly lighted street put him at his ease. He looked at me, saying almost gayly:

"You do not regret your kindness? I have not bored you?"

"No; on the contrary."

"Good! I thank you."

The street brought us out upon the brink of a sluggish canal, which we followed for a few steps under a row of dark houses, all leaning different ways, with the uncanny effect peculiar to old buildings in that sea-disputed land. These looked as though one touch would send them tottering to their fall. Half way down the row he stopped.

"This is the door."

He went up to it and pulled a bell that rang in the distance, echoing back to us as if through deserted rooms. After a moment's delay, he called, but so faintly that even I scarcely heard him:

"Yanna—Adriana!"

There was no answer. He groped about, apparently for a key, which he must have found. I could hear the grating of the lock. Then, as he held the door half open, I had a glimpse of the hall, where a dying lamp was on the point of giving up the ghost of its flame.

"Will you come in?" he asked.

I excused myself. The hour was late.

"But you will come again?"

Why should I? I hesitated. All my old dislike to him returned.

A sound decided me—the sound of low, sweet music in the house. There was a woman singing. I could not distinguish the words, but I knew that the voice was a young girl's.

"Yanna—Adriana!" he called, softly, as before; and there was no more singing.

"You will come again?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"To-morrow, then—at this hour. I shall expect you."

And he was gone. The door fell back behind him. The place was horribly still. There was no sign of life, no movement, except in the mist slowly streaming up from the canal to fold itself about me like a winding-sheet. I lost no time in getting clear of it.

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The next morning, though I paid my usual visit to the gallery, it was not to see the pictures. Even upon the great Rembrandt I turned my back, and went from room to room with but one thought —that of meeting Mynheer Grafman. All in vain. He was not there, and his unwonted absence set me thinking. Was he ill? That might well be, considering his accident of the night before. In the broad daylight, I had gone more than half way toward a resolve to break my reluctant word with him. What possible good can come of our appointment, I had asked myself, after sleeping upon it soundly. But now I felt in duty bound to keep the promise, if only to prove that I had startled him unwittingly, to show a decent regret for his false step in the dark, of which, innocently, I had been the cause.

Yet I found more than one misgiving left to conquer when the time came. A lonely walk, after dark, in a strange city, at best is not alluring. And afterward? What risk might I not run in crossing that dismal threshold? If the old man were a decoy, the house a den of thieves? I laughed these thoughts away. My watch weighed so little, and I carried nothing else of value; my money, in a letter of credit, to a thief would be unavailable. I was in for an adventure, mildly interesting, perhaps; but what were travel without adventures? Nevertheless, I gave the hotel-chamber that mute farewell one bids his household gods on the eve of a long journey. With this, too, went certain precautions. I left upon the dressing-table a line to indicate my destination, so far as I knew it; I closed the door of my room without turning the key; and finding below the monumental *portier*, resplendent in steel buttons and silver lace, I passed the time of night with him, taking pains to state the precise hour of my return. He twirled the waxed ends of his absurdly small moustache; then smiled and nodded confidentially. His keen glance was my best assurance. The soul of the Marshal Turenne would not fail to be disquieted, in case my absence were prolonged.

I followed the narrow street to the pale mists of the canal. This was the place, and there the house I wanted—the fifth from the corner, I remembered that. I pulled the bell, which jangled again remotely with the sound I knew, and immediately the door was opened by a tall, white-haired man-servant in dark livery.

"Mynheer Grafman?"

He bowed and moved aside to let me pass, then led the way into the long hall, painted white and panelled, with here and there a portrait frowning down. At the farther end I saw a staircase in its carved spiral of balustrade. But he stopped half way, and, lifting a piece of faded tapestry, waited silently for me to go in. I did so, and felt the curtain fall heavily into its place.

I seemed to step at once into the golden age of Holland. The high walls of the huge drawing-room were hung with splendid pictures that outshone the gilding of their heavy frames. The polished furniture was carved into strange shapes, and richly ornamented. There were odd, rococo cabinets, revealing through their glass doors many precious objects—gold and silver drinking-cups, ancient prizes of the hunting-feast, South Sea curios of coral, ivory, and jade. The soft Eastern carpets and softer hangings had those subdued tints that only Time's slowly moving shuttle weaves; the crystal drops of the sconces glowed with candlelight; and upon the wide hearth, in spite of the season, a fire had been kindled. In the chimney-corner stood a harp, and close beside it, on a heap of crumpled music, a jar of yellow roses. Their perfume, strengthened by the warmth of the fire, filled the room. Only this handful of flowers held the odor of the present in them; all else belonged to an interior that Terburgh might have painted for background to a knight and lady smiling over a love-letter. And my timid fancy had pictured it a den of thieves!

Mynheer Grafman left his seat by the fire, and came forward to meet me. He did not offer his hand, but greeted me with grave cordiality.

"You are welcome," he said. "I feared you might forget."

His voice had the same clear note, which again disarmed me.

"I could not forget," I answered, "that through me you were caused an-

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noyance, possibly serious. You are none the worse for your accident?"

"No; as you see."

He went back to his place, inviting me with a gesture to draw closer and be seated.

As I turned for a chair, the curtain was brushed aside, and I saw in the door-way the slender figure of a young girl so lovely that I stood still and stared at her in speechless wonder; almost fearing to breathe, lest I should wake from a dream to long for her forever. But she dropped the curtain, and came into the room.

She wore pale yellow, the color of the roses, with no ornament except a white camellia. It could not match the whiteness of her throat; and her arms, bare to the elbow, might have been the missing ones of Melos, they were so delicately rounded. Her hair was black, and its heavy braid fell over one shoulder to her waist. Her eyes were black, too; they had no laughter in them; they deepened the sadness of the face, yet it was of beauty indescribable, beyond all other beauty of the earth. I can only liken it to the face of night, just flushed with the rosy tint of morning—mournful, but submissive; reluctant to go, yet preparing to be gone.

There was an awkward moment of silence before my host looked up and presented me.

"It is my daughter Adriana," he said, tenderly.

She bent her head, but did not offer her hand.

"It is not the custom," I thought, wondering in what language to address her.

Then she spoke, in English.

"You are welcome." That was all. But her father's voice seemed harsh after those words.

I stammered incoherent thanks for her kindness to a stranger.

"I knew we were to meet," she answered. "Let us forget that we are strangers."

She turned away, while I sat down, as her father begged me to do. I listened to his talk, thinking only of her, and following her with my eyes. She brought a low table, and set it down between us; then placed upon it two glasses with curiously twisted stems; and after filling these from a silver-mounted flagon, she handed one to me.

"That you may forget," she said, gently.

My hand shook a little as I took the glass. The time, the place, and her strange presence, all had something fearful in them. The wine was black, but through it one crimson bubble, glowing like fire, rose to the brim and broke.

"Will you not drink?" said the old man, pausing with his own glass at his lips.

"Friends always!" I murmured, drinking as I spoke, and looking from him to her, while she whispered back my words.

So, in honor of the toast, we drained the glasses.

"Fill again!" said Mynheer Grafman, as we put them down. The liquor had the richness of an Italian *vino spumante*, or some old Burgundy of noted vintage; but it was very cold, and its fine, aromatic flavor was quite unknown to me.

"What wine is this?" I asked.

"The grapes were grown in Java," he replied; "and this cask of mine has, in its time, made many voyages. The wine is rare and old; but there is no harm in it."

"None whatever," said I, sipping it again. "These were grapes, indeed." The draught had an effect upon me more than pleasant, wonderfully soothing. I settled myself in my chair, and felt at peace with all the world. Care and sorrow seemed to float away in an alembic fume. There was in my past one bitter hour, whose recollection had never failed to move me. I thought of it now indifferently, as though it were another man's; I could not even sigh at it. And of the future I thought nothing. I was there, I saw her; I was content with the present moment; so content as to believe that it would last.

Mynheer Grafman asked me if I liked music.

"Yes," I answered, eagerly; "to the music of last night I could listen always."

"Yanna!" he said, looking up at her and dwelling on the affectionate diminutive; "Yanna!"

She had been standing behind his

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chair, but now she crossed the room, and, seating herself at the harp, stretched one white arm across it to try the strings. Of all instruments, the harp is perhaps the one best suited to graceful girlhood; and I found it hard not to startle her into a consciousness of her own beauty with a false note of admiration.

The song was in her native language, and I understood no phrase of it; yet my eyes filled with tears. I could not praise her voice; and though its sweetness lives in my mind's ear like the sea's voice in a shell, I cannot put it into words; it won my heart. She stopped singing, and played on, till the music, note by note, had died away.

"The song?" I asked. "What is it? What does it mean?"

"It is a song about life," she answered.

"Life!" I repeated. "There was a sob in every word. Can life, then, be so sad a thing?"

"There is nothing in all the universe so sad as human life," she said, with perfect calmness, as though this were to her a truth long since established, past all disputing.

"No matter!" I cried. "Though it be a wail, I must know your song by heart. Sing it to me again—once more, I beg of you!"

She hesitated, but her father made a warning gesture. She rose, left the harp, and went directly to the door, as if in obedience to the signal.

"Not now," she said, with her hand already at the curtain. "No more, until we meet again."

"But that may never be," I urged.

"Yes, sooner or later, it will surely be. All rests with you." And she was gone.

I longed to speak of her, but this was not permitted. My host seemed bent upon changing the current of my thoughts. He led me about the room, opening the cabinets to give me a closer look at their contents; talking of them rapidly, and of the pictures.

"There is a Hobbema, and here a Ruisdael. This horn is of wrought-silver—good work, it might pass for a Cellini. The other is of later date, inferior, as you see. That portrait is a Rembrandt"—I started involuntarily, remembering our first meeting. He stopped for a moment, then went up to the picture.

"It is Nicolaas Tulp," he continued, "the painter's friend and patron. You remember?"

"Perfectly. It is he who gives the 'Lesson in Anatomy.'"

"Yes," he said, turning upon me with a sharp look which was somewhat disconcerting.

"Why does he do that?" I thought; "I will keep a sharp lookout for him in the mirror." Then I noticed for the first time, with wondering eyes, that, in spite of the rich appointments, there was no mirror of any kind in the room.

Meanwhile the other went on, still talking of the once-famous surgeon.

"The same man, of course," said he; "without his hat, this time. But you recognize him, do you not? The likeness is unmistakable."

"To be sure," I returned, lightly. "Mynheer Tulp and I are old friends. I greet him cordially. This is he, beyond all question."

We looked at the portrait for a time in silence. Then Mynheer Grafman spoke again.

"You are very fond of Rembrandt," said he.

"Yes; and especially of his masterpiece—the picture in the Mauritshuis, of which we were just now speaking."

"Pardon me; his master-work is not there."

"Oh," I said, "I expressed but my own opinion. The world will tell you of the 'Night-Watch,' so called, in Amsterdam——"

"Pardon me; nor is it there, in Amsterdam."

"And where else should one look for it?" I demanded.

"One, indeed!" was his strange answer. "The world has looked long in vain for what one man may see."

"What do you mean?"

"Hush! not so loud. Wait, and I will show you."

He went over to the high chimney-piece and laid his hand upon one of its smaller panels; with some slight pressure the bit of wood turned upon a pivot, disclosing a shallow hiding-place, from which he took a rusty key and an old brass lamp. He pushed the panel

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into place again, and, lighting the lamp, looked about uneasily; then beckoned me to follow.

At the back of the room was a long window, which he opened stealthily. "Make no noise!" he whispered, as we stepped out upon the loose pavement of a terrace encumbered with dusty vines. We passed down the broken steps, and on through a neglected garden. In its grass-grown paths the glow-worms were shining faintly; and, as we walked, the toads leaped right and left before us into beds of straggling flowers choked with weeds. Along one side a line of outbuildings, dark and dingy, stretched away from the house. Following this almost to the end, he stopped at a low door and tried his key. After some effort, with more noise than he cared to make, it turned in the lock, and we went in.

I stood in a stone chamber, built like a cellar or a crypt, with a vaulted ceiling. There were wooden shelves crowded with glass vessels, plump and unwieldy, some with wicker covers. Rows of casks loomed up in the darkness; some of these were empty, some still contained liquor, or, perhaps, were only reeking with its fumes. The dampness was visible; my breath turned to vapor, and, touching the wall, I felt there a patch of mould.

"It was once a wine-shop," whispered Mynheer Grafman, holding the lamp above his head with one hand and feeling his way forward with the other.

I waited near the door, watching him. As he went on, I began to see that the opposite wall-space was entirely filled by a large picture, with figures indistinct, at first, and spectral in the darkness. But my guide stopped under a hanging shelf to light a pair of many-branched candelabra that stood upon it; and as the flames flashed up I gave, incautiously, loud expression to my wonder and delight. He silenced me with a stern gesture; and, hurrying back, he listened for a moment to the dismal call of the insects in the garden. Then he shut the door and locked it.

"Now we may speak freely," he said; "but not too loud."

I did not care to speak. My eyes spoke for me. What I saw was a pendant, undoubtedly, to the great Rembrandt of the Hague Museum; though it looked larger than that in this cramped space. The composition recalled the "Lesson in Anatomy," but differed from it widely in all details. The portraits were of other men in other attitudes. The operating surgeon, uncovered, was older than Mynheer Tulp, with a face far stronger than his and finer. His subject, so foreshortened that the hands appeared almost to touch the feet, lay turned directly toward me; and this partially draped figure, so like death that it must once have lived, was the body of a woman. But here the noble quality of the other picture reasserted itself. This hideousness, thrust into the foreground, failed to catch the eye. All my admiration went up to the group around it. "Life, life!" was my one thought; "these men were made to be immortal."

Out of my startled silence I was brought back to myself by an unpleasant consciousness that Mynheer Grafman had again been closely watching me. I turned quickly, to detect and to confuse him; but he looked away indifferently.

"You were perfectly right," I said; "this is Rembrandt's masterpiece."

"Yes," he replied. "The surgeon is the illustrious Johannes Deyman, inspector of the Collegium Medicum. For many years the picture hung in the old Weighing-House at Amsterdam, opposite its companion, the 'Lesson in Anatomy.' Then—" He stopped and sighed.

"Then?" I repeated.

"The corporation needed money. They sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Offered at public sale, this picture went for a handful of silver to an Englishman. And no one interfered; all the great ones of the city looked on and saw it done."

His speech had a suppressed fury, which I understood and could not help admiring.

"When was this?" I asked.

"Within the memory of living men. In what other age could it have come to pass? Years before, the king had saved the 'Lesson in Anatomy,' buying it, in private contract, for more than thirty times the paltry sum this brought. But times had changed; pride and self-respect were gone. The nation grovelled

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in the dust, and clutched its money-bags, while the genius of art wept for shame, with folded wings."

"Why, then, is this picture here? It did not go to England. By whom was it saved? How?"

"The ship was lost, with all on board," he said, mournfully. "Only the picture came to me; saved, as you see it, by a miracle."

"A miracle!" I answered, with a touch of contempt that I could not restrain. "We have no miracles. Say by accident, or by design."

"Or by theft," he added, calmly. "That was in your tone."

Our glances met, and I withdrew mine, not without embarrassment. The suspicion had, indeed, occurred to me.

"Have no fear," he continued, with the same sadness. "There was no double-dealing. Wrested from the sea, like this poor land of Holland, the inheritance fell to me honestly. Mine by right, it is here in my possession, and here it shall remain."

"Surely," I objected, "you are not serious. You cannot mean to hide this treasure from the world?"

"The world!" he repeated, bitterly. "What is it to me? It has left this picture to become a line in Burger's history. Who knows—who cares—who mourns its loss? The world tramples upon graves."

"That is unjust; if not to all, to one."

"I have no quarrel with you," he returned. "But the money-changers made their price, and it was paid to them. Their treasure is lost, beyond recovery. I have sworn it. Then, too, there is another reason."

"And what is that?" I demanded.

"Look! Can you find nothing there that answers you?"

I turned back to those glowing faces, incomparable in their vivid color, in their strength and beauty. The painter had breathed into them the breath of life; they almost took away my own. Yet his hidden meaning still eluded me.

"No," I sighed; "it is useless, I cannot find the reason."

He had already left me; and, as I spoke, he began to put out the lights, one after another, slowly.

"You are so young," he said. "Your eyes have all youth's weakness in them. Patience! they will grow dimmer; you will see."

The light was nearly gone, when, groping with my eyes, as with the brain one struggles for the thought it misses, I felt that I was about to catch a glimmering of his secret.

"Wait!" I cried. "One moment more!"

But the last light went out, leaving only the lamp to guide us. It was darkness visible, through which, as before, there rose a group of spectral figures.

"Your time will come," whispered Mynheer Grafman, as he unlocked the door. "You said just now, 'We have no miracles;' count it one, hereafter, to have seen the lost Rembrandt."

We stole back into the house with all our former precaution. Everything was as we left it. My host moved back the panel, and put away his lamp and key. It was late; I had no excuse for delaying longer, and bade him good-night. For answer he refilled our empty glasses. I drank the perfumed wine, and once more a grave content benumbed my senses. But I put down the glass and turned to go.

"I can only thank you," I said, "and assure you that I shall always remember these things."

"'*Haec olim meminisse,*'" he murmured. Then, without a smile, without offering his hand, he led the way to the street-door and opened it.

"Good-night!" he said, "and good repose."

Thus, with no hint that we might ever meet again, the door closed upon him. It was a final parting.

I had not overstayed my prescribed limit of time. The quizzical look of the *portier* bore witness to that. But the familiar sights and sounds of the hotel jarred upon me horribly. I could not sink at once to their lower level. I was like one returning home after long absence, to find forgotten flaws in everything.

So I went to my room, wide awake, yet half inclined to fancy I was dreaming. Among the few books which had been my only travelling-companions lay a worn copy of Burger's "Dutch Museums." It did not take me long to

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find his record of the lost picture—a few lines only, easily overlooked, as I must often have overlooked them. "The color resembles closely that of Titian." Sir Joshua had spoken of it once in those very words. Then followed a statement of the price paid by the Englishman, together with the date of his purchase—February 7, 1842. "It is astonishing," said the author, in conclusion, "that here all knowledge of the picture ends."

I read and reread the paragraph impatiently. It said so little. But the writer had never seen that of which he wrote. What more could he say? There was a scrap of paper on the dressing-table. I laughed, remembering how I had left my last instructions upon it. I took it up now to mark the place in the book; then saw with surprise that this paper was not mine, but that it bore my name in a strange hand. I opened it and pulled the bell violently.

"Who brought this?" I asked.

The maid had small English, but was able to state that she did not know. Whereupon I summoned other servants, until at last I learned that earlier in the evening an old man had been seen to knock at my door. He wore livery, and otherwise the description tallied perfectly with my recollection of the silent familiar who had admitted me to Mynheer Grafman's house. The messenger was thus accounted for, but not the message.

The paper contained but a line, in faded ink, lightly written:

"Come to-morrow, three hours after mid-day. I shall be alone.

"ADRIANA."

Nearly all that night I heard the chimes quartering out the hours. Toward daybreak I slept, to dream of her; and, waking, feared to look, lest I had only dreamed that she had written. But the letter was still there. At the sight of it my heart leaped, and then I knew I loved her. What could those words mean, but that she also knew it, and loved me.

In the clear light of day I reviewed the adventure with all the calmness possible to a man who has just unlocked his heart's door and found the immortal little bailiff in possession. All my thoughts led to the same conclusion; and I chafed, impatient of the hours. The time came at last; and it found me at the house, which now, more than ever, looked like one deserted. The blinds were closed, and there was thick dust upon them. I rang, and got no answer. But the door stood ajar; the afternoon breeze stirred it a little, as if bidding me to go in. "She is alone," I thought, making my way on through the unlighted hall, and finding it very cool and dark to eyes that carried all the sunshine with them. This was the curtained door. As I touched it, low notes of the harp within confirmed me. I waited in the dark one tremulous moment more; then all the light came back, and I saw her there alone.

She sat at the harp, playing softly to herself the air she had played to me. She wore the same colors, even to the white flower at her breast; the surroundings, too, were all the same. The little table, with the wine, stood exactly where I left it; the present day was carefully shut out; the candles were still burning. There was the pile of music, there the jar of roses; but a few petals had fallen upon the hearth, and the fire had died down into a heap of ashes. While I looked at her I saw these things; for she did not rise, and, though her look met mine, she gave me at first no sign of recognition.

I drew nearer, and she welcomed me with her eyes.

"I thought that you would come," she said. "It was much to ask; yet I have more to ask of you."

"I will do all you ask," I answered, "upon one condition." I pointed at the harp. "The song I heard last night—that is all."

"Listen," she said, and touched the strings.

"Yes," I replied, "it is the same."

"The same air, but with other words. These are in your language."

"And about life?" I asked.

"Yes, always about life. Listen! It is called 'In Circe's Garden.'"

There were tears in her voice—tears, too, in my eyes. I longed to hear her; yet, at that moment, would have implored her not to sing. The prelude

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went on softly. There was a cushion on the floor at her side; I flung myself down upon it, half kneeling, half reclining, at her feet. But she had forgotten me; absorbed in the music, with a sweetness that even Circe, the enchantress, might have envied, she sang these words:

"Oh, Love, stay by and sing;
Thy reddest roses bring,
Thy richest wine!
I would but fill and quaff,
I would but live and laugh
And make thee mine!

"For Fame's a field hard-fought;
And gained, a thing of naught
To have and hold!
Who would the laurel wear
Immortal youth should bear,
And I am old!

"So, Love, stay by and sing;
Thy reddest roses bring,
Thy richest wine!
I leave the work unwrought,
I leave the field unfought,
For thee and thine!"

The song ended. I forgot its underlying sorrow. I only knew that with its last notes she turned tenderly to me. I caught her in my arms and kissed her. She broke away with a low cry; and I drew back, trembling even in the moment of my triumph, for my chilled lips had touched a cheek as cold as marble. A string in the harp snapped, and one end came rattling down. She looked at it, and laughed bitterly. This sound of mirth, the first known to me in that strange household, brought an angry flush into my face. Once more I was on fire.

"Adriana!" I cried, "do not mock me! Do not laugh! I love you."

She sighed, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes," she said, "I know."

"Why, then, did you bring me here? To laugh at me?"

"No," she replied. "Have you forgotten your promise?"

"What promise?"

"Just now—to do all that I should ask?"

"I am ready to keep it. Speak! What shall I do?"

She moved nearer, holding me with a mute appeal which was not to be resisted. Had she bade me commit some dreadful crime, I could not have denied her.

"So slight a thing," she said. "Show me what you saw last night."

"What do you mean?"

"The treasure that my father hides from all the world—even from me."

"The lost picture—Rembrandt's masterpiece?"

"It is a picture, then. How often I have tried to see it! But the door is always locked, and my father keeps the key—where, I do not know. But you——"

"Yes," I whispered, turning anxiously to assure myself that we were not overheard. "Yes, I know."

"Do not fear!" she answered. "We are alone. You will let me see it?"

I took a step toward the carved chimney-piece, to find the secret panel; then hesitated a moment longer.

"And afterward?" said I.

She held out her hand to me.

"Afterward," she murmured, "we shall go hand in hand. You will be mine, henceforth; I shall be yours. Though you long to escape, there can be no escaping."

"I shall never long for that," I said, and took her hand. The touch of her fingers sent an icy thrill through all my veins. I seemed to grow sadder and calmer—years older, in a moment. There was a new heaviness about my heart; it still remained there after our hands unclasped; indeed, it has never left me. Yet in spite of it I loved her, and shall love her all my days.

I found the panel and pushed it open. I lighted the lamp, while she stood by with questioning eyes and parted lips. Then I took down the key.

"Come!" I said.

I was no longer in her thoughts; they were all for the end, and not the means.

"Show it to me!" she whispered, eagerly. "Show it to me!"

We went out into the blinding daylight, through the dusty garden to the door of the wine-shop. I opened it, without a word, and went on through the clinging darkness, assured that she would follow. I found the candelabra, and began to light them, still silent,

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leaving the master to make his own impression upon her. But half the tapers were lighted, when a low moan broke the silence, and, turning, I saw her face pale, distorted, with all its beauty faded, in an agony of terror. She spoke no word, but pointed toward the picture, half revealed; and then, with a frightful cry, fled from the place.

O horror! The livid figure there upon the canvas was her own. The lovely eyes were closed, the features were sharpened, drawn, distorted, as I had just now seen them. But the face was hers—dead, dead; only waiting for the grave. She had recognized it; she had learned the secret, and now I saw it, too.

I dropped the lamp and rushed back into the sunshine. There was no sign of her; but the long window, which we had carefully closed behind us, stood open, as she must have left it in her flight. I hurried after her, up the broken steps, over the crumbling terrace, into the room. She was not there; but on the floor I found the white camellia, lying where it had fallen from her breast. I caught it up; its petals were already stained and withered; I saw an ugly worm wriggling in their folds; and I dropped the poor, decaying flower with a shiver of disgust.

I looked around me. A shadow had fallen upon the room. The glare of day had blighted it, even as the white camellia had been blighted. The candles writhed in their sockets, sputtering and flaring and going out, one by one. The drops of the rusted sconces hung lustreless; the pictures showed centuries of blackness on them; their frames were tarnished; the splendid hangings, too, were musty and worm-eaten. The very floor felt rotten under my feet. Something rustled along the wainscot; it was only a hungry rat slinking back to his hole.

"Adriana!" I called. "Adriana!" and the walls mocked me with her nickname—"Yanna! Yanna!"

I rushed out into the hall, dislodging, as I went, the heavy curtain, which fell in shreds about my heels. I climbed the creaking stairs, still calling her by name, entreating her to answer. Above were locked doors that I could not open. One at last gave way, crashing down into a chamber empty but for an old bedstead with a tattered canopy. The broken window-panes were choked with cobwebs. Dust rose in clouds. Then, all at once, the loneliness appalled me. I dashed down the staircase to the street-door, on the threshold shouting back once more into the silence; and once more my voice returned to me that dismal echo—"Yanna! Yanna!"

I took to the streets like a thief in desperation, spurred on by a new fear, bent upon a new purpose. I had no time to lose, for my objective point was the Mauritshuis, which in a few minutes would be closed for the day. I found the last visitors departing; the door-keeper smiled as he pulled out his watch; but I passed him by breathlessly, and went up, at breakneck speed, two stairs at a time, to the Rembrandt room. I stood before the "Lesson in Anatomy;" and, shutting out the surgeons with my hand, looked only at their recumbent subject. There could be no longer any doubt. The face was set and rigid; lengthened, sunken, blank, and expressionless, like all dead faces. But I knew it now for Mynheer Grafman's.

Excited and alarmed, I dared not look behind me, lest I should find him at my shoulder, where I had seen him first. I shut my eyes, and groped my way to the door; then felt for the stair-rail, as a blind man would have done. Only when I heard the custodian's chatter did I recover sight; only in the open air could I breathe freely.

How to account for all this noise and shouting in the great square? The sober Hollanders had lost their self-control for once. A herd of them flew by me, like wild deer, across the gravel in the direction of the Spui. I gave chase at once, determined to be in at the death if that were possible. But my haste got the better of me, and, before I could check myself, I had plumped into the waistcoat of a big Dutchman, who bore down upon me adversely with ponderous swiftness. He stopped to take breath, swinging me round like a cat. It was only the giant *portier* of the Marshal Turenne.

"What is the matter?" I gasped.

He was in no condition to talk.

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"Fire!" was all he said. "Fire! This way—come!" and we plunged on together.

In a few seconds I longed for wings. We turned from the Spui into the narrow street thrice familiar to me. I knew where we were going. My guilty cry passed unnoticed in the increasing uproar, but it might have given evidence against myself. I had opened doors and windows upon fifty candle-flames. I had dropped a lighted lamp into a tinder-box. I knew where we were going. The angry cloud of smoke above us interpreted my fear.

Our way was already blocked. It soon became impassable. Then my companion turned off into a maze of by-streets and slimy, green canals, I following blindly. We made a long détour, crossing bridge after bridge, and coming out into the crowd again; but the friendly giant ploughed a furrow in it with his shoulders, dragging me behind him. And he did not stop until, with inarticulate murmurs of satisfaction, he had set me up like a tenpin directly in front of the burning house, but on the opposite wall of the canal. One—two—three—four—five. I counted again and again. I had guessed it. The house was the fifth from the corner.

I saw files of men handing water in buckets; others working madly at primitive hand-engines. But the case was obviously desperate. Before I had recovered my breath, the roof fell in, and a shaft of flame shot up into the sky.

Near us, in the crowd, a workman stood talking and gesticulating to his neighbor, and, as the best of us will do under excitement, repeating over and over the same words.

"What does he say?" I asked the *portier*.

The man listened a moment; then translated the speech.

"He says it is a good thing. The house was haunted."

"What? Listen again. Are you sure?"

"Yes," repeated the *portier*, after another pause. "The house was haunted. No one has lived in it since thirty years."

"Impossible!" I cried.

The man misunderstood me, of course.

"Impossible, perhaps, in your country. Here we have ghosts," he said, with the serenity of conviction.

I did not dispute the point, and we stood still for some time huddled together in an ill-assorted group of all ages, sizes, and conditions. The fire roared and crackled; the sashes of the drawing-room were like the bars of a grate; all within was a live coal. I stared at it vacantly, with the refrain of that unearthly music moaning in my ears.

At last, I turned again to the interpreter.

"Ask the fellow," I said, "if he has ever heard of one Heer Grafman, living here in the quarter."

"What for a name is that?" the *portier* asked.

"Grafman—Mynheer Grafman."

"Excuse me—one must have made a mistake—that cannot be the name."

"Why not, pray?"

"There was no name like that in our language. In Dutch, that means——"

"What?" I urged, impatiently.

"It means 'one come out of the grave.'"

"You are right," said I; "there has been some mistake. You need not ask. That cannot be the name."

There is no more to tell. A few days later I left The Hague; I have not revisited Holland, and all this happened years ago. It is a ghost of my lost youth, but one that never can be laid. Often in the summer night, I hear that saddest and sweetest of all songs in a troubled dream, from which my own despairing cry arouses me; and I wake in tears, to find myself calling, "Yanna—Adriana!" I can listen to no other music; for me, on earth, there is no love of woman. The old delight I had in living has been taken from me; but, at least, I live on calmly, and no longer dread the end. All fear of Death is gone—I know no touch of it. I only know that I looked into those quiet eyes, and that I ceased to find them terrible.

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THE BURDEN OF TIME.

By Charles Lotin Hildreth.

In cloudy legends of the dawn of years,
  Or sculptured verse on shard or shattered stone,
The oldest lore is still of love and tears,
  Of wild, dark wars and cities overthrown,
And blows and bitter deeds and mad defeat,
Whereof the burden is, "Yet love is sweet."

And from all ways where men have dwelt and died,
  From nations waned to myth or minstrel song,
A sound of voices, mingled, multiplied,
  A rumor of delight, despair, and wrong,
Of sorrows infinite and strange amaze,
Waft down the troubled winds of many days,

Crying: "We were love's votaries of old;
  Though dust, our immemorial names remain
Embalmed in tales a thousand times retold,
  That beat like echoes in the breast and brain
Of stately strains through whose exultant flow
Breathe parting sighs, vain longings, utter woe;"

Crying: "Ten years against the city's walls
  The brazen waves of battle beat in vain,
And many a widow wailed in Dardan halls,
  And many a Greek lay cold along the plain,
Till hapless Troy expired in blood and flame
And grew a word for Helen's love and shame;"

Crying: "I am Leander whom the sea
  Spared to young Hero's arms a little space,
Then seized and smote the life out suddenly,
  One black and bitter night, before her face;
But we had loved, nor gods nor mortals may
Efface the perfect past—we had our day;"

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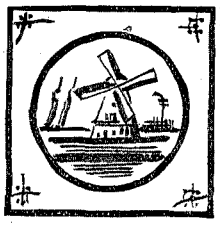
Crying: "The proud, sweet mouth and subtle smile,
The varying mood, the dusk, low-lidded gaze,
Stayed my war-wandering steps beside the Nile;
There, hand in hand, down love's delicious ways,
We walked to death, forseeing, unafraid,
And passed from dreams to darkness, well repaid."

But these are intimations faint with time;
Hark, how from hearts that tremble and aspire,
Albeit unknown in any poet's rhyme,
The passion-song leaps up like living fire!—
"Travail and tears, wan brows and wounded feet,
These are love's sure award—yet love is sweet."

THE PICTURESQUE QUALITY OF HOLLAND.

By George Hitchcock.



IN many accounts Holland is most paintable. From the point of view of a landscape-painter purely, without reference to its figures, costumes, or interiors, as in the following notes, it is particularly interesting. One cannot paint the song of birds or the roar of an angry sea; no more can the most vivid word-painting present the subtile differences of color between this and less-favored lands, or the peculiar atmospheric effects of it. The tendency of study in Holland is to make one a meteorological painter, in distinction from a painter of mere things, since its chiefest charm is in its atmosphere; but in no way, without absolute color, can a rightful expression of this distinctive quality be given. That which in other lands is a cold gray, uninteresting, often repellant, here becomes an indefinable harmony, containing a depth and richness or a pearly brilliancy, opalescent, sad—an infinite variety, each effect apparently more beautiful than the last. The result of this luminous gray atmosphere is to transform everything, to change the bugbear of "commonplace" into mystery, and through its many gradations to give as many charming motives.

Fog and mist, which in other countries painters rely upon to add the mystery to nature, are to be deplored here, and are, fortunately, exceedingly rare. It is not only in the distance that the effects of this full atmosphere are felt, but in the middle distance, and even to the very foreground, and it is, perhaps, one of the chief causes of that wonderful "tone" which every observer of the country, or of pictures of it, must have noticed; indeed, it is from this stand-point—"tone" stand-point—that every intelligent effort to produce a characteristic transcript of these motives must be observed. It is a common and great error to think of Holland as a dark or gray country—a mistake natural to those who have never seen it, from the prevailing character of studies of it, which are the outcome of the fascinating gray effects common to no other lands, and which lead painters to insist upon them. Light is an individual and common quality of the country; the days when its pearly tones are most marked are the

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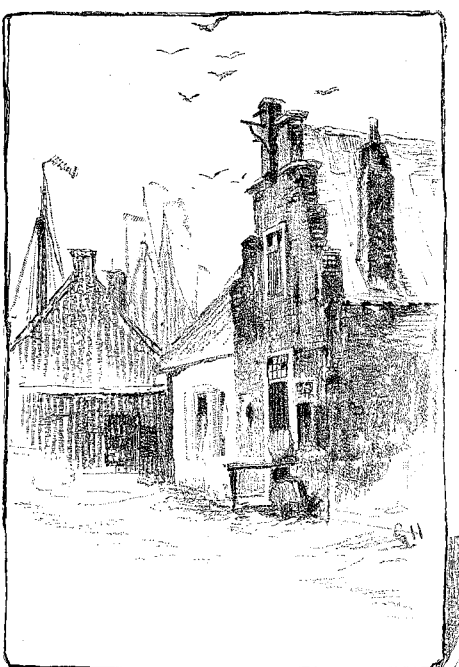
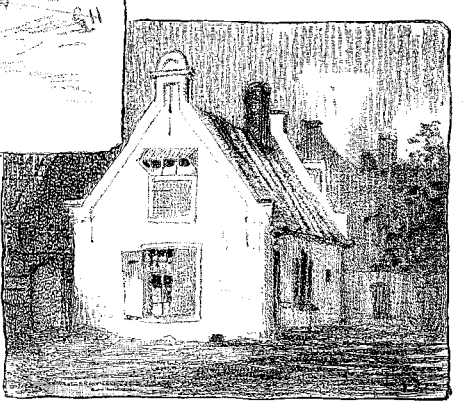
brightest; a suffused brilliancy is over everything, and had the objects in nature less fine local color, less "tone," they might not be possible to paint. These days are rare, sorrowfully rare; but that they come at all is something to be most grateful for. The simplicity and grandeur of the face of nature beneath this sunless, pearly atmosphere is a vision of vast beauty, so reposeful, so broad, and so shadowless, as to make one wish it might never change, since simplicity and nobility are qualities to be desired.

Holland is the most harmonious of all countries, either in sun or shadow. It is never crude; it is always a picture, atmospherically, as it stands, without change or thought of change; even under the bright light of the sun it does not lose its opalescent attributes, nor are its eternal harmonies impaired. It is often most bright, if sunshine be brightness; not that the sun-effects of tropical countries are duplicated, for even the sunniest days have something of sadness in them; the shadows are never the crude, purple, cut-out spots of a southern sun, nor is the blue of its skies ever metallic; the brightness is always diffused even through the shadows, and, no matter how sharp the sunlight is, the "tonality" is always fine. Those golden autumn days, when nature is seen as through a tender yellow medium,—how exquisite they are! The darkest winter day has ever a deep color-note; the pure spring sunshine—they all have something entirely different from the same moments in other lands. The golden tone of Rembrandt may be only a reflex of the tone without.

The north wind brings with it, summer and winter, a sky of the purest turquoise, so bright and sweet a blue, as no other country can produce; for it is by contrast in painting that colors are judged, and in no other country are the contrasts and harmonies so fine. Imagine this pale turquoise sky, a soft tender sun, a delicate yellow tone over everything, and withal a suffused light, softening the lines of cast shadows, and harmonizing every object,—are not all the conditions of a great picture atmospherically present?

The low-lying country seems to give more prominence to the cloud-forms; or, at all events, they are seen with fewer obstructions. This always interesting, often grand, panorama of cloud-effects has the tendency to reduce the horizon to one-fifth or less of the height of the picture, as in the masterpieces of Ruysdael; but even then one seems to have neglected to do the cloud-*stimmung* justice; and when the shadows in the cloud-valleys are painted with the full gray of which they are composed, and the lighted sides with their warm color, the results are remarkable. The azure of the zenith, or as near to it as a limited canvas will permit, is full of movement and light.





Village Houses.

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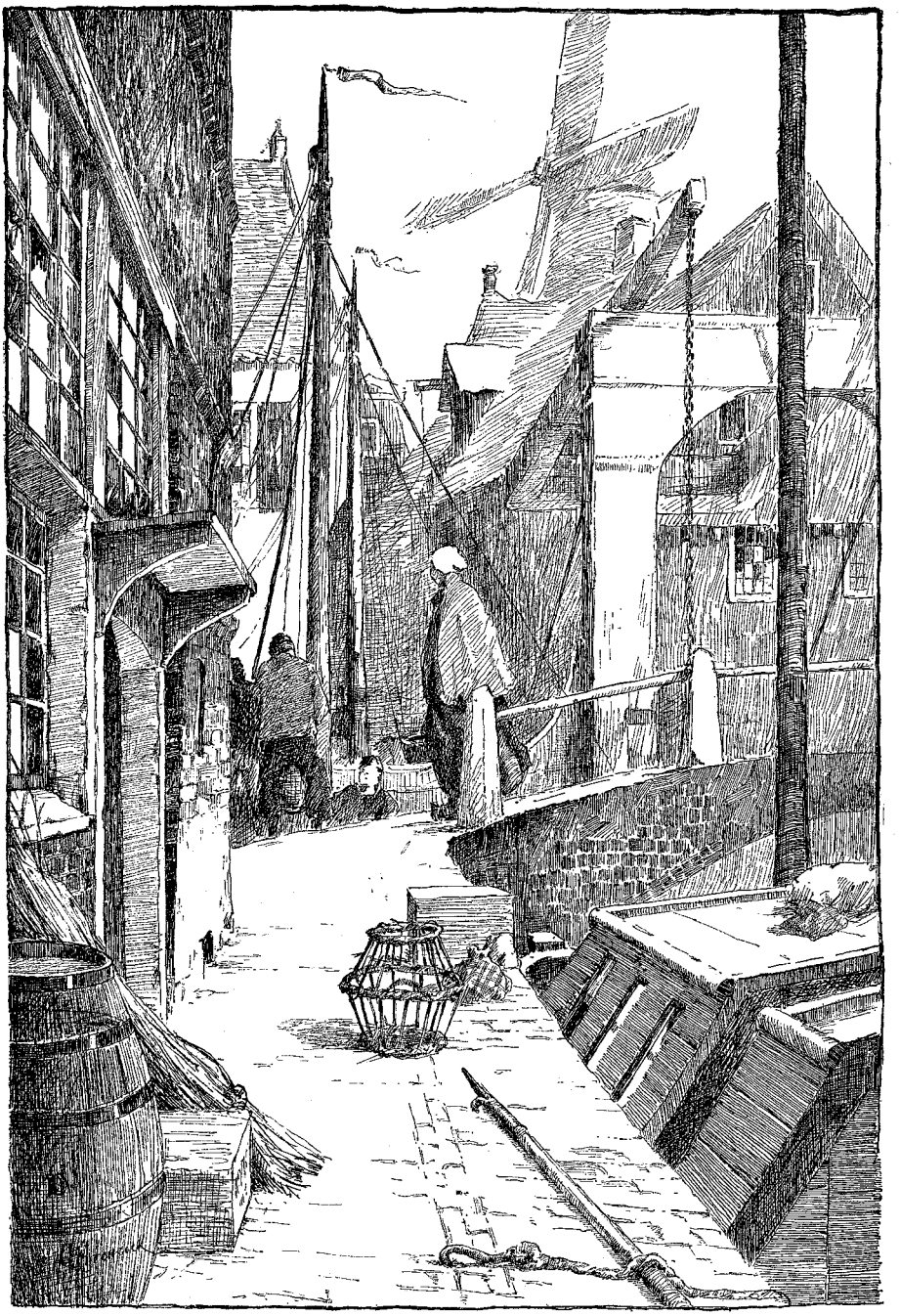

Market Day in a Dutch Town.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that pictures of Holland seem to be chiefly studies of atmospheric unity; and yet here one comes in contact with most paintable "things" at every turn, the fascinating productions of an essentially

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artistic people. One forgets the stigma of painting bric-à-brac, in seeing it in daily use; the country abounds in things full of character and beauty, both the work of former generations and of to-day. True, the "cast-iron capital of the modern railway-station" is not wanting, but it is neutralized by the sympathetic

The Edge of the Dunes.

costumes of the travellers. Its fishing-boats are the same in model as in the marine pictures of the seventeenth century; its wagons (especially its sleighs), a survival of the Rococo period; and so through nearly everything that one sees, in the places more remote from the larger cities, and even in the smaller towns. The frank iron-work seen on peasant houses is still the work of the village smith; all the agricultural implements are most primitive, handmade, and often decorated with wood-carvings, as are many other things which enter largely into pastoral landscape.

Perhaps the most important element, pictorially, is the sea; for, in a country mainly reclaimed from it, pierced in every direction by arms of it, whose riches are due to it, and which is washed on two sides by it, this must be so. If you paint in a church, the votive model of a ship, or the tomb of a sea-warrior, is before you; if you compose a peaceful landscape, almost anywhere, the sail of a canal-boat, or a sea-gull, will intrude itself. It was the sea as much as the Netherlanders which drove the Spaniards from the land. An immense number of people get their living directly from the sea; and its many miles of coast make it impossible to entirely omit it in any artistic effort, even though it be but in feeling the fact that it is present.

It is indeed

> "A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> Where people do not live, but go on-board."

The shallow, stormy German Ocean, breaking in ceaseless beauty on its white sands, is always a picture. Its waters, often mixed with sand, always in storms, make up in fine color what it lacks in transparency—from pale blue to warm red in the wave-shadows, yellowish foam, and yet withal gray and harmonious. In high winds it breaks miles from the shore, when all the light in the picture seems to be in the mass of rushing, foaming water; then if through

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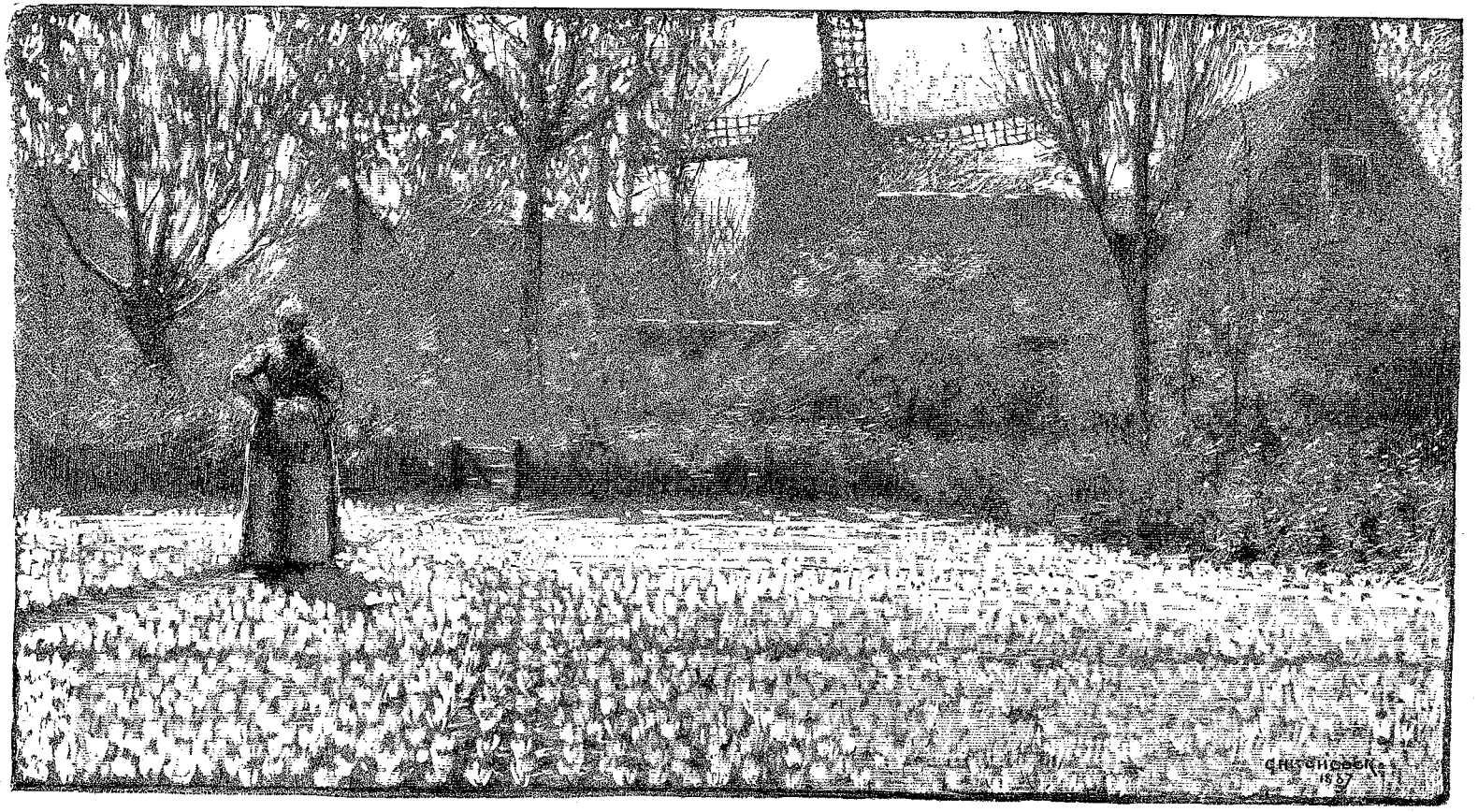

The Tulip Garden. (A study for the artist's Salon picture, 1887,—"Tulip Culture.")

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this comes the black hull and russet sails of a fishing-boat, making for a place—certain death to any other model—it is indeed a picture. The size of these boats makes them most useful; large enough to compose well, and yet their feeling and pathos not lost in too white sand, bringing out the delicate greens of the dune-grass which covers the line of low sand-hills fringing the coast, while deepening the blue of the sky background; looking landward, where fashion, with her hotels, has not spoiled them, the red-roofed fishing-

A House on the Dunes.

great evidence of safety. The almost daily going and coming of the fishers from the few villages, the departure for the herring-fishing, with the groups of disconsolate wives and sweethearts, the rise and fall of the tide, with its ceaseless change of color and conformation, are a never-failing source of interest. The cloud-panorama over the sea is never quite so fine as over the plains. But the westward front of the coast gives magnificent sun-effects from midday, looking seaward, and lights the villages, nestled under the sand-hills, seen in combination with the broad beach, dotted with stranded fishing-boats, are most graceful—such a soft, warm color-note amid the gray wildness of sea and sand. On the Zuider Zee the fishing-villages are more numerous and most paintable, and the famous "dead cities," with their abundance of color and florid Dutch Renaissance architecture, seem to smile on the painter. But, of course, here the interest of the open sea is lost, as it is

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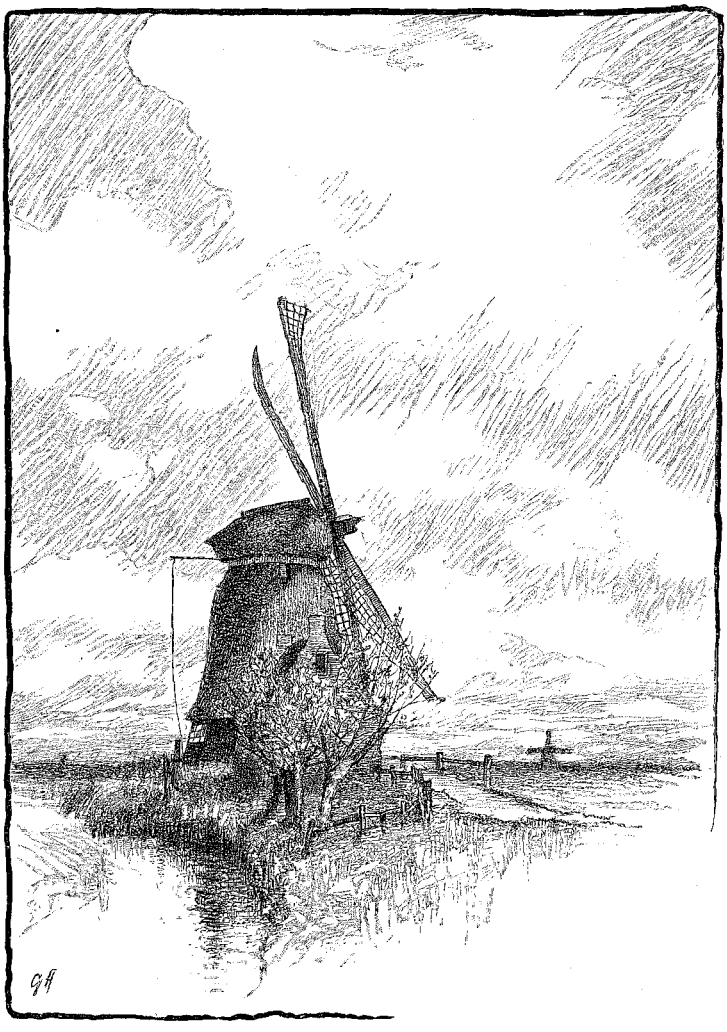
but a large bay after all; its boats have more keel, and come into a port—they do not pound on to a sandy coast through a dangerous surf—although they are as rude and personal in model. This is true especially of the boats of its two islands—places less spoiled by modern machine "commonplace" than any other part of Holland. Over the Zuider Zee the tone is perhaps finer than over the sea. The land is in larger proportion, and seems to influence it more; the sky-effects are better, and when combined with the yellowish color of the water, and with the reds of cities and towns, often make a superb picture.



The Windmill on the Road.

Behind these cities stretch away the mysterious, endless fields of Holland; who can describe them, or rightly appreciate them? The opulence of tone and color; the unity and mystery of the vast meadows, pierced in every direction with canals, dotted with villages, cities, and isolated houses; the ever-present windmill; and, above all, the magnificent cloud-arrangement. Here you have a wide expanse of pure, deep green, broken by lines of azure ditches and canals; beyond, a cluster of velvety red houses, the apex of the irregular mass a gray church-tower, flanked by windmills; and behind and beyond, the tender distance pulsating with rich color, or a narrow, lonely road, bordered by slender silver lines of water, winding through the green meadows; at a near turn stands a windmill, its thatch, toned by sun and rain to a warm brown-ochre, broken by cold, greenish lines of wood-work, and stretching into the vast sky its giant arms, perhaps carrying sails of ivory or russet canvas, a part of the wide horizon, blurred by the movement of waving gray willows masking a lonely house. The interiors of the

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villages are simply symphonies in color. The ancient bricks of the houses are a real red, or pale yellow; the wood-work —door-frames, etc.—is usually a whitey-green, harmonizing perfectly with the trees and fields, while the reds give the complementary contrast. So small are many of them, that in almost any of their crooked little streets the eye can find an opening through which a bit of the peculiar distance can be seen—the straight line of which is so useful in artistic composition; the architecture is always paintable, and time has softened line and color into a compact, simple whole. In a small city, especially if it be a market-town, the pictures are numerous and very telling, where, combined with this most paintable architecture, are the canal-boats, bringing with them a breath of the outside world, and the curious and highly decorated wagons of the neighboring farmers; every street almost has a canal in the centre, the bright gleam of its waters relieving the sombreness of the bordering houses, shadowed by lines of trees; and above and over all a windmill, its arms reaching out of the frame toward the zenith. Seen from the outside, most of these towns have been spoiled by changing the lines of the ramparts into stupid nineteenth-century parks, and the moat into ridiculous ornamental water. Yet the lines are preserved, and from a short distance they are still picturesque, their church and town-hall towers rising over the low red houses.

To follow out the line of a canal is to see a continuous picture—now it is a blue ribbon through the green of the fields, again a small village is passed, the brown hulls and queer sails of the canal-boats are continually composing, and at its close you glide into a sleepy old town, every inch of which is an artistic treasure, deepened and harmonized, as are all its colors, by the humidity of the atmosphere. With the exception that they are broader, the rivers present similar picturesque qualities to the canals—the same low-lying banks, fringed with willows, the same boats; indeed, one mouth of the Rhine is but a canal in Holland. Near the sea, on some of the more important rivers, a singularly beautiful effect is produced by the large cities upon them, with shipping lying at their quays, and the broad, mirror-like surface of the water reflecting and doubling all the beauties of color present. How blue is this water, repeating the cloud-forms in the skies, thrown into prominence by the vivid green on the banks and the reds and browns of the cities in the background!

Zeeland, surrounded by large rivers which seek the sea through it in myriads of canals and ditches, gives a peculiarly Dutch landscape—the roads, banked up, crossing the streams by bridges whose arch, high enough to permit the passage of a canal-boat, often frames the most charming bits; a windmill; a few old houses irregular in line, the brown-yellow of their roof-tiles and bricks enhanced by the glad blue of the sky and sunlight-green of the fields. Suppose this bridge to be ivory whitewash, and in the foreground a brown canal-boat, its stern decorated with splashes of "Prussian blue."

Aside from the color in nature simply, many other causes unite in giving the painters the widest range from which to select. The house-painter revels in color, which fortunately soon looses its crudeness; the colors of the large fields of hyacinths and tulips in the spring give a variety and opulence of primaries confusing to any but a skilful colorist, and yet made quite paintable by the exceedingly harmonious atmosphere. When grown in large fields in the open, this array of violent color is, perhaps, a little too strong; but when a smaller field of purple hyacinths or yellow tulips is enclosed in the heart of a small village, softened by subtle tree-shadows, and tempered by the reds in the houses, it is more than agreeable.

As this is largely a grazing country, it abounds in cattle, chiefly black and white, their sombre color supplying that sad note so necessary in landscape-work. The purple-gray sheep were made for the fields and sand-dunes where they are seen. These poetic, wonderful dunes—a barrier—washed by the ocean on one side, and by the vast ocean-like green of the plains on the other, are of all things the most grateful to the painter. A superb harmony

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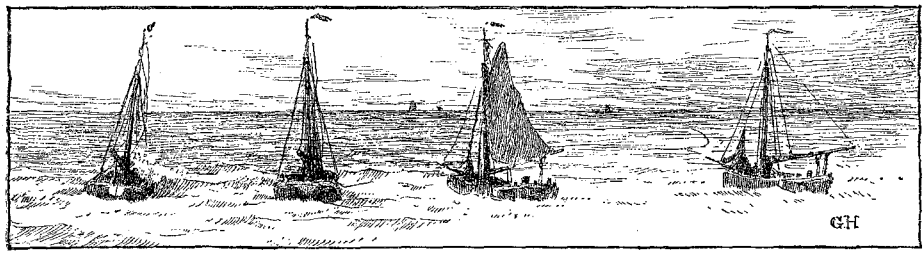
of tertiary colors—russet moss, olive grasses, the thirsty blue-gray of the sea-holly, the peculiar fitness in color of the myriad wild-flowers, broken by the yellow sand in which the colors stand as in a simple tone. Blown by the wind into fantastic hills of every form and size, and wide-open valleys, and seen in the distance, this sea-sand seems to retain the undulating lines of the waves it once bore; yet it is not for their form that the dunes are sought,—it is chiefly for their poetic quality of color. Perhaps on either side they compose best where through a valley of great nobility and unity of form and color the simple blue line of the ocean can be seen, or a bit of the strand; or where the greener hills jut out into still greener fields, and the sea-sand combines to give effect to the play of line and color over the landscape, cut into by the upright lines of sparse trees or dotted with cold-gray sheep.

True, these motives are not so peculiar to Holland as some others, yet it has them; and, granted the line and color be the same, yet the Dutch sea-dunes will always have a character quite their own, and one of the most idyllic beauty and simplicity.

It will not be possible in this space to speak of all the landscape-subjects that Holland affords; there is much yet to be said—the Venetian-like cities, with their wealth of architectural compositions, the tree-bordered canals, the dune corn-fields, and many others suggest themselves. Granted that which in itself is simply ugly, placed here, under proper conditions, it would be possible to make an agreeable picture of it, so strong and so far-reaching are the tone and all the atmospheric effects of this most favored land; and that Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Vander Meer van Delft were the first and greatest landscape-painters, and that the Dutch school of to-day is the first in landscape, is due directly to the beauty, the atmospheric beauty, of the country of their birth.

Holland has ever produced and attracted landscape-painters; and it is a matter for surprise that the mere seeker for surface beauty will paint anywhere else. For to one who approaches nature in a more reverent spirit, to one who seeks to paint her purest and simplest feeling—to a *true* landscape-painter, in short—there is here less which is antagonistic, less which masks and hides nature's highest secrets, than in any other spot.



MIDSUMMER NOON.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

Yonder a workman, under the cool bridge,
Resting at mid-day, watches the glancing midge,
While twinkling lights and murmurs of the stream
Pass into the dim fabric of his dream:
The misty hollows and the drowsy ridge—
How like an airy fantasy they seem!

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A GIRL'S LIFE EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LETTERS OF ELIZA SOUTHGATE BOWNE.

II.

NEW YORK, June 6th, 1803.

WE talk of you—when we get to housekeeping, how delightful 'twill be—what a sweet domestic circle.—I must leave you. Caty says—"Mrs. Walter"—(for so the servants call me to distinguish), "a gentleman below wishes to see you."—Adieu. Who can this said gentleman be?

Mr. Rodman was below, whom I saw at the Springs, and for these two hours there have been so many calling I thought I should never get up to finish my letter. Mrs. Henderson,* whom I mentioned to you as one of the most elegant women in New York, and Maria [Denning, her sister] came in soon after. Engaged to Mrs. Henderson's for Friday.

Thursday morning:—I have been to two of the Gardens. Columbia,† near the Battery, a most romantic, beautiful place; 'tis inclosed in a circular form and little rooms and boxes all around, with tables and chairs,—these full of company; the trees all interspersed with lamps twinkling thro' the branches; in the centre a pretty little building with a fountain playing continually; the rays of the lamps on the drops of water gave it a cool sparkling appearance that was delightful. This little building is a kind of Canopy, and there are pillars all round the garden, and these had festoons of colored lamps that at a distance looked like large, brilliant stars seen thro' the branches; and placed all round are marble busts, beautiful little figures of Diana, Cupid, Venus, which by the glimmering of the lamps, (which are partly concealed by the foliage), give you an idea of enchantment. Here we strolled among the trees and every moment met somebody walking from the thick shade unexpectedly, who came upon us before we heard a sound;—'twas delightful. We passed a box that Miss Watts was in. She called us and we went in and had a charming, refreshing glass of ice-cream, which has chilled me ever since. They have a fine orchestra and have concerts here sometimes. I can conceive of nothing more charming than this must be.

We went on to the Battery; this is a large promenade by the shore of the North River; very extensive rows and clusters of trees in every part, and a large walk along the shore, almost over the water, gives you such a fresh, delightful air, that every evening in summer it is crowded with company. Here too they have music playing on the water, in boats, of a moonlight night. Last night we went to a garden a little out of town—Mount Vernon Garden;‡ this too is surrounded by boxes of the same kind, with a walk on top of them.—You can see the gardens all below, but 'tis a *summer play-house*—pit and boxes, stage and all,—but open on top; from this there are doors opening into the garden, which is similar to Columbia Garden,—lamps among the trees, large mineral fountain, delightful swings, two at a time. I was in raptures, as you may imagine, and if I had not grown sober before I came to this wonderful place 'twould have turned my head. But I have filled my letter and not told you half—of the Park, the public buildings. I have so much to tell you, and of those that have called on me I have no room to say half. Yesterday Mrs. Henderson came again to see me and brought two of my Aunt King's most intimate friends to introduce—Mrs. Delafield§ and Miss Lucy Bull. Mr. and Mrs. Delafield are Uncle's and Aunt's very intimate friends; she is called the most

* Mrs. Henderson was the daughter of William Denning and Amy Hauxhurst, and had married William Henderson, a Scotchman, who was a partner of Mr. John Delafield.

† Columbia Gardens were on the corner of Broadway and Pine Street.

‡ Mt. Vernon, afterward called Contoit's, Gardens were situated on the northwest corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

§ Mrs. Delafield was Miss Ann Hallett, and had married Mr. John Delafield, an Englishman, who was in business in New York. Their marriage had taken place December 11, 1784.

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elegant woman in New York. I was delighted with her and very much gratified at Mrs. Henderson's attention in coming again on purpose to introduce them; they were so attentive, so polite, and Mrs. Delafield said so many things of Uncle and Aunt King—how delighted they would be to find me settled near them, how much I should love them and everything of the kind—that were very gratifying to me. Miss Denning has been to see me 3 or 4 times; several invitations to tea, but we declined as our family friends were visiting us this week. This morning we go to make calls. I have got a list of names that most frightens me. All our brothers and sisters say—"Why Eliza does not seem at all like a stranger to us;"—indeed I feel as easy and happy among them as possible, which astonishes me, as I have been so unaccustomed to Quakers; but their manners are so affectionate and soft you cannot help it. Mrs. King (sister) is a beauty. She would be very handsome in a different dress; she looks so much like Alicia Wyer, you would love her,—just such full sweet blue eyes, charming complexion and sweet expression, and her little quaker cap gives her such an innocent, simple appearance. Imagine Alicia with a quaker dress—and you will see her exactly. Adieu. I am expecting to hear from you every day. Mr. Bowne is out,—would send a great deal of love if he were here. Kiss dear little Mary * and all the children. I never go by a toy shop or confectionary without longing to have them here. Love to all. Our best love to my Father and Mother, Horatio, Isabella and all. I mean to write as soon as I am settled a little. Adieu.

NEW YORK, June 18th, 1803.

I am just going to set off for Long Island and therefore promise but a short letter. I have a mantua maker here making you a gown which I hope to have finished to send by Mrs. Codman. The fashions are *remarkably plain;* sleeves much longer than ours and half handkerchiefs are universally worn. At Mrs. Henderson's party there was but one lady except myself without a handkerchief,—dressed as plain as possible, the most fashionable women the plainest. I have got you a pretty India spotted muslin,—'tis fashionable here. *My husband* sends a great deal of love, says we shall be travelling about all Summer, settle down soberly in October and depend on seeing you as soon as we are at housekeeping. Sister Caroline † has made Sister Boyd a tasty quaker cap, which I shall send with the gown. How could you mistake what I said of Caroline so much? Far from being *stiff and rigid,* she is most affectionate, attentive, and obliging;—nothing was more foreign to my thoughts and you must have taken your idea from what I said of her dress, which, you may depend upon it, with Quakers is no criterion to judge by. I never was more disappointed in my life—to find such a stiff, forbidding external, cover so much affability and sweetness.

You must give my love to Miranda. ‡ I wish I had time to write to her, Horatio, my Mother and all, but I expect the carriage every moment. Tell Horatio he must write to me. At present my letters to you must answer for all, till I am more settled. Mrs. Codman § has promised to call at our house and tell you all about me. Malbone ‖ has just finished my picture. I have done sitting; he was not willing I should see it, as 'tis unfinished. I have told you in a former letter we shall go to Bethlehem, Philadelphia and perhaps to the Springs. Give my best love to Lucia, Zilpah and John ¶ and ask the latter if he has discovered on whom my *mantle rested.* Tell Zilpah we pass her friend Mrs.

* Mary Southgate, Dr. Southgate's youngest child, at that time four years of age. She married, in 1824, Grenville Mellon, a classmate of Henry W. Longfellow's and the class poet.

† Miss Caroline Bowne, Mr. Bowne's eldest sister.

‡ Miranda Southgate, a younger sister, who married Mr. Tileston.

§ Mrs. Codman was a Miss Coffin. Her husband, William Codman, was in the insurance business in New York.

‖ Malbone, a celebrated miniature painter of those days, was born in Newport, R. I. He travelled about the then known portions of the United States, painting portraits of people in Charleston, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, etc., many of which are now in existence. His price for painting a head was fifty dollars. He died of consumption, in Savannah, May 7, 1807, in the thirty-third year of his age.

¶ The daughters and son of General Peleg Wadsworth, who lived at Hiram, on the Saco River. Zilpah married Stephen Longfellow.

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Bogert's house every day and never without thinking of her. The City air has not stolen my *country bloom* yet, for every one says—"I need not ask you how you do Mrs. Bowne, you look in such fine health." Dr. Moore * would not inoculate me for the Small Pox, after examining my arm, as he was sure from what I told him I had had the Kine Pox well, and he would insure me against the Small Pox. But Mr. Bowne seems to wish I should be inoculated, tho' I care nothing about it now.

NEW YORK, June 30th, 1803.

Uncle Rufus † has just landed! The hussahs have ceased, the populace retired, and I hasten to give you the earliest information.—Several thousand people were on the wharf when he landed, my Husband among the number. As he stept from the vessel they gave three cheers, and escorted him up into Broadway to a Mr. Lowe's ‡ (his friend); then three more cheers as he entered the door. He stood at the door, bowed, and they dispersed all but a dozen particular friends who accompanied him into the house and Mr. Bowne with them.—Was introduced by Mr. Watson, and immediately after Mr. Henderson § said: "A niece of yours, Mr. King, has lately married in New York to Mr. Bowne." My uncle immediately came up to him shook hands a second time and said: "*Miss Southgate* I presume."—He staid but a few moments; the acclamations of the people had rather embarrassed him (Uncle). Aunt King had not landed. This evening we are going to see them;—imagine me entering, presented by Mrs. Henderson, Miss Bull, or Mrs. Delafield, all her intimate friends; think what a mixture of sensations; I'll tell you all about it. I returned from Long Island this morning,—delightful sail, beautiful country, and pleasant visit. Malbone has finished my picture, but is unwilling we should have it, as the likeness is not striking;—he says not handsome enough—so says Mr. B. But I think 'tis in some things much flattered. It looks too serious, pensive, soft,—that's not *my* style at all. But perhaps 'twill look different; 'twas not quite finished when I saw it. However he insists on taking it again as soon as he returns from the Southward, and told Mr. Bowne if he *must* have one he might keep this till he returned and he would try again. Uncle Rufus brings news that *war* has actually taken place, hostilities commenced. The King (George Third of England) on the 14th sent a message to Parliament that he was determined to use every effort to repress the overbearing power of France, and hoped for their united assistance and exertions.—So much for *Father*. —The whole City seems alive, nothing else talked of, but the arrival of Mr. King and the news of War. . . . We are in expectation of great entertainment on Fourth of July—*Independent* day! as they laugh at us Yankees for calling it, —the gardens, the Battery, and every thing to be illuminated, fire-works, music, etc. etc.

10 o'clock evening. Just returned from Uncle Rufus's. Mr. B. introduced me to Uncle, he took my hand, introduced us to his wife and they both seemed much pleased to see us. Uncle is so easy, and graceful, and pleasing, I was delighted with him.

E. S. B.

NEW YORK, July 4th, 1803.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have written generally to Octavia, but as I meant my letters for the family, 'tis not much matter to whom they were directed. I wrote you of Uncle Rufus's arrival and our calling on them the evening after. Sunday they called on us with Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, their friends with whom they were staying till their own house was ready; they both kissed me very affectionately, said every thing

* William Moore, a celebrated physician, who had married Miss Jane Fish. His son, Samuel Moore, was a very favorite physician. Another son was Nathaniel, one of the presidents of Columbia College.

† The Honorable Rufus King returned from the mission to the Court of St. James in 1803. He was Mrs. Southgate's elder brother, but had been engaged abroad for so many years by his public duties that his niece, Mrs. Bowne, had not seen him since she was a child. Rufus King had married Mary, only daughter of John Alsop. They had a large family of sons. Among them were the Honorable John Alsop King, some time Governor of the State of New York; Charles King, President of Columbia College; and James G. King, a well-known merchant of the city.

‡ Mr. Nicholas Lowe and Mr. Watson were intimate friends of Mr. King. Mr. Lowe has left many descendants. One of his daughters married Charles King, and among his granddaughters are Mme. Waddington, wife of the French Minister to the Court of St. James; her sister, Mrs. Eugene Schuyler; and the wife of Sir Roderick Cameron.

§ William Henderson, a partner of John Delafield.

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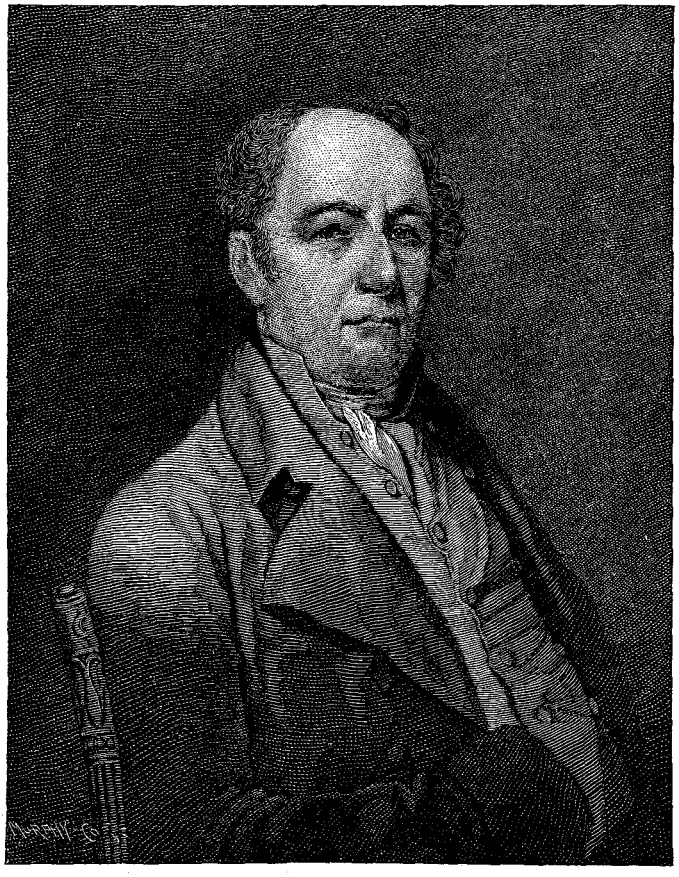
that pleased me, and were very solicitous that we might get houses near each other in the winter, that we might be sociable neighbours. Uncle Rufus says I remind him of Martha * very much; he inquired particularly after all the family.

My letter will be an old date before I finish it. You must have perceived, my dear Mother, from my letters, that I am very much pleased with New York. I was never in a place that I should prefer as a situation for life, and nothing but the distance from my friends can render it other than delightful. We have thus far spent the summer delightfully; we have been no very long journeys, but been on a number of little excursions of 20 or 40 miles, to see whatever is pleasant in the neighborhood. Mr. Bowne's friends, tho' all very plain, are very amiable, and affectionate, and I receive every attention from them I wish. I have a great many people call on me, and shall have it in my power to select just such a circle of acquaintances as suits my taste.—Few people whose prospects of happiness exceed mine, which I often think of with grateful sensations. Mr. Bowne's situation in life is equal to my most sanguine expectations, and it is a peculiar gratification to me to find him so much and so universally esteemed and respected. This would be ridiculous from me, to any but my Mother, but I know it must be pleasing to you to know that I realize all the happiness you can wish me. I have not a wish that is not gratified as soon as 'tis known. We intend going to Bethlehem, Philadelphia, and a watering place, similar to the Springs, about 30 miles beyond Philadelphia;—shall probably set out the latter part of this month. At present we have done nothing towards housekeeping, and Mr. Bowne won't let me do the least thing towards it, lest I get my mind engaged, and not enjoy the pleasure of our journeys. 'Tis very different here from most any place, for there is no article, but you can find ready made to your taste, excepting table linen, bedding, &c., &c. One poor bed quilt is all I have towards housekeeping, and have been married two months almost. I am



Rufus King, from a painting by Woods.

* Martha Coffin, Mrs. Richard Derby, a celebrated beauty, who had been travelling abroad, and had been presented at the Court of St. James by Mrs. King.

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sadly off to be sure. We have not yet found a house that suits. Mr. Bowne don't like any of his own and wishes to hire one for the present, until he can *build*, which he intends doing next season, which I am very glad of as I never liked living in a hired house and changing about so often. Uncle and Aunt King want we should get near them; they have hired a ready furnished house about 2 miles out of the city for the summer and intend hiring a house in town in the winter. I have been very busy with my mantua maker, as I am having a dress made to wear to Mrs. Delafield's to dine on Sunday; they have a most superb country seat* on Long Island, opposite Hell-Gate. He is Uncle Rufus's most intimate friend and a very intimate one of Mr. Bowne's. We shall probably meet them there; I have not seen them to ask.

My picture is done, but I am disappointed in it. Malbone says he has not done me justice, so says Mr. Bowne, but I think tho' the features are striking he has not caught the expression, particularly of the eyes, which are excessively *pensive;*—would do for Sterne's Maria. The mouth laughs a little and they all say is good, as is all the lower part of the face,—but the eyes are not the thing. He wants me to sit again, so does Mr. Bowne. Malbone thinks he could do much better in another position. I get so tired I am quite reluctant about sitting again. However we intend showing it to some of our friends before we determine. How do all our friends at Saco and Topsham do? I often think of them, and Mr. Bowne and myself are talking of coming to see you next summer very seriously. How comes on the new house? We are to come as soon as ever that is finished.

John Alsop King, from a silhouette in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer.

New York, July 14th.

I have quite a packet of newspapers which I shall send to amuse you. They contain all the public amusements and shows in celebration of 4th. July. The Procession passed our house and was very elegant. In the evening we were at Davis Hall Gardens; the entertainment there you will see by the papers; 'twas supposed there were 4,000 people there; tickets half a dollar, and 'tis said he made very little money, so you may think what the entertainment was. Indeed there is every day something new and amusing to me. Whenever we have nothing particular in view, in the cool of the evening we walk down to the Battery, go into the garden, sit half an hour, eat ice cream, drink lemonade, hear fine music, see a variety of people and return home happy and refreshed. Sunday we dined at Mr. Delafield's near Hell Gate, Long Island, the most superb, magnificent place I ever saw, situated directly on the East river—the finest view you can imagine. I was delighted with our visit, so much ease, elegance and hospitality. I am very glad you liked your gown. Long sleeves are very much worn, made like mitts—cross-wise, only one seam and that in the back of the arm, and a half drawn sleeve over, and a close, very short one up high, drawn up with a cord. I have just been having one made so. All Mrs. Delafield's daughters, even to little Caroline, no older than our Mary, had their frocks made exactly like the gown I sent you, only cut open in the back, a piece of bone each side and eyelet holes laced,—long sleeves as I mentioned above—short sleeves and open behind.

* The name of this country-seat was Sunswick, and the house still stands in the middle of the village of Astoria.

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James Gore King, from a miniature in the possession of A. Gracie King, Esq.

The great dinner given in honor of Uncle Rufus I have not yet mentioned. 'Twas very superb and 200 of the most respectable citizens of New York attended. Mr. Bowne says tho' he has been at many entertainments given in honor of particular persons yet he never saw one that was so complimentary, and never a person conduct himself on such an occasion with such ease, elegance and dignity in his life. He returned quite in raptures,—such insinuating manners —such ease in receiving those presented and introduced,—he is a most amazing favorite here. Democrats and Federalists and all parties attended. French Consul on his right—English Consul on his left. When Mr. Bowne went up he held out his hand with all the ease of an old friend, without even bowing, and said —"How is it Bowne? How's your wife?" —so familiar. I went to see the tables, very novel and elegant—there was one the whole length of the Hall and four branches from it. There was an enclosure about two feet wide, filled with earth, and railed in with a little white fence; and little gates every yard or two ran thro' the centre of all the tables, and on each side were the plates and dishes. In this enclosure there were lakes and swans swimming, little mounds covered with goats among little trees—in some places flocks of sheep; some cows lying down, beautiful little arches and arbors covered with green; figures of Apollo, Ceres, Flora; little white pyramids with earth and sprigs of myrtle, orange, lemon; flowers in imitation of hothouse plants, —nothing could have a more beautiful effect in the hot weather. . . . We are going about 20 miles to enjoy the sea, to Rockaway, a place of fashionable resort; 'tis intensely hot, exceeded only by Ballston Springs. . . . We ride out every day or two, go into the baths whenever we please; they have very fine public ones.

The yellow fever having broken out in New York, business was either suspended or transacted in the *neighboring* village of Greenwich. Mr. and Mrs. Bowne therefore arranged to take a journey, beginning with a trip to Bethlehem, Penn.

Charles King, from a miniature in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Martin.

BETHLEHEM, August 9th, 1803.

I intended writing before I left New York, but was so much engaged in pre-

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Sunswick—The Delafield House, Hell Gate, Long Island.

paring for our journey, I had no time. My great wish to see this famous Bethlehem is at length gratified. You can scarcely imagine anything more novel and delightful than everything about here; so entirely different from any place in New England. Indeed, in travelling thro' the State of Pennsylvania, the cultivation, buildings and every thing are entirely different from ours;—highly cultivated country,—looks like excellent farmers. Barns twice as large as the houses, all built of *stone;* no white painted houses, as in New England. We crossed the famous Delaware at Easton. It separates New Jersey and Pennsylvania. We saw some beautiful little towns in New Jersey likewise, but in Pennsylvania the villages look like so many clusters of *jails*, and the public buildings like the Bastille, or to come nearer home, like the New York State prison,—all of *stone,* so strong, heavy and gloomy, I could not bear them. The inhabitants most all Dutch, and such *jargon* as you hear in every entry or corner makes you fancy you are in a foreign country. These Bethlehemites are all Germans and retain many of the peculiarities of their country, such as their great fondness for music. It is delightful; there is scarcely a house in the place without a Piano-forte; the Post Master has an elegant grand Piano; the Barber plays on almost every kind of music. Sunday afternoon we went to the Young Mens' house to hear some sacred music. We went into a hall which was hung round with Musical Instruments and about 20 musicians of the Brethren were playing in concert,—an organ—2 bass viols, 4 violins, two flutes, two French horns, two clarionets, bassoon, and an Instrument I never heard before made up the Band; they all seemed animated and interested. It was delightful to see these men, who are accustomed to laborious employments, all kinds of mechanics, and so perfect in so refined an art as music. One man appeared to take the lead and played on several different instruments, and to my great astonishment I saw the famous musician enter the breakfast room this morning with the razor box in his hand to shave some of the gentlemen,—judge of my surprise! And some one mentioned he had just been fixing a watch

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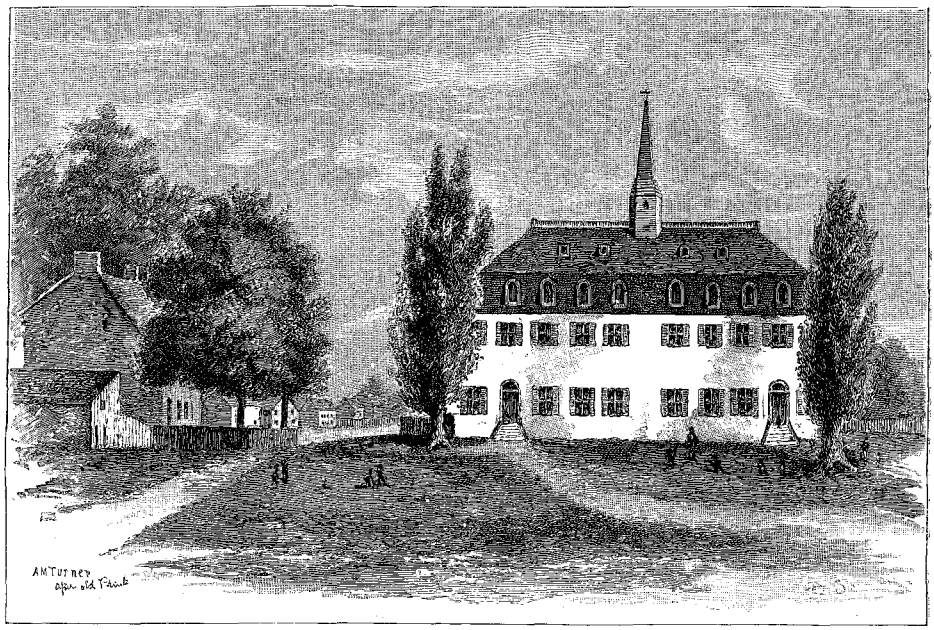
down stairs. Yesterday, Daddy Thomas (who is a head one and who comes to the tavern every few hours to see if there are any strangers who wish to visit the buildings) conducted us all round. We went to the Schools; the first was merely a *sewing school*,—little children, and a pretty single sister about 30, with her



The Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Penn., from an old print.

white skirt, white, short, tight waistcoat, nice handkerchief pinned outside, a muslin apron and a close cambric cap, of the most singular form you can imagine. I can't describe it. The hair is all put out of sight, turned back before, and no border to the cap; very unbecoming but very singular, tied under the chin with a pink ribbon,—blue for the married, white for the widows. Here was a Piano-forte, and another sister teaching a little girl music. We went thro' all the different school-rooms—some misses of 16. Their teachers were very agreeable and easy, and in every room was a Piano. I never saw any embroidery so beautiful. Muslin they don't work. Make artificial flowers very handsome, paper baskets, &c. At the single Sisters' house we were conducted round by a fine lady-like woman who answered our questions with great intelligence and affability. I think there were 130 in this house. Their apartments were perfectly neat. The Dormitory or sleeping room is a large room in the upper part of the building, with Dormers opposite, the whole length. A lamp is suspended in the middle of the ceiling which is kept lighted all night, and there were 40 beds, in rows, only one person in each. They were of a singular shape, high and covered, and struck me like people laid out —dreadful; with the lamp and altogether it seemed more like a nunnery than anything I had seen. One sister walks these sleeping rooms once an hour thro' the night. We went to a room where they keep their work for sale,—pocket-books, pin balls, toilette cushions, baskets, artificial flowers, &c., &c. We bought a box full of things and left them much pleased with the neatness and order which appeared thro'out. The situation of the place is delightful. The walks on the banks of the Lehigh and the mountains surrounding—'tis really beautiful. The widow's house and young men's are similar to the one described. There were many children at the school, from

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Georgia, Montreal, and many other places as far. There are some genteel people from Georgia and Philadelphia, at the tavern where we are. We intended leaving here for Philadelphia to-day but it rains. We shall spend a few days there and go to Long Branch. If the alarm of the fever continues in New York, we shall not return there again, but go to the neighborhood—send in for a trunk which I packed for the purpose, in case I feared going into the City—and set off for the Springs or somewhere else. 'Tis very uncertain when we go to housekeeping; the alarm of the fever hurried us out of town without any arrangement towards it, and may, if it continues, keep us out till the middle of Autumn. . . . Only think 'tis just a *year* to-day since we first saw each other and here we are Married, happy and enjoying ourselves in Bethlehem.—Memorable day!

BALLSTON SPRINGS, Sept. 4th, 1803.

Once more do I write you from the *Springs* where I enjoyed so many delightful moments last year. We recall so many charming things to our recollection by this visit that 'tis of all places the most pleasant for us. A description of the place, amusements, &c., I gave you last year. They are the same now. We arrived yesterday morning, found the place much crowded and were fearful of not getting good accommodations, but in that respect agreeably disappointed. They dance much as usual; a fine ball to-morrow evening. A great many New Yorkers have taken refuge here from the fever. . . . We have an abundance of queer, smart people here. Last night at tea I found myself seated alongside *Beau Dawson*,* *Nancy Dawson*,—our envoy to France—you remember!! and Gen. Smith of Baltimore, and family, who it was said would succeed Uncle Rufus. . . . But let me see,—I have hurried you along to the Springs from Long Branch in a much easier manner than I got here myself. Oh the tremendous Highlands! I thought to my soul I should never hold out to get over them—such roads. But I lived over it, tho' it made me sick fairly, with fatigue. I went to see Maria Denning, whose Father's country seat (Beverly) † is in the midst of the Highlands—on the North River, directly opposite *West Point*. It rises with sublime and picturesque grandeur directly from the North River. We got to Mr. Denning's Saturday night; left the neighborhood of New York, where we staid only one night, Thursday; dined at Uncle's, drank tea at Sister Murray's and set off that evening for the Springs. The romantic and beautiful scenery on the North River as we rode up was most charming to me. I admire the wild diversity of nature. Here we had it in perfection. I am sure the *Hudson* wants nothing but a Poet to celebrate it. The Thames and the Tiber have been sung by Homers and Popes—but I don't believe there can be a greater variety, more sublimity or more beauty than are to be found on the banks of the Hudson. The Delaware did not strike me at all.—I crossed it several times. . . . On our return from Long Branch we went to *Passaic Falls* with a Baltimore family; had a charming little jaunt about 20 miles from New York; the falls—the rocks—the whole scenery partakes more of the sublime—almost terrific—than Glen Falls, but not so beautiful. . . . We shall stay here about a week, then go to Lebanon, where I wish you to direct a letter to me immediately on the receipt of this. . . . Oh, I have not told you—saw the tree Major André was taken under, and the house where *Arnold* fled from, left his wife and family;—indeed 'tis the very house Maria lives in. We stayed two nights there and promised to go to see them on our return; charming place. Such fruit, 'tis delicious in the Jerseys;—don't laugh at travellers' stories,—but we really rode over the peaches in the road. We always kept our case

* Mr. J. Dawson, of Virginia, so called from his assumption of foreign manners on his return from Europe, where he had been sent by President Jefferson, in April, 1801, as bearer of the Treaty of Convention between France and the United States. The ship in which he sailed was wrecked and the treaty lost, although the envoy was saved. Another treaty was drawn up and despatched as soon as possible, but the delay nearly caused a rupture between the two countries.

† The Beverly house had been occupied during the war by American officers, among them being Benedict Arnold, and here he was warned that his plot to betray West Point to the British had been discovered and made his escape to the English frigate Vulture, which lay in the river near the Beverly dock.

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full. William brought us some off the finest trees that hung over the road. Peaches and cream!—they laugh and say Boston people cry out, "'tis *so* good." Well, what have I not wrote about! A little of every thing but sentiment—a dash of that to complete. I am most tired of jaunting; the mind becomes satiated with variety and description, and pants for a little respite of domestic tranquillity.—I've done.

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

LEBANON SPRINGS, Sept. 24th, 1803.

Your letter my dear Octavia, has set my head to planning at a great rate. By all means come on with Mr. Cutts. I am impatient to see you and I cannot give up the pleasure of having you with me this winter. We shall be at housekeeping as soon as *possible* after the fever subsides. I have spent a most delightful 3 weeks at Ballston and Lebanon. We had a charming company at Ballston; danced a few nights after I wrote you, and I was complimented as a Bride again. Lebanon is delightful as ever; we have a small party, ride to see the Shakers, walk, and play at billiards, work, read or anything. Adieu, I shall soon see you, and then we will talk about what I have not time to write. My husband's best love.

Yours, ELIZA S. BOWNE.

To Octavia Southgate (probably).

BLOOMINGDALE, Novr. 2nd, 1803.

Mr. Bowne has just bro't me a letter from you in which you mention coming on with Mr. Wood. I am fearful my answer will arrive too late, as your letter has been written nearly a fortnight. At any rate come on with Mr. Wood if he has not set out. You should not wait for an answer from me. —I shall be ready to receive you at any time, at housekeeping or not. We go in town next Monday; everybody is moving in; for the last three days there has been no death, and for 5 no new cases.

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24th, 1803.

I thank you, my dear Mother, for your letter and beg you will often write me now Octavia is with me and cannot tell me about home. I am at length settled at housekeeping very pleasantly, and do not find it such a tremendous undertaking. I have been fortunate in servants, which makes it much less troublesome; the house we have taken does not altogether please us, but at any time but May 'tis extremely difficult to get a house. In the Spring we shall be able to suit ourselves. Mr. Bowne wishes to build and is trying to find a lot that suits him.—If so we shall build the next season. Almost everybody in New York hires houses, but I think it much pleasanter living in one's own. I am more and more pleased with New York,—there is more ease and sociablity than I expected. I admire Uncle and Aunt more and more every day, and Mr. Bowne thinks there never was Uncle's equal,—such a character as he had often imagined, though not supposed existed. I believe I shan't go to the next Assembly. Octavia will go with Aunt King.

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

NEW YORK, March 1st, 1804.

DEAR MIRANDA:

When I was in Bethlehem last summer, I got some little caps such as the girls at school wear, and such as the sisters or members of the society wear. I want to find an opportunity to send them to you. Did you ever read a description of Bethlehem? If you never did, you may find one in some of the Boston Magazines. We had a little book called a "Tour to Bethlehem" which if I can find I will send you. It will give you a very correct idea of the place, society and customs. When I was there there were 83 girls, from 4 to 16, at the school, from almost every part of the United States. They all wear these little caps tied with a pink ribbon, which looks very pretty where you see so many of them together.—They learn music, embroidery and all the useful branches of education,—likewise to make artificial flowers and many little things of that kind. Do you ever attempt painting? 'Tis a charming accomplishment and if you have any taste for it should certainly cultivate it.

Your affectionate sister,

ELIZA S. BOWNE.

MIRANDA SOUTHGATE.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bowne passed the summer months of 1804 with her family in the East, a complete change being made necessary by Mrs. Bowne's ill-health, caused partly by over-exertion and partly by the severe remedies prescribed in those days, such as excessive bleeding, cupping, etc.

NEW YORK, November 9th, 1804.

John and Hannah Murray came to see me the day after I arrived. John rattles as usual; talks much of getting married —his old tune you know! He has completed his thirtieth year now since we have been gone. He says—"I begin to feel the approach of old age." Mr. Newbold * called and Mr. Rhinelander spent last evening with us. I think he improves fast. He told me a deal of news. Miss Farquar and Mr. Jepson † were married last night; Miss Blackwell and Mr. Forbes, and one or two others. Rhinelander says half the girls in town are to be married before Spring—Maria Denning for one; and the world says Amelia Denning and James Gillespie will certainly make a match,—that I was surprised at. Miss Bunner and John Duer ‡ are married. Sally § Duer is soon to be and Fanny is positively engaged to Mr. Smith, whom you saw several times last winter—of Princeton. So you see all the girls are silly enough to give up their fine dancing days and become old matrons like myself. Mrs. Kane is in town, looks older, paler and thinner. . . . She has got a charming little girl,‖ fat and good-natured as possible. Mrs. Ogden stays out of town all winter. We are engaged at Mrs. Bogert's this afternoon, but it storms so violently I believe I shan't go. She regrets very much your not coming, and Lucia Wadsworth she would be delighted to have. . . . The few days I was in Boston I was constantly engaged. We dined at Sheriff Allen's with a very large party,—Lady Temple,¶ Mrs. Winthrop and daughters, Mrs. Bowdoin, Mrs. G. Green, Mrs. Stoughton and daughter, and many others,—about thirty; and we were at Mrs. G. Blake's at a tea-party; she enquired particularly after you. She is a very fine woman I think.

JAMAICA, October 6th, 1805.

I am delighted, my Dear Octavia, to hear you are so finely and the more so as I hear it from *yourself*. I did not so soon expect such fine effects from the new system of liying. I am sure all will be well now. A wedding I suppose next, for I conclude from the melancholy pathos with which you say, you shall "neither have the independence of a married woman, nor of a single," that you don't mean to try the half-way being. However, let the man tease if he will, do not think of being married until your health is perfectly confirmed, —I would not for the world. 'Tis so late in the season, 'tis not possible I can come to see you this fall even tho' there should be two weddings in November.** . . . We have left Rockaway more than a week ago, still exiled from our home by this dreadful calamity. We are at lodgings in Jamaica, where we shall probably remain until 'tis safe removing to the City. Uncle and Aunt [King], and Mr. and Mrs. Bogert, †† have gone about 30 miles down the Island, sporting for *Grouse* and return to Jamaica until we can all go in town. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers ‡‡ (Miss Cruger that was) have taken a house in Jamaica during the fever, the next door to this I lodge in. Mr. and Mrs. Heyward are with them, but leave here for Charleston this

* Mr. Newbold and Mr. Philip Rhinelander were well-known New Yorkers. The latter married, December 22, 1814, Mary Colden Hoffman.

† Mr. Jepson was an Englishman who had newly arrived in New York.

‡ John Duer married Miss Anne Bunner, October 19, 1804. He was a brother of William Duer, who soon after married Maria Denning, and a son of Colonel William Duer.

§ Mr. Rhinelander engaged the two Miss Duers to the wrong men. Fanny married Beverly Robinson, and Sally married, March 10, 1805, John Witherspoon Smith. This lady is still living in New Orleans, having lately celebrated her one hundredth birthday.

‖ Mrs. Kane's charming little girl became Mrs. James King, of Albany, and the mother of many well-known New Yorkers.

¶ Lady Temple was the daughter of Governor Bowdoin, and had married Sir John Temple. Their daughter, afterward Mrs. Winthrop, was brought up in her grandfather's house and was long the reigning belle of Boston. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop is her son.

** Mrs. Bowne is alluding to the engagement of her sister to William Browne, to whom she was married in December. Horatio Southgate married, on September 29th, Nabby McLellan, the daughter of a well-known East Indian merchant.

†† These were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. King's and occupied adjoining places at Jamaica. Their daughter Cordelia married Mr. Thurston; and her daughter, Jesse Hoyt.

‡‡ Mrs. Rogers's daughter married Mr. Heyward, of South Carolina.

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week. I am in there half of my time. We make a snug little party at *Brag* in the evening frequently and work together mornings. Mr. Bowne goes to Greenwich where all the business is transacted, on Mondays and Thursdays, but returns the same night, so I am but little alone. As to news,—Miss Charlotte Manden Heard was married last week to a gentleman from Demerara whom nobody knew she was engaged to, until he came a few weeks since and they were married. John Murray* I believe, is at last really in love, tho' 'tis not yet determined whether the lady smiles or not,—a Miss Rogers from Baltimore, whom he met at the Springs, a sweet interesting girl 'tis said. Woolsey Rogers and Harriet Clarke were talked of as a match at the Springs. Mrs. Kane stayed at the Springs till it was so late she could not venture to ride to Providence with her Mother, and the fever kept her from New York; so was obliged to stop at Mrs. (Gilbert) Livingston's—Mr. Kane's sister—at Red Hook, until able to resume her journey home, which will probably be in November. . . . Mrs. Fish† has a daughter; great joy on the occasion. Do ask Papa if he could send us 6 or 8 barrels of potatoes; there is like to be a great scarcity in New York; put them in the hold of the vessel or anywhere.

Yours,
E. B.

November 14th, 1805.

Capt. Libby sails to-morrow. We have got as many things as possible. There is not a piece of embossed Buff in New York, nor of plain either; there are not more than two pair alike, therefore I have done nothing about the trimmings. I fancy Boston is a better place for those things than New York. The most fashionable beds have draperies the same as my dimity window curtains. However, if you think best I will look farther and perhaps there will be something new open in a week or two. There is but one barrel urn in the city. Mr. B. was two days in pursuit of one; he purchased this and sent it back. 'Twas brown and no plate on it except the nose. I can get you one like mine for $25. Let me know immediately respecting these things. Yesterday the Silversmith came for instructions respecting the plate and bro't patterns for me to look at. I ordered a set of tea-things for Mamma the same as mine. I think them handsomer than any I see. The man is to send me some patterns to look at which he thinks are similar to your description. On the next page I will make a list of the goods and pieces copied from the bills.

1 piece Irish Sheeting	48 yards at 5/	$30.00
1 piece " "	55 yards " 6-6	44.69
6 yards Fine Linen	" 7-6	5.62
12 Damask Napkins	" 8/	12.00
1 piece fine Diaper	27 yards " 5-6	18.56
2 Breakfast Cloths	" 14/	3.50
1 Plated Castor best kind		12.00
1 Plated Cake Basket silver rims		18.00
2 Pearl tea-pots 2.25, 1 Trunk 2.50		4.75
		$149.12

The sheeting is quite as cheap as mine; the fine I like very much and think it quite a bargain. The tablecloths are cheap; the linen is high I think. The Cake Basket is very cheap, $2 cheaper than mine and rather handsomer I think. I could get no crimson marking, but send you a few skeins of cotton which I procured with much difficulty. The napkins are not the kind I wished, but there was none of those excepting at 2 places and they were 18/–22/ apiece. I thought these pretty, and would answer your purpose. I enclose the marking cotton and the key of the trunk. Adieu,

Yours ever,
E. S. Bowne.

New York, March 30th, 1806.

My Dear Mother:

I am most impatiently looking for Miranda, and hoping tho' I dare not place too much dependence on seeing my Father. I am better than when I wrote you before, tho' still subject to those faint turns. I have become more

* John Murray married Miss Rogers in 1806, and Woolsey Rogers married, Thursday evening, December 1, 1807, Miss Susan Bayard and not Miss Clarke, who was Mrs. Kane's sister.

† Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant had married, April 30, 1803, Colonel Nicholas Fish, and this daughter was named Susan and is now Mrs. Daniel Le Roy. The Hon. Hamilton Fish and Mrs. Richard Morris were also children of Colonel Fish.

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used to them and they don't alarm me. I ride frequently and take the air every fine day in some way or other. . . . Mary Murray * is to be married a week from next Wednesday. She is very desirous that Miranda should get here; I really hope she may. . . . I shall look out the last of the week for Papa and Miranda very seriously. I hope they are on their way now. Uncle's oldest son, John Alsop [King], arrived here about a week since;—he seems a very fine young man, rather taller than his father;—he will be a second Uncle William,† for he does not appear to have half got his height. Charles King has gone to Holland.

E. S. B.

MRS. MARY SOUTHGATE.

NEW YORK, April 27th, 1806.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

Tell Father there was a meeting called last evening of the Federalists in the City, to make some further remonstrances on the defenceless state of the Port of New York, occasioned by an accident that has set the whole City in an uproar. There are three British Frigates at the Hook, a few miles from the City, that fire upon all the vessels that come in or go out, and search them. They have sent several on to Halifax; and yesterday they fired in a most wanton manner upon a little coaster that was entering the harbor with only three men on board; and before they had time to come to as they were preparing to do, they fired again, and killed one of the men dead upon the spot. He was brought up and the body exposed to view on one of the wharves where several thousand people were collected to see it. It put the City in great confusion and this meeting was called in consequence —where Uncle made a very elegant speech. I am very sorry Father had not been here; it would have gratified him. 'Tis the first time he has spoken in public since his return to this Country. The British Consul had sent several boats of provisions down to the frigates—which as soon as 'twas known the Pilot-boats went after, and brought them all back. They were loaded upon carts and carried in procession thro' the streets to the poor house, attended by a prodigious mob huzzaing, and the English and American colors fixed on the carts. They demanded the Commander of the frigate to be given up by the British Consul as a murderer. He replied he had no power over him. It has made a prodigious noise in the City, as you may imagine.

I paid the bride's visit to young Mrs. Murray; there was a prodigious crowd, a hundred and fifty at least, and many never sat down at all. Madame Moreau ‡ wore a long black velvet dress with Pearl ornaments — looking elegantly. The next day I dined at Uncle Rufus King's with company. On Tuesday following went to a ball at Mrs. Stevens's; § next day a ball at Miss Murray's—very pleasant.

Last Friday I was at a ball at the Watts', and the week before at Miss Lyde's ‖ to a ball, and Mrs. Turnbull's to a monstrous tea-party; Yesterday at Mrs. Morris'. On Monday next Aunt King has a very large party. On Tuesday I go to Mrs. Stoughton's, on Thursday to Mrs. Hopkins, and on Friday dine at Mrs. Bogert's and this evening to Mrs. Henderson's to a *ball*. I think it will be one of the most elegant we have had this winter.

Mrs. Bowne's son Walter was born about this time, and some of her family were probably with her, as there are no letters from her relating to his birth, though the first mention of him is made in a much later letter.

Sunday, May 25th, 1806.

Now for news, which I suppose you are very anxious to hear. In the first place—Miss Laurelia Dashaway is married to Mr. Hawkes. On Saturday morning, 8 o'clock, Trinity Church was opened on purpose for the occasion,—something singular, as it would not be like Miss Laurelia. But what do you

* Mary Murray, the daughter of Mr. Bowne's sister Mary, was about her aunt's age. She married Douglass Perkins.

† William King, first Governor of the State of Maine, half-brother of Mrs. Southgate.

‡ Madame Moreau, the wife of General Moreau, of France, who escaped to the United States after the battle of Waterloo.

§ Mrs. Stevens, the wife of Colonel Stevens, of Hoboken, was Miss Rachel Coxe, of Philadelphia. Their eldest son, John Coxe Stevens, married, in 1809, Miss Maria C. Livingston, only daughter of Robert C. Livingston.

‖ Miss Lyde afterward married Jonathan Ogden.

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think? Mr. and Mrs. —— have taken French leave of New York—sailed for France about a fortnight ago, without anybody's knowing their intention till they were gone. There are many conjectures upon the occasion not very favorable to the state of their finances. 'Tis said his friends were very averse to her going with him. If she had not, I suspect she must have sympathised with Madame Jerome Buonaparte, and many other poor madames that have founded their hopes on the fidelity of a Frenchman.

Yours ever,
E. S. Bowne.

Miss Miranda Southgate.

New York, Nov. 8th, 1806.

My Dear Octavia:

Maria Denning is married and William Duer has returned to New Orleans; left her with her friends for the winter. Amelia (Denning) was married to Mr. Gillespie in the spring,—lives at home yet. Miss Pell was married last week to Robert MacComb; they are making a prodigious dash. I went to pay the bride's visit on Friday; they had an elegant ball and supper in the evening, as it was the last day of seeing company,—seven brides-maids and seven bride-men, most superb dresses,—the bride's pearls cost 1500 dollars. They spend the winter in Charleston.

Yours ever,
Eliza S. Bowne.

New York, Dec. 1st, 1807.

Charles King will tell you all the news of the fashionable world. I have been to no parties yet. The Theatre is quite the rage—I have been several times. You have no idea how much it is improved, entirely altered,—looks light and gay,—a perfect contrast to its former appearance. Cooper draws crowded houses every night. I have been much delighted. Mr. Woolsey Rogers' approaching nuptials seem anticipated as the opening of the winter campaign. Of course the event is much talked of. Not a mantuamaker in the city but will tell you some particulars of the bride's wardrobe,—length of her train, etc., etc.—A fine lady here, as Mustapha says, is estimated by the length of her tail. If it was not for using a most homely proverb, I would say "Every dog has his day." Here was our friend John Murray and his bride last winter, making all ring;—this winter quietly settled in Nassau St., just what I call comfortable.

Jan. 24th, 1808.

My Dear Miranda:

Mr. A—— is here from Brunswick and will take a letter for me to any of my friends. I should not have been surprised any more to have seen the cupola of the college itself walk into the room than I was to see Mr. A——; I could hardly believe my eyes, but I could not but know him, as I know nobody like him; he always seems like a frightened bird—so hurried in his manner and conversation. How much he looked like some of Timothy Dexter's wooden men—at commencement last year! It came across my mind while he was sitting by me yesterday. 'Twas well I was alone, or I should have certainly laughed. Frederic,* I suppose is at home, tho' Mr. A. could not tell me. John and Charles King have some thought of going to Portland. I have told them they had better go some other time as they will find Portland so dull and none of you in quite so good spirits. James [King] is here and they return with him.

As to news—New York is not so gay as last winter; few balls but a great many tea-parties. I believe I told you Mrs. Gillespie has a daughter. You never wrote me anything about the muslin for Arixene† to work her a frock; 'tis so good an opportunity to send it that I have a great mind to get it notwithstanding. You say I have said nothing of Walter in any of my letters; he is so hearty and well I hardly thought of him when I wrote; he has not had a day's sickness since I returned. I send him out walking frequently, when 'tis so cold it quite makes the tears come. He trudges along with leading very well in the street. He never takes cold. He goes to bed at 6 o'clock, away into the room in the third story you used

* Frederic Southgate, Dr. Southgate's sixth child. He was for many years a tutor in Bowdoin College, and died unmarried.

† Arixene Southgate, a younger sister of Mrs. Bowne's, who married Henry Smith.

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to sleep in, without fire or candle, and there he sleeps till Phœbe goes to bed to him. You know I am a great enemy to letting children sleep with a fire in the room; 'tis the universal practice here, and as long as I can avoid it I never mean to practice it; it subjects them to constant colds. They think I am very severe to suffer such a child to be put in the third story to sleep without a fire. I presume Aunt King and family are all well. They are going to have a fine *waffle* party on Tuesday. I wish you were here to go, for the boys want to have a fine frolic. Kitty Bayard * is to be married in April to Duncan Campbell, all engaged since Woolsey and Susan were married. Mary Watts † is engaged to the big Doctor Romaine,—that is quite a surprise to every one; this is rumor.

Adieu,

E. S. B.

Mrs. Bowne's second child, Mary, was born in September of this year, and after her birth her mother never recovered her strength. Fearing the effects of the winter, the doctors recommended a sea-voyage and a warmer climate to Mrs. Bowne, who, accompanied by her devoted sister Octavia and her husband, Mr. Browne, sailed for Charleston in search of the health which was past regaining, leaving Mr. Bowne to arrange his business-affairs so as to be able to join them later in the season. Mrs. Bowne's two children were left to the care of Miss Caroline Bowne, who devoted her life to her charges, and was well repaid by the affection always displayed toward her by "little Mary," who loved her as she would have done the beautiful young mother whom she had never known.

New York, Dec. 27th, 1808.

You are anxious, my dear Mother, to hear from my own hand how I am. Octavia has told you all my complaints. My cough is extremely obstinate; I have occasionally a little fever, tho' quite irregular and sometimes a week without any. I have a new Physician to attend me; he is a Frenchman of great celebrity, particularly in Pulmonary complaints and has been wonderfully successful in the cure of coughs; he keeps me on a milk diet, but allows me to eat eggs and oysters. He does not give any opiates. Paregoric and Laudanum he entirely disapproves of; he gives me no medicine but a decoction of Roots and Flowers.—The *Iceland Moss* or *Lichen* made in a tea he gives a great deal of, and for cough I take a 'white Pectoral lotion,' he calls it, made principally of White Almonds, Gum Arabic, Gum Tragacanth (or something like it), the Syrup of Muskmelon seeds. He thinks I am much better already. I have no pain at all, and have not had any. My cough seems to be all my disorder. He thinks he can cure that; indeed he speaks with perfect confidence, and says he has no doubt as soon as I get to warmer weather, my cough will soon leave me. Mr. Browne got here last night and we shall probably sail by Sunday at farthest. Octavia will write particularly. You will hear from me, my dear Mother, often,—at present my mind seems so occupied leaving my children, preparing to go and making arrangements to shut up my house. 'Tis quite a trial to leave the little ones; I leave them at their Grandmother's. My little Mary is a fine, lively child and thrives fast. Adieu, my Dear Mother,

Eliza S. Bowne.

The sea-voyage proved so weakening in its effects that from the moment that the travellers reached Charleston Mrs. Browne gave up all hopes that her sister's life would be spared, and only prayed that it might be prolonged so that Mr. Bowne might see his wife alive. This happiness was, however, denied to him, for, notwithstanding the haste he made to join them, Mrs. Bowne died before he reached Charleston. Mrs. Browne's letters are filled with descriptions of the devotion and kindness of the strangers among whom they were thrown. These kind friends did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of Mrs. Bowne, and large

* Kitty Bayard, daughter of William Bayard, married, May 12, 1808, Duncan Pearsall Campbell, and died soon after. Mr. Campbell then married her younger sister, Maria.

† Mary Watts, elder daughter of Robert Watts and Lady Mary Alexander, married Dr. Romaine, and after his death Peter Bertram Cruger. Mrs. Romaine was seventy-three years of age when she remarried.

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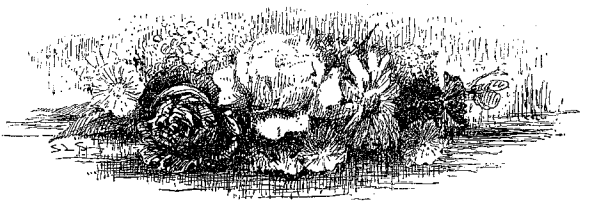
numbers attended the funeral, which took place on Mr. Bowne's arrival.

This beautiful and charming woman exercised a fascination over all who knew her; and for many years they preserved bright recollections of her winning personality, and often spoke to their children of the lively young girl, who seemed the more attractive by the side of her quiet Quaker husband. These letters were treasured by her mother, Mrs. Southgate, and were given to "little Mary," Mrs. Bowne's only daughter, to whose loving care we owe their preservation.



A SONG OF LIFE.

By Maybury Fleming.

Now in the new do we think of the old,
Of the mold and the odor of stones that stood
When the world was young, and men
Builded their souls in stone?

Ah, yes; but the old of our own new world—
The new to-day that is old to-morrow—
This is the joy that melts to sorrow,
With none for sweet temples dustward hurled.

Yet they who had made them loved the sun,
Trod fragrant grass in the perfumed air,
Were filled with the warm delight of life,
And laughed in their wit and their wilful pride.

The odor of stones and the roses' scent
Mingle to make us know the good;
Not less than ours, that old-time went
Hand in hand with men.

Rose-leaves fall and are dust. And we?
Dust. O sweet, sweet rose! O fair,
Fresh life, and the beauty of things that be!—
Dust, and the odor of stones.

Nay, what care we—O love and life,
Strong heart, and the deep lung's lusty breath!—
That there come to us once such a thing as death,
As came to the men who died?

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SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CORONER.

THERE was a short cut by which, using a rough back road across the hill, and then a dimly-marked bridle-path down the bed of the creek, one could get to Tallman's ravine in less than an hour on foot. Seth saddled the black mare, and brought her up on the meadow plateau overlooking the gulf, panting and white on breast and barrel with foam, inside fifteen minutes. He had galloped furiously, unable to think save in impatient flashes, and reckless alike of his own neck and the beast's wind and limbs. He reined up the plunging mare at the very edge of the ravine, where some score of farmers and boys were standing clustered under the trees, watching his excited approach.

As he threw himself from the saddle among them, and looked swiftly from face to face for the right one to speak to first, the attention of the elder bystanders concentrated itself upon the mare. They would have given their foremost thoughts to her anyway, for they were owners of live-stock even before they were neighbors, and her splashed and heated condition appealed in protest to their deepest feeling—reverential care for good horseflesh. But there was something more: the mare was strangely, visibly agitated at the sight of the glen before her, and reared back with outstretched, trembling forelegs, lifted ears, and distended, frightened eyes.

"By Cracky!" cried Zeke Tallman himself, "don't it beat natur'? This 'ere mare knaows what's happened! Look at her! She senses what's layin' down there at the bottom!"

"'N' yit they say dawgs has got more instinck than a hoss!" said a younger yokel. He kicked a mongrel pup which was lounging around among the men's legs, with a fierce "Git aout! yeh whelp, yeh! what d' *you* knaow abaout it?" to illustrate his contempt for this canine theory.

A third farmer, more practically considerate, took the shivering, affrighted beast by the bridle, and led it away from the gulf's edge, patting its wet neck compassionately as they went.

Meanwhile Seth had found his way through the group to his brother John, who stood with his back against a beech tree, springing from the very brink of the gulf, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the trampled grass at his feet. A half circle of boys, with one or two girls of the school age, stretched about him at some distance, like the outer line of an open fan, mutely eyeing him as the second most important figure in the tragedy. They separated for Seth to make his way, and made signs to each other that the interest was doubled by his arrival. The brothers shook hands silently, and scarcely looked at each other.

There came the sound of a pistol-shot from the glen below; somebody said: "There! they've killed th' off-hoss. Ther' goes th' best matched team o' grays in Dearborn Caounty!"

"Have you been down yet, John?" Seth asked, softly, as the low buzz of conversation began about them once more.

"No, not yet. I suppose I could if I had insisted on it; but when I got here, twenty minutes or so ago, they told me here that Timms had got his jury together down there, and forbidden anybody coming down till they were through. So I've stayed here. Not that I care about Timms, but—I can wait."

"Let's go down!" As he spoke, Seth swung himself around the beech, and began the descent, letting himself swiftly down the steep mossy declivity by saplings and roots. His brother followed. One or two boys started also, but were roughly restrained by their elders, with a whispered "Stay back, can't yeh! Hain't yeh got no sense? Them's the brothers."

The scene at the bottom was not unlike what Seth's fancy had painted it,

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adding the terrible novelties of the night to a spot he had known from boyhood. Half-shaded even in the noon sunlight by overhanging branches from the towering, perpendicular sides of the glen, the miniature valley lay, a narrow stretch of poor, close-cropped grass, with the spiral, faded mullein stalks, the soft, brown clumps of brake, the straggling, bloomless thistles, and even some tufts of glowing golden-rod, which push their way into unfrequented pasture-lands and encompass their sterility. The stream, which once had been a piscatorial glory of the section, but now, robbed of its water and its life by distant clearings, mills, and reservoirs, wandered sadly and shallowly on an unnoted course, divided itself here to skirt each side of the gulf with a contemptible rivulet—the two coming together abruptly at the mouth of the low stone culvert, and vanishing into its dark recesses, above which rose, sloping steeply, the high embankment of the road traversing the ravine.

It was over this embankment that horses, carriage, and owner had precipitately pitched; it was at its base, on the swale and gravel of the stream's edge, that the wreck lay, surrounded by a little knot of men. Vertical gashes in the earth down the bank, with broken branches and torn roots, marked the awful track of the descent; the waters of the brook to the right, dammed by the body of the horse killed in the fall, had overflowed the sands and made muddy rivulets across to the culvert.

The Coroner turned with obvious vexation at the sound of the brothers' approach. "I thought I gave word—" he began; then, recognizing the newcomers, added, without altering his peremptory, officious tone: "It's all right; you can come now, if you want to. The gentlemen of the jury have completed their labors for the present. I was on the pint of adjourning the ink-west."

The brothers joined the jurors, and dumbly surveyed the spectacle at their feet. One of the grays lay across the rivulet; the other, more recently dead, was piled awkwardly upon its mate's neck and shoulders, in an unnatural heap. The front portions of the buggy, scratched but not smashed, were curiously reared in the air, by reason of the pole being driven deep into the soft earth, between the horses; the rear wheels and the seat, broken off and riven by the violence of the shock, were imbedded in the marsh underneath. On the higher ground, close in front of the brothers, lay something decorously covered with horse-blankets, which they comprehended with a sinking of the heart.

"He lay in theer, part under the hind wheels 'n' part under the nigh hoss," explained the Coroner, with dignity. "The fall was enough to brek his neck twenty times over, let alone the hosses may've kicked him on the way down. We hev viewed the remains, 'n' we've decided ——"

"We ain't decided nothin'!" broke in one of the jurors, a serious, almost grim-faced farmer, with a bushy collar of gray whiskers framing his brown, square jaw. "How kin we decide till we've heerd some evidence, 'n' before the ink-west is threw with?"

"There's some men 'd kick if they was goin' to be hung. Did I *say* we'd arrived at a verdict? What I mean is, we've agreed to adjourn the ink-west now till arter the funeral."

"Well, why daon't yeh say what yeh mean, then?" rejoined the objecting juror. "They can't no cor'ner make up my verdict for me, 'n' you'll fine it aout, tew."

"The more fool me fur panelin' yeh!" was the Coroner's comment.

The brothers insensibly edged away from this painful altercation. A little elderly man in shabby broadcloth, which seemed strangely out of place among the rough tweeds and homespuns of the farmers, detached himself from the group of jurors, and came over to them, with a subdued half-smile of recognition. It was the Thessaly undertaker.

"Tew bad, ain't it?" he said glibly; "allus some such scrimmage as thet on every one of Timms' juries. He ain't got no exec'tive ability, *I* say. I'd like to see *him* run a funer'l with eight bearers—all green han's! I told him thet once right to his face! But then of course yeh knaow *I* can't say much. He's techy, 'n' 'twouldn't do fur me to rile him. We hev a kind o' 'rangement, you see. I hev to be on hand anyway, 'n' he allus puts

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me on the jury; it helps him 'n' it helps me. I kin always sort o' smooth over things, if any o' th' jurors feels cranky, yeh knaow. They'll listen to me, cuz they reelize I've hed experience, 'n' then there's a good deal in knaowin' haow to manage men in hevin' what *I* call exec'tive ability. Of course this case is peculiar. They ain't no question abaout th' death bein' accidental. But this man you heern kickin', this Cyrus Ballou, he's makin' a dead set to hev' Zeke Tallman condemned fur hevin' his fence up there in bad repair. He 'n' Tallman's a-lawin' of it abaout some o' his steers thet got into Tallman's cabbages, 'n' thet's why——"

"I suppose we can leave this to you!" John broke in, impatience mastering the solemnity of the scene. "Have you made any arrangements? You know what ought to be done."

"Yes, my boy ought to be here by this time with my covered wagon—what I call my ambulance."

The brothers turned away from him. The little man remembered something, and hurrying after them laid his hand on John's arm.

"When I spoke abaout allus bein' on the jury, you knaow, p'r'aps I ought to 've explained." He proceeded with an uneasy, deprecating gesture. "You see, a juror gits a dollar a day, 'n' sometimes friends of the remains think I ought to deduck thet f'm my bill, but ef you'll jest consider——"

"Oh, for God's sake! leave us alone!"

It was Seth who spoke, and the undertaker joined his fellow-jurors at the foot of the hill forthwith. The brothers went back and stood again in oppressed silence over the blanketed form.

Dr. William Henry Timms meanwhile conversed apart with his panel. He was a middle-aged, shrewd-faced man, who, like so many thousands of other Whig babes in the forties, had been named after the hero of Tippecanoe. He was more politician than coroner, more coroner than doctor. He hung by a rather dubious diploma upon the outskirts of his profession, snubbed by the County Society, contemned by most sensible Thessaly families as "not fit to doctor a sick cat." But he had a powerful "pull" in the politics of the county, and the office could not, apparently, be wrested from him, no matter how capable his opponent.

In the earlier years of his official service he had been over-zealous in suspecting mysteries, and had twice been reprimanded by the Supreme Court Judge, and much oftener by the District Attorney, for enveloping in criminal suspicion cases which, when intelligently examined, were palpable and blameless casualties. These experiences had sensibly modified his zeal. He had put the detective habit of mind far away behind him, and, like a wise official, bent all his energies now to the more practical labor of dividing each inquest into as many sessions as possible. Had he been a Federal Deputy Marshal he could not have been more skilled in this delicate art of getting eight days' pay out of a three hours' case. A bare suggestion of mystery at the start, to be almost cleared up, then revived, then exploited carefully, then finally dissipated, and all so deftly that the District Attorney, who lived at Octavius, would not be inspired to come over and interfere—this was Dr. Timms' conception of a satisfactory inquest. Occasionally there would be the added zest of an opportunity to formally inflict censure upon somebody, and if this involved some wealthy or potential person, so much the better; to withhold the censure meant tangible profit; to sternly mete it (failing a fair arrangement) meant public credit as a bold, vigilant official.

Dr. Timms was still turning over in his mind the professional possibilities involved in Tallman's bad fence-building, and casually sounding his jurors as to their private feelings toward the delinquent; the brothers had followed the jury up to the meadow plateau, and were standing aloof yet from among their neighbors, answering in monosyllables, and following mentally the work of the undertaker's squad down in the bottom; the farmers were beginning to straggle off reluctantly, the demands of neglected work and long-waiting dinners conquering their inclination to remain—when a big carry-all from Tyre drove up on the road outside, and a score of men clambered out and over the fence to join the group. They had driven post-haste from

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the convention, and among them were Ansdell, Beekman, and Milton Squires.

Mr. Ansdell came straight to the two brothers, giving a hand to each with a gesture full of tender comprehension. While they talked in low tones of the tragedy they were joined by Abe Beekman; upon the normal eagerness and wistful solemnity of his gaunt face there was ingrafted now a curious suggestion of consuming interest in some masked feature of the affair. He was so intent upon this, whatever it might be, that to the sensitive feelings of the other three he seemed to dash into the subject with wanton brusqueness.

"How air yeh, Fairchild?" he nodded to John; "I want somebody to tell me this hull thing, while it's fresh. Who knaows th' most 'baout it? Where's th' Cor'ner! What's he done so far?"

Obedient to a word from John, the Coroner dignifiedly came over to the beech-tree, where our little group stood, and listened coldly to a series of searching questions put by the Jay County magnate. When they were finished he made lofty answer:

"I ain't institooted no inquiries yit. That'll be arranged fur later to convenience the family 'n' the officers of the law. It ain't customary, in cases of accident like this, to rush around like a hen with her head cut off right at the start. The law takes these things ca'mly, sir—ca'mly 'n' quietly."

"But have you made an examination?—you are a doctor, I think," interposed Ansdell. "Have you satisfied yourself when the death occurred? Have you learned any of the circumstances of it? Were there any witnesses?"

The Coroner looked at the questioner, then at the brothers, as if including them in his pained censure, then back again at Ansdell:

"I don't know ez it's any o' *your* business," he said. "Who *air* yeh, anyway?"

Before anyone else could answer Beekman spoke: "He's the next Congressman from this deestrick—nominated by acclamation over at Tyre to-day—that's who *he* is. But never mind that; what I want to knaow is—air yeh sure he died from an accident? Kin yeh swear to thet ez a doctor?"

"Toe be sure I kin!" responded the official, in a friendlier tone. "He was simply mashed out o' shape by the fall. He come down forty feet, ef it was an inch, plum under the horses. They jest rolled over each other all the way down. And so this is Mr. Ansdell, I presewm. I'm proud to make yer acquaintance, sir. Only by the merest accident I wasn't at the Convention to-day, sir."

The undertaker came up now to announce that the first stage of his labors was completed and that the ambulance wagon was on the road outside, ready to start for the Fairchild homestead.

"We went up by t'other side, lower daown the gulf," he explained; "'twas easier, 'n' there was no shock to yer feelin's. Ef I might be 'lowed to s'jest, it 'ud look kine o' respectful to hev all these friends of the remains walk two by two, behine the wagon, daown to the haouse. Yeh might let the carryall come along arterwards, empty, yeh knaow, ez a sort o' token of grief."

The suggestion was passively accepted as the proper thing under the circumstances, and the little procession began to shape itself on the road outside. Seth was moving toward the fence with the others, when the thought of the black mare he had ridden to the scene occurred to him. A farm-boy was holding the animal a little way off, near some bars opening from the meadow to the road. Seth saw Milton getting over the rails—he had been busy on the outskirts of the assemblage gathering accounts from those earlier on the ground—and said to him: "Won't you get the mare, and ride her home, along with the carryall? I shall walk—with the rest."

The cortège had formed just beyond the fateful narrowing of the road, where it crossed the gulf, and the men who were to follow Albert to the homestead, including all the late comers from Tyre and a few neighbors, had looked down the steep declivity, and noted the new breaking away of earth on the road's edge, before they passed on to fall in line behind the black, shrouded vehicle. The procession had moved some rods when there came sounds of excitement from the rear; at these some of the walkers turned, then others, and even the driver of the ambulance drew up

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his horses and joined the retrospective gaze.

The black mare was balking again, on the road directly over the gulf, and was crowding back with her haunches tight against the fencing on the side opposite to that over which her late master had fallen. It was a moment of cruel tension to every eye, for the fence was visibly yielding under the animal's weight, and another tragedy seemed a matter of seconds. Milton appeared to have lost all sense, and was simply clinging to the mare's neck, in dumb affright. Luckily a farmer ran forward at this juncture, and contrived to lead the beast forward, diagonally away from the spot. Milton sat up in the saddle again, turned the mare away from the gulf, and galloped off.

"Dummed cur'ous thet!" whispered Beekman to Seth; "does thet mare ack thet way often?"

"I never knew her to balk before to-day. She acted like that when I first brought her up to the ravine. It *is* curious, as you say. But animal instinct is a strange, unaccountable thing any way."

"Hm-m!" answered the Boss of Jay County, knitting his brows in thought, as the procession moved again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANNIE AND ISABEL.

ANNIE found the living-room of the Fairchild homestead unoccupied. She could hear Alvira talking with the Lawton girl out in the kitchen, and from the parlor on the other side there came a murmuring sound which she did not comprehend at once. As she laid her hand upon the stair door, with the purpose of ascending to Sabrina's room, this sound rose to a distinguishable pitch. It was a woman's weeping. Annie hesitated, listening for a moment; then she turned, rolled one of the parlor doors back, and entered.

Isabel lay buried in the blue easy-chair, her face, encircled by one arm, hidden against its back. The great braids of her yellow hair were dishevelled and loosened, without being in graceful disorder. Her whole form trembled with the force of her hysterical sobbing.

At Annie's touch upon her shoulder she raised her face quickly. It was tear-stained, haggard, and looked soft with that flabbiness of outline which trouble may give to the fairest woman's beauty when it is not built upon youth; over this face passed a quick look of disappointment at recognition of Annie.

"Oh, it is you!"

The almost petulant words escaped before Isabel could collect herself. She sat up now, wiping her eyes, and striving with all her might for control of her thoughts and tongue.

"Yes, Isabel. I *was* going up to Sabrina's room, but I heard you sobbing here, and I felt that I must come to you. It is all so terrible—and I do so feel for you!"

"Terrible—yes, it *is* terrible! It was kind of you to come—very kind. I—I scarcely realize it all, yet. It was such a shock!"

"I know, poor dear." Annie laid her hand caressingly on the other's brow. She had not come with over-tenderness in her heart, but this unexpected depth of suffering, so palpably real, touched her keenly. "I know. Don't try to talk to me—don't feel that it is necessary. Only let me be of use to you. It will be a dreadful time for you all—and perhaps I can spare you some. I sha'n't go to the school to-day. Oughtn't you to go up to your room now, Isabel, and lie down, and leave me here to—to arrange things?"

"No, not yet! Perhaps soon I will. My impulse is to stay down, to spare myself nothing, to force myself to suffer everything that there is to be suffered. I'll see; perhaps that may not be best. But not now! not now! No—don't go! Stay with me. I dread to be left alone; my own thoughts murder me!" She rose to her feet, and began pacing to and from the piano. "Let me walk—and you talk to me—anything, it doesn't matter what—it will help occupy my mind. Oh, yes—were you at Crump's last night? I heard them come by, late, singing."

"Oh, Isabel, how *can* we talk of such trivial things? Yes, I was there; I was in the singing party, too. It makes me shudder to think that at that very min-

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ute, perhaps——" The girl paused for a moment, with parted lips and troubled face, as if pondering some sudden thought; then exclaimed, "*Oh–h!* the horse! Could it have been?"

"Could what have been?" Isabel stopped in her caged-panther-like pacing, and looked deep inquiry.

"But no, of course not! What connection *could* there have been? You see, after I left the wagon, to cut across by the path at the end of the poplars, a horse came galloping like the wind up the road, with some figure lying low on its back. We were too far away to see distinctly, though the night was so light"—she had insensibly drifted into the use of the plural pronoun—"but the thing went by so like a flash that it seemed an apparition. And, come to think of it, there was an effort to avoid noise. I know I wondered at there being such a muffled sound, and Seth explained——"

She stopped short, conscious of having said more than she intended.

"Seth was with *you*, then?"

"Yes—he met me, quite unexpectedly, by the thorns. He had been out walking, he said; the night was too fine to sleep."

"Yes, I heard him go out, an hour and a half at least before the singers came by. Did he say anything to you about what had happened, here in the house, during the evening?" Isabel's azure eyes took on their darkest hue now, in the intentness of her gaze into her companion's face.

"Only that he had had words with Albert—poor boy! how like a knife the memory of them must be to him now!"

"Did he tell you what the words were about?"

"No."

"Did he say anything else to you?"

Annie grew restive under this persistent interrogation. The habit of deference to the older, wiser, more beautiful woman was very strong with her, but this did seem like an undue strain upon it.

"Why, yes, no doubt he did. We talked of a number of things."

"What were they? What did he say?"

"Well, really, Isabel, I——"

The elder woman gave a little click with her teeth and, after a searching glance into the other's face, resumed her walk up and down, her hands clinched rather than clasped before her, and her movement more feline than ever. "Well, really you—what?" she said, with the faintest suggestion of a mocking snarl in the intonation.

The girl drew herself up. It was not in human nature to keep her tone from chilling. "Really, I think I would better go up to Sabrina. I fancied I might be of some service to you."

"Annie! Are you going to speak like that to me?—*now* of all times!" The tone was outwardly appealing. Annie's sense was not skilled enough to detect the vibration of menace in it.

"No, Isabel, not at all. But you make it hard for me. Can you wonder? I think to comfort a desolate, stricken woman in her hour of sorrow, and she responds by peremptory cross-examination as to what a young man may have said to me, in the moonlight. Is it strange that I am puzzled?"

"Strange! Is not everything strange around and about me? That I should have married as I did; that I, loathing farm life, should have come here to live; that I should be waiting here now for them to bring my husband's corpse home to me—is it not all strange, unreal? The conversation ought to be to match, oughtn't it?"—she spoke with an unnatural, tremulous vivacity which pained and frightened the girl—"and so while we wait, I talk to you about young men, and the moonlight, and all that. *Can't* you see that my mind is tearing itself to pieces, like a machine in motion with some big rod or other loose, pounding, crushing, right and left, like a flail! We *must* talk! Tell me what he said, anything—everything."

"Why, that isn't so easy," Annie replied, dubiously, much mistrusting the sanity of all this conversation, but pushed along with it in spite of herself. "He said something about a misunderstanding with his poor brother, and then—then something that I didn't at all understand about a temptation, a great temptation leading him to the gates of hell, he called it—but you know how Seth is given to exaggerate everything—and then——"

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"He told you all this, did he? How confiding! How sweet! Go on—what *else* did he say to you—in the moonlight?"

Annie felt vaguely that the tone was cruel and hostile. As she paused in bewildered self-inquiry, Isabel glided forward and confronted her, with gleaming eyes and a white, drawn face.

"Why do you stop there?" she demanded, in a swift, bitter whisper.

"There *are* things which—a girl doesn't like to—have dragged from her in this——"

Even as Annie was forming this halting half-sentence, a change came over the elder woman. She dropped the hand which had been raised as if to clutch Annie's shoulder. The flashing light passed from her eyes, and something of color, or at least of calm, came back into her face.

"I understand," she said, simply.

"You can see, Isabel, that this is not a time I should have chosen to speak of such things to you, if you had not insisted. It seems almost barbarous to bring my joy forward at such a time, and appear to contrast it with your affliction. You *won't* think I wanted to do it, will you?"

The widow of a day was looking contemplatively at her companion; she had effaced from both expression and voice every trace of her recent agitation. "Are you sure it is all joy?" she asked, calmly.

"I wouldn't admit it to him. And at first I was not altogether clear about it in my own mind. Indeed, with this other and terrible thing, I can scarcely think soberly about it, as it ought to be thought of. But still—you know, Isabel, we were little children together—and I have never so much as thought of anybody else." Annie spoke more confidently, as she went on; the notion that there had been malevolence in Isabel's tone had faded into a foolish fancy: there seemed almost encouragement, sympathy, in her present expression. "I should have lived and died an old maid if he had not come to me. And it comforts me, dear, too, to think that in your great trouble I shall have almost a sister's right to be with you, and help you bear it."

Isabel did not respond to this tender proffer of solace. She still stood eyeing her companion reflectively. "You are very certain of being happy, then?" she mused.

A sense of discordance touched the girl's heart again—a something in the restrained, calm tone which seemed to sting. She looked more searchingly into the speaker's eyes, and read in their blue depths a mystery of meaning which froze and silenced her. While Annie looked, in growing paralysis of thought, Isabel spoke again, slowly:

"Your married life at least won't be deadly dull, as mine was. There must be great possibilities of excitement in living with a man who can propose marriage to a girl—in the moonlight—*on his way home from having murdered his brother!*"

Young Samantha Lawton, the member of the tribe who served as maid-of-all-work at the Warren homestead, had a mind at once imaginative and curious. From an upper window she had caught sight of the mournful procession from Tallman's ravine, winding its way down the hill, in the distance. She stole out from the house, whose bed-ridden occupant could at best only yell herself hoarse in calling if she chanced to need anything during her absence, and walked up the path by the thorns to the main road, over which the cortège would presently pass. Inside the sharp angle of shade made at this corner, where the thorns aspiringly joined the poplars, there was an old board seat between two trees, the relic of some past and forgotten habit of rendezvous, perhaps whole generations old. Samantha knew of this seat, and stood on it now; from it, she had a clear view of the road in front and, through the tangled thorns, of the meadow-path to the left, while there were branches enough about her to render her practically invisible. From this coign of vantage Samantha saw some things which she had not expected to witness.

Annie Fairchild came suddenly across the line of vision, from the direction of the dead man's house, and walked straight to the stile at the edge of the thorn row. There was something so curious in the expression of her face, as she advanced, that Samantha scented

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discovery, and prepared on the instant an exculpatory lie. But Annie passed the one place where discovery was probable, and the hidden girl saw now that the strange look had some other explanation. She crossed the stile, and clung to the fence-post, as if for support; glanced up the road, where now the black front of the nearing procession could be discerned; then with a shudder turned her face in profile toward her unsuspected observer, and looked vacantly, piteously up into the afternoon sky.

Annie's face, with its straight, firm outlines, was not one which lent itself to the small facial play of evanescent emotions. Its regular features habitually expressed an intelligent, self-reliant composure, not easily responsive to shades of feeling. To see this calm countenance transfixed now with a helpless stare of anguish was to comprehend that something terrible had happened.

She stood at the stile, deperditely clinging to the rail at first, then edging into the thorns to be more out of sight, as the ambulance and the little file of friends moved slowly by. She noted nothing of the peculiarities of the procession—that most of the silent followers were strange men, in city dress—but only gazed at Seth, walking along gravely behind the vehicle, beside his brother John. She saw him with eyes distended, fixed—as of one following the unfolding of a hideous nightmare. So long as the party remained in sight, these set, affrighted eyes followed him. Then they closed, and the sufferer reeled as if in a swoon.

Samantha's first and best impulse was to get down and go to the agonized woman's aid; her second, and controlling, thought, was to stop where she was, and see and hear all that was going.

Annie seemed to recover her strength, if not her composure. She wrung her hands wildly and talked with strange incoherence aloud to herself. Once she started, as if to cross the stile again and return to the house of mourning, but drew back. At last, walking straight ahead, like one in a dream, she moved toward her home.

Samantha followed at a safe distance, marvelling deeply.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETWEEN THE BREAD-PAN AND THE CHURN.

"Well, I don' knaow's I go's fur's Sabriny, 'n' say ther's a cuss on th' fam'ly, 'n' thet M'tildy Warren put it there, fur, after all, three deaths hand-runnin' in tew years ain't an onheerd-of thing, but I don't blame her fur gittin' daown-hearted over it. Poor ole creetur, she's be'n a carryin' the hull load o' grief on her shoulders sence Sissly died. I shouldn't wonder if it'd be tew much for her naow."

Alvira sighed, and let her eyes wander compassionately from the kneading-board and its batch of dough to the old, cushioned arm-chair by the kitchen-stove where Aunt Sabrina customarily sat. This last bereavement had rendered the hired-girl almost sentimental in her attitude toward the stricken old maid—so much so that when young Samantha Lawton dropped in, toward evening, and offered to sit down in this chair, Alvira had sharply warned her to take another.

The girl had brought a note over from Annie to Seth, and was not a little vexed that Alvira should have taken it from her and gone up-stairs to deliver it herself, instead of allowing the messenger to complete her errand. She declined, therefore, to display any interest in the subject of the aged aunt, and warmed her hands over the glowing stove-griddles in silence. The elder Lawton girl, Melissa, resting for a moment from her churning, turned the talk into a more personal channel.

"Fur *my* part, I think it's a pesky shame, where there's three big, strappin' men 'raoun' th' haouse, to make a girl wag this old churn-dash till her arms are ready to drop off. 'N' I'll tell 'em sao, tew."

"I sh'd thought Dany'd done it fur yeh," said her younger sister, with a grin. "He allus seemed to me to be soft enough to do all yer work fur yeh, ef you'd let him."

"Not he! Both he 'n' Leander ain't so much's lifted a finger 'raoun' th' haouse to-day. They're off daown to th' corners, hangin' raoun' th' store, 'n' swoppin' yarns 'baout th' accident. *They* wouldn't keer'f I churned away here till

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I spit blood. In th' mornin' he'll be awful sorry, of course, 'n' swear he furgot all 'baout Wednesday's bein' churnin' day. Thet's th' man of it!"

"'N' I s'pose Milton never does nothin' 'baout th' haouse naowadays?" remarked Samantha, interrogatively.

"No, siree!" snapped Alvira. "You bet he daon't! He's tew high 'n' mighty fur thet! Prob'ly he's furgot so much as th' name of a churn, even. He might git his broadcloth suit spotted, tew. I wouldn't dream o' askin' *him*. I'd ruther ask Seth any day then I hed Milton. *He* don't put on half so many airs, even if he does git thirty dollars a week in Tecumsy, 'n' live 'mong ladies 'n' gentlemen ev'ry day'f his life."

Melissa rested from her labors again, to say sneeringly: "Pritty ladies 'n' gentlemen he *use't* to travel with, there in Tecumsy, accordin' to all accaounts!"

Alvira paused in turn, with her arms to the elbow in the floury mixing, and an angry glitter in her little black eyes. "Ef I was *some* folks, 'n' hed *some* folk's relations in Tecumsy, 'pears to me I'd keep my maouth pritty blamed shut 'baout what goes on there!"

The retort was ample. There was no answering sound, save the muffled splash and thud of Melissa's vigorously resumed churning.

The lull in conversation was beginning to grow oppressive when the young visitor asked: "Haow does th' fine lady take it?"

"She seems more opset than anyone'd given her credit fur," Alvira answered, sententiously.

Melissa interposed to expand this comment, and rest her arms: "Yes, she *seems* opset enough. P'raps she *is*. But then ag'in, p'raps ef you was young 'n' good-lookin', with blew eyes 'n' a lot o' yalleh hair thet was all yer own, 'n' you hed a husban' twice as old as you was, 'n' he sh'd fall daown 'n' break his neck, 'n' leave you a rich young widder, p'raps you'd cry yer eyes aout—when people was lookin'—speshly if thet husban' o' yours left a likely young brother who was soft on yeh. When you git as old's I be, S'manthy, you'll learn ther's a good deal in appear'nces."

"When she gits as old as you air," broke in Alvira, sharply, "I hope she'll learn better'n to blab everythin' thet comes into her head! You'll let that cream break, ef yeh don't look aout!"

"I don't b'lieve it's within an 'aour o' comin'," said Melissa, wearily resuming her task.

"No, but—reelly," began Samantha, "*is* Seth——?"

"Never you mind whether Seth is or whether he isn't," answered Alvira. "A young tadpole of a girl like you's got no business pryin' 'raoun' older folks' affairs. You better go home! M'tildy may need yeh. Yer sister's got her work to dew, 'n' so've I."

This plain intimation produced no effect upon Samantha. She continued to warm her hands, which were already the hue of a red apple with the heat, and remarked: "No, she don' want me. Annie said I might stay's long's I wanted to. She said she wanted to be left alone. She's abaout the wuss broke up girl *I* ever sot eyes on. You ought to see the way *she* takes on, though. I bet the widder ain't a succumstance to her. Ef you'd seen what *I* saw, 'n' heern what *I* heerd this afternoon, I guess you'd think so tew."

The girl spoke calmly, with a satisfied conviction that nobody would tell her to go home again in a hurry.

"What was it?" came simultaneously from the kneading-board and the churn.

"Oh, I dunnao—I ain't much of a han' to blab everythin'. A young tadpole of a girl like me, yeh knaow, ain't got no business——"

"Come naow! *Don't* be a *fool*, S'manthy! Ef you've got anythin' to say, spit it aout!"

Thus adjured by the commanding tones of Alvira, the girl trifled no more, but related what she had seen while hidden behind the thorns. She had a talent for description, and made so much of Annie's stony face and strange behavior that she succeeded in producing an effect of mystification upon her listeners scarcely second to that under which she, as an involuntary spectator, had labored. The success of her recital was not lost upon Samantha, as she went on:

"Et was after th' undertaker's waggin 'n' th' men—some gallus-lookin' young fellers, f'm Tecumsy I guess, was amongst

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'em—et was after these'd all gone by thet I heerd her talk. She kind o' hid herself in th' bushes while they was a-goin' by, 'n' stared at 'em like mad ez fur's she c'd folly 'em. Then she bu'st aout—not a-cryin', mind yeh, fur she never shed a tear—but wringin' her han's, 'n' groanin', 'n' actin's ef she was goin' to faint. I c'd see her jest ez plain's I kin see you stan'in' there naow, 'n' heer her, tew. All to onc't she up 'n' said——"

The girl stopped here in the narrative abruptly, with a fine disregard for the consuming interest with which her companions were regarding her; she lifted her nose, and drew two or three leisured sniffs. Then she bent down at the side of the stove and repeated them.

"Ther's somethin' burnin' in thet oven," she said at last, confidently.

"Et's th' barley. I knowed S'briny'd traipse off 'n' leave it. She allus does;" said Alvira, flinging open the oven-door and dragging out with her apron a smoking pan of scorched grain.

Through the dense, pungent smudge which temporarily filled the room, Samantha was heard to remark with offensive emphasis: "We allus drink genuwine coffee over to M'tildy's. She's mean enough 'baout some things, but she wouldn't make us swell ourselves aout with no barley-wash."

"'N' sao do we here, tew—all but S'briny!" retorted Alvira, indignantly. "She got use' to drinkin' it in wartimes, when yeh couldn't git reel coffee fur love n'r money, jes' ez all th' other farm-folks did. On'y she's more contrary'n th' rest, 'n' she wouldn't drink nothin' else naow, not ef yeh poured it into her maouth with a funnel. But go on 'th yer yarn!"

Samantha had to cough a little, on account of the smoke, and then it took her some moments to collect the thread of her narrative. But at last even the spirit of Tantalus could invent no further delay, and she proceeded:

"Well, she didn't say much, fer a fact, but they was business in ev'ry word she did say. Fust she hollered aout—right aout, I tell yeh: '*Et's a wicked lie! She's a bad, wicked woman!*' Then she stopped fer awhile 'n' put her han's up to her for'id—like this. Then she shuk herself, 'n' commenced to climb back over th' stile; but she seemed to think better of it, 'n' started fer her own haouse, like's ef she was a-walkin' in her sleep', 'n' a-groanin' to herself: '*Seth a murd'rer! Seth a murd'rer!*' Thet's what I heerd!"

The girl put both feet up on the stove-hearth, and tilted her chair back in conscious triumph. "Got 'n apple handy?" she inquired of Alvira, carelessly, in the tone of one whose position in life was assured.

To this strange recital, involving such terrible suggestions, there succeeded a full minute of silence in the kitchen, broken only by the ponderous clucking of the high wooden clock. Alvira and Melissa looked at each other dumbly—each for once willing to forego the first word.

"Well, what d'yeh say to *thet?*" finally asked Melissa.

After some reflection, Alvira answered, "I sh'd say S'manthy was a lyin'."

"S'elp me die, crisscross, I ain't!" protested the girl at the stove; "I've told it all, jest's it happened, straight's a string. Where's yer apples?"

Alvira meditated again for a moment. Then she said to her subordinate: "Go down 'n' git that sister o' yourn a Spitzenberg—'n' bring up some cider, yeh might's well, too."

When Melissa had gone, Alvira went over to the younger girl and gripped her sharply by the shoulder: "Look here, you, is what you've be'n tellin' us here honest? Don't lie to *me!*"

"Honest Injun! Alviry! ev'ry word!"

Alvira returned to her dough, and slapped it savagely into a huge, unnatural pancake. She maintained silence until Melissa had returned, and not only supplied her sister's wants, but poured out a cupful of the new cider for herself, as a proof of her appreciation of the Lawton family's supremacy over the existing crisis. Then Alvira spoke:

"I don't 'tach th' least 'mportance in th' world to what S'manthy heerd. Annie's a school-teacher, 'n' she's be'n workin' pritty hard, 'n' this thing's kind o' opset her—what with tendin' to her gran'mother, 'n' then this teachin', which is narvous, wearin' kine o' work.

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Thet's th' trewth o' th' matter. *I* kin understan' it. She was jest aout of her senses. But other folks won't understan' it as I dew. Once a hint gits flyin' amongst outsiders, who knaows where it'll stop? Naow, girl 'n' woman, I've be'n in this haouse twenty year 'n' more. I'm more a Fairchile than I'm anythin' else. I remember th' man in there—layin' dead in th' parlor—when he was a youngster, comin' home f'm college; I remember Seth when he was a baby. I ain't got no folks of my own thet I keer a thaousandth part's much abaout, nur owe a thaousandth part's much tew, ez I dew this Fairchile fam'ly. *Well!* They've hed trouble enough, this las' tew year, 'thout havin' any added onto it by th' tattlin', gossipin' tongues of outsiders. I ain't goin' to *hev* it! D'yeh understan'! Ef I heer's much's a whisper of this yere crazy school-teacher's nonsense reported 'raound, by th' Lord above, I'll skin yeh both alive!"

"Who's *be'n* a-gossipin'?" asked Samantha, reproachfully. "I shouldn't never said a word, ef you hadn't insisted, 'n' called me a fool fur holdin' my tongue."

"I dunnao where you'll gao to when you die, S'manthy," said Alvira, reflectively. "But nao, girls, trewly naow, this mustn't be mentioned. Yeh kin see with half'n eye what a raow it'd stir up. Naow prommus me, both o' yeh, thet not a word of it shell pass yer lips. Yeh can see fer yerself haow foolish it is! Ev'rybody knaows he driv off th' raoad, 'n' killed himself 'n' th' hosses by th' fall. It's ez plain's th' nose on yer face. Still it's jest sech cases as this thet people git talkin' abaout, once they're sot goin'—so yeh *will* promise me, won't yeh?"

They promised.

"Hon'r bright, ye'll never say a word to nao livin' soul?"

They asseverated solemnly, honor bright, and Samantha had a doughnut as well as another cup of cider.

The tiresome butter came at last, and the dough passed into a higher form of existence through the fiery ordeal of the oven; supper was laid and silently eaten; two neighbors, volunteers for the night-watch with the dead, came, and were ushered into the gloomy parlor; while apples, cheese, doughnuts, and a pitcher of cider were placed on the table outside, for their refreshment in the small hours. Night fell upon the farm.

Melissa Lawton stole out-doors as soon as Alvira retired to her room, and made her way through the darkness to the barns. As Albert had done on the fatal previous evening, she opened the sliding door of the big stable and called up the stairs to Milton. There was no response, and investigation showed that he was not in his room, although the lamp was burning dimly. The girl stopped long enough to look over the coarse pictures on the walls and the shelf, and then crept down the steep stairs again.

As she groped her way through the blackness to the stable-door she came suddenly in contact with a person entering, and felt herself rudely seized and pushed back at arms' length.

"Who's here? What d'yeh want?" demanded a harsh voice, which seemed, despite its gruffness, to betray great trepidation.

"It's me—M'lissy!"

"Come along aout here into the light, so I kin see yeh. What a' yeh doin' here, praowlin' 'raoun' 'n th' dark, skeerin' people fur?"

The Lawton girl's native assurance all came back to her as she confronted Milton in the dim starlight outside—which was radiance by contrast with the stable's total darkness—and she grinned satirically at him.

"You've got a nerve on you like a maouse, I swaow! You trembled all over when yeh tuk holt o' me, in there. What was yeh skeert abaout? I wouldn't hurt yeh!"

"I wa'n't skeert," the man replied, sullenly. "What was yeh after in there?"

"I was lookin' fur you."

"What fur?" The tone was still uneasily suspicious.

"I got somethin' to tell yeh."

"Well?"

"D'yeh knaow, I more'n half b'lieve this thing wa'n't an accident at all. What'd yeh say'f it sh'd turn aout to be a murder?"

Even in this faint light Melissa could see that Milton was much taken aback

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by the suggestion. He thrust his hands into his pockets, pulled them out again, shuffled his feet, stammered, and betrayed, by other signs general among rustics, his surprise.

"Pshaw—git aout!" he said at last; "what nonsense! Of caourse 't was 'n accident. Didn't th' Cor'ner say sao? Daon't ev'rybody knaow it?"

"Annie Fairchile don't say sao. *She* don't knaow it."

The girl went on to relate the substance of Samantha's revelations, adding, unconsciously, sundry embellishments which tended to throw a clearer light upon Seth as the chief figure in the mystery.

Milton listened with deep attentiveness. His slow, inefficient brain worked hard to keep up with the recital and assimilate its chief points. When the girl had finished he still thought steadily on this strange story, with its unforeseen, startling suggestions. Gradually two items took shape in his mind as most important: That Annie believed Seth to be the criminal, and hence would be estranged from him; and that if by any unexpected means people came to suspect foul play, here were the elements of a ready-made suspicion against Seth. The first of these was very welcome; it would be time enough to think of the other if a discovery were made.

"What dew I think?" he said at last, in response to the girl's repeated inquiries. "I think thet sister o' yourn lied, 'n' I think yeh better keep yer maouth, 'n' her'n tew, pritty dum shet, ef yeh don't want to git into trouble."

(To be continued.)

WHAT WORD?

By Edith M. Thomas.

Out of the West what word,
What word out of the West?
(O voiceful wind!)
Say—and thy flight be blest—
Say if the elfin bird
Still pours from its nest in the breast of my Best
Flute-note and carolled song,
All the day long!

Out of the West this word,
This word out of the West;
(O Lover blind!)
Sorrow, a sullen guest,
Hath hunted the elfin bird
Out of its nest in the breast of thy Best;
Silence there, and no song
All the day long!

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THE INSTABILITY OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE solid and relatively fixed mass of the earth is wrapped about by two great envelopes, the atmosphere and the waters, each characterized by a certain instability. The water-envelope is mainly gathered into the basins of the seas, where it has definite boundaries and a distinct uppermost surface. Still, a small portion of the water is constantly in the air; or, proceeding from the air to the earth, is making an often long-continued and roundabout journey over or through the superficial parts of the earth's crust on its way back to the seas. All our rocks contain a portion of water on its way to the ocean, or temporarily imprisoned in their interstices; so we may fairly regard the water of the earth as constituting an envelope of its whole surface, though the greater portion of the substance is in the sea-basins. The envelope of the air is also somewhat peculiarly distributed over the earth's surface, but the irregularity is much less pronounced than in the case of the water.

If the water came to a state of rest, it would all return to the seas and lakes, and would cover only three-fourths of the earth's surface; and under the same conditions of rest the air would cover the whole earth, but it would be densest where it lay on the surface of the sea, and thinnest over the surface of the land. These two envelopes are somewhat commingled; the water is more or less mixed with the air and with the solid parts of the earth, and the air is to a certain extent commingled with the water and enters even as much as the water into the interstices of the rocks. Both these envelopes are capable of taking some part of the other substance into their masses, but they differ much in the measure of this capacity. Water can take a large amount of solid matter into suspension by dissolving it, while the air can only receive and retain foreign matter when that matter is in the state of gas. We might very much extend this list of related and contrasted properties of the two great oceans, but for our purpose we need to note only the last and most important feature of contrast. The air is gaseous; it is normally composed of several commingled gases, while the water is a fluid having a more definite constitution and containing other substances in a somewhat unessential way.

All the possibilities of organic life which the earth presents, and which, so far as we can conceive, any other world can afford, depend upon the coincidence, on the surface of a sphere, of these contrasted and yet related masses of air and water. It is true that other materials, such as carbon, are also among the necessary conditions of organic development; but, though these mineral substances are found everywhere in the physical universe, they can only come into conditions where they may enter upon the form of living beings when they are associated with the enveloping oceans of air and water. Where these envelopes are wanting, as on the surface of the moon, the sphere remains without the possibilities of life. Even where these envelopes may happen to exist, it is only with the conjunction of certain temperatures that life can possibly develop. If the heat at the surface of the sphere remains below the freezing-point, or if it attains a temperature exceeding 150° F., the conditions of life disappear. Although the organic form of matter depends upon the conjunction, on the surface of a planet, of water, air, and a certain temperature, the dependence upon the air appears to be the most immediate, for to that element we owe not only the oxygen, but also the preserva-

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tion of the temperature which makes life possible.

The maintenance of the temperature necessary for organic life on the earth's surface is a problem of singular difficulty. In the spaces between the planets we have a temperature of several hundred degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, and in the sun a temperature which is probably to be measured by tens of thousands of degrees. The difficulty was to preserve on the surface of the earth a temperature which should remain, over the most of that surface, through all the geological ages, above the freezing-point of water, and yet below the temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees. We see the immediate effect of this combination of air and water when we consider the condition of the moon's surface. That sphere is without either atmosphere or oceans, yet in many other regards is much like our earth; but owing to this want of the envelopes of air and water it has remained a perfect desert. The heat flies away from it as fast as it is received from the sun; even during the long day it is doubtful if the temperature of the moon's surface rises above zero of Fahrenheit, and in the night it probably falls to near the temperature of space, or about six times as low as it ever attains on the earth.

The atmosphere serves to retain the heat of the sun by virtue of a singular feature of its structure. The direct rays of the sun pass through it to the surface of the earth with ease, and heat the superficial parts of the land and sea. These warmed surfaces seek to discharge their heat directly back into the celestial spaces by the process of radiation. If the way out were as easily traversed as the way in, the heat received from the sun would be removed as fast as it came, and the earth's surface would remain at the temperature of space; but the air is a trap. The radiant heat from the earth's surface cannot traverse it with the same speed as the direct rays from the sun; hence the layer of air next the earth's surface becomes warm in the measure which is necessary for organic life.

It is not easy to appreciate the delicacy of adjustment which is required to establish this temperature demanded by organic life, and to maintain it through the geological ages. Even in the permanent heat of the Equator, the zone of life-killing cold lies but four miles above the surface of the sea. As soon as night comes on, this dead-line begins to descend toward the surface; by morning it may have fallen to within three miles of the sea-level. A week of continued night would lock the tropics in a deadly frost and make an end of its land-life.

The geological record shows us clearly that, in the hundred million years which have elapsed since the plants and animals of the land have been in existence, the regions of the tropics have never been subjected to serious frost. From time to time during the course of the earth's development, glacial periods have originated ice-sheets about either pole. These sheets of ice have crept down toward the Equator, often attaining half the distance which separates the regions of greatest cold from the tropics; but the intertropical belt of land and sea, that great asylum whereunto resorts the life expelled from circumpolar regions by the glacial periods, never has been subjected to a deadly temperature. The evidence that goes to show this is simple and conclusive. Certain groups of plants—as, for instance, the tree-ferns—and many orders of animals are extremely intolerant of cold, yet the fossils show us clearly that, from the early geological ages to the present day, these forms have been continuously occupants of tropical districts. A very brief period of cold would have placed them among the extinct creatures of the past. An equally brief period of heat, provided it brought the atmosphere and the waters within a temperature of 150° Fahrenheit, would likewise have made an end of organic life upon the earth. It is therefore clear that the atmosphere is a conservator of heat, and that in this conservative work it has not failed in its function since the dawn of geological history. It is almost equally clear that the climate, in the earliest periods of the earth's development of which we have any record in the rocks, was, in a general way, essentially like that of the later geological periods, and even that of the present day. In certain peculiar con-

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ditions glacial periods have now and again extended the ice-sheets from the poles for a considerable distance toward the Equator. In the periods which have intervened between these times of glaciation, the temperature of high altitudes has permitted plants which were clearly sensitive to cold to live in regions within the Arctic Circle. But apart from these great cycles of change, which give us in succession extreme and temperate climates about either pole, the evidence goes to show that the temperature of the earth has not undergone great variations.

There can be no question that this evidence leads us to the conclusion that the mass of the air has remained essentially the same during the period of that inconceivably enduring past recorded in the fossiliferous rocks. Any considerable change in the volume of the atmosphere, without a coincident alteration in the amount of heat it received, would be followed immediately by a change in the temperature of the surface on which the air lies. Whenever we climb a considerable mountain we make a practical experience of this protective effect of the atmosphere. For each thousand feet of that height—that is, for each considerable part of the atmosphere we pass through—we find the average annual temperature lowered by from three to six degrees. At the height of a few thousand feet above the Equator we pass from the tropical climate, and enter the zone where frosts make many forms of tropical life impossible. A little higher we pass beyond the possibilities of life at all, and enter into the region sterilized by perpetual cold. On the other hand, if we had a basin excavated to the depth of ten thousand feet below the plane of the sea, in the equatorial belt, the average annual temperature on its bottom would so much exceed the present heat of the equatorial lands at the sea-level that even the most heat-enduring forms of life would find it excessive and would perish. In other words, to preserve the temperature of the tropics as it has been preserved from a remote period in the past, the total volume of the air must have remained for all time about what it is at present; at most it can have undergone but slight changes in volume.

This permanence of the atmosphere is the more surprising when we consider not its mass alone but also its constituents. As is well known, the atmosphere of our earth consists in the main of nitrogen, a substance which has comparatively little direct relation to the chemical or organic work done upon the surface. This relatively inactive nitrogen amounts to about three-fourths of the weight of the air. With it are mingled two other very important gaseous substances, which, unlike the nitrogen, are of the utmost importance to animal life, and profoundly affect the physical history of the earth's surface as well. These substances are oxygen, which comprises about one-fifth of the weight of the atmosphere, and carbonic acid, a combination of one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, which exists in very small quantity at any one time in the atmosphere. At the present time the proportion of this substance amounts to a very small fraction of one per cent. of the total mass or weight of the air. These two gaseous materials, oxygen and carbonic dioxide, are constantly passing from the atmosphere to the earth's crust in such large amounts that it is very difficult to understand how the supply of them —a supply absolutely necessary for the important functions of the atmosphere —is maintained. Oxygen enters into the earth by the process of rusting and decaying which we see going on in the rocks about us, and in many other ways which are not manifest to the eye. Whenever a metal rusts, or a rock-mass decays, it almost necessarily happens that a portion of this oxygen becomes imprisoned in the earth's crust. The present store of oxygen in the atmosphere by weight amounts to about three pounds upon the square inch of surface, or about four hundred pounds to the square foot. In the processes of what we call decay—but which we would better term change—which have taken place since the beginning of the geological record, it seems certain that far more than the amount of oxygen now present in the atmosphere must have been imprisoned in the oxidized materials of the earth's crust.

As was long ago shown by the distinguished chemist, Henry Wurz, a very

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small amount of the iron pyrite contained in the earth's crust would, in decomposing, absorb all the oxygen in the atmosphere. The chemical actions which serve to take oxygen from the free air into the prison of the earth's crust are numerous, and the gates of that prison are rarely unbarred. Once confined in the rocks there seems, practically, hardly any way in which it can be set free again; at least the possibilities of its escape are so limited, as compared with the imprisoning actions, that we cannot look to them for an effective restoration of this element to the atmosphere. At first sight it may seem possible that the atmosphere at one time contained within itself, in a gaseous form, a much larger proportion of oxygen than it does at present. May we not suppose that all the oxygen which, in the course of geological time, has been bound up in the earth was, at the beginning of that time, in the atmosphere, the original store having gone on decreasing as it was drawn upon to supply the needs of the underground actions? But here, as before, the evidence from past life serves to show us that the chemical composition of the atmosphere has changed as little as its mass. If in the early geological ages there had been on our earth an atmosphere charged with oxygen in the measure which the above statements would require us to suppose, animals could not have breathed; for, as experiments show, they are little tolerant of any material increase in the proportion of this gas. There is thus, from these limited considerations, a reason to believe that the insects and batrachians of the Carboniferous period found the air essentially the same as that breathed by their successors living at the present day. These considerations could be extended and enforced if space were at our disposal; but the reader may trust the geologist when he states that all the evidence indicates that the atmosphere, in times even antecedent to the Carboniferous period, did not contain a materially larger share of oxygen than it has at present.

The only way in which we can conceive the replacement of this life-giving oxygen, which the greedy earth is always claiming from the air, is through the action of the plants; each plant, in its process of growth, takes all the carbon of its woody matter from the air. This carbon it finds in the atmosphere in the form of carbonic dioxide—that is, a chemical combination where there is one atom of carbon linked with two atoms of oxygen. Absorbing this gas, it breaks up the union of the two elements, retains the carbon, and returns the oxygen to the air. In this way there is a constant return of the precious life-giving gas to the atmosphere. The carbon is, it is true, to a certain extent reunited with the oxygen when the wood decays; but in part this carbon goes into the rocks in the form of coal or limestone, and in so far it effects a substantial contribution of oxygen to the active supply on which all animal life depends.

If there were a source whence a supply of carbonic-acid gas could be obtained, it would be easy to explain the preservation in the atmosphere of both these substances which are so indispensable to organic life; for even the solar force operating through the plants would work to break up the union of the oxygen and the carbon composing this gas, and so afford a continual supply of these materials.

But now we find ourselves facing the great mystery of the atmosphere: Whence comes this ever-demanded store of combined carbon and oxygen? In what manner is it given to the atmosphere in such a well-adjusted measure that the plants always have their fit share of carbon, and the animals never any excess of the oxygen? The amount of this carbonic dioxide probably has never much, if at all, exceeded one per cent. of the atmospheric mass. Carbon is ever passing at a rapid rate from the air to the earth—our coal-beds are vast stores of it; our limestones, composed in the main of lime carbonate, contain far larger amounts than the coal; and in the decay of our crystalline rocks vast amounts of it are permanently laid away out of reach of the atmosphere. There can be no doubt that, since life began upon the earth, there has been taken from the air scores of times as much carbon as is now contained in the atmosphere. It was once supposed that this carbon was returned to the air in a

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regular and full measure by the action of volcanoes. These vents do, indeed, throw out a certain amount of carbonic acid as a part of their emanations, but it now seems clear that they cannot begin to maintain the balance against the forces which tend to lock carbon in the earth. It was also for a time believed that the carbon now in our rocks, placed there since the beginning of organic life, was originally all in the atmosphere, and that it has gradually been taken thence into the rocks of the earth; but here again the fossils rise up and testify that the air in the most ancient days of land-life did not contain any such vast store of carbonic-acid gas. Careful observations show that the ferns and other allies of the plants which flourished in the time when the coal-measures were laid down will not exist in an air containing a great excess of carbonic-acid gas, and the abundant air-breathing animals of that time certainly could not have withstood any considerable increase of that substance beyond what the atmosphere at present contains. We are clearly justified in assuming that at no one time was there in the realm of the air the hundredth part of the carbon which is locked up in the stratified rocks. The difficult problem before us is to find some source of supply whence the combined oxygen and carbon can be derived in uniform quantities, as the needs demand. If such a source of supply could be found, we might then assume that from it the plants, by decomposing the elements of the gas, found the source of the carbon which has been stored in the earth, and that in obtaining this carbon they replenish the oxygen of the air.

Defeated in the effort of finding a terrestrial source of carbonic acid sufficient to supply the ever-current needs of the atmosphere, physicists have of late been driven to the hypothesis that this material comes upon the surface of the earth from the celestial spaces. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, in his essay on the chemical and geological relations of the atmosphere,* after showing that the atmosphere could never have contained the thousandth part of the vast stores of carbon which have been drawn from it, proposes the theory that the atmosphere of our earth is essentially a local condensation of the gases which are, in a very attenuated form, distributed through the realms of space. From this vast outer realm the carbonic acid enters the atmosphere by a process of diffusion, thereby maintaining an equal supply of the gas which is the source of all organic life. This combination of carbon and oxygen being broken up by the action of organic life, the latter substance is set over to play its essential part in the support of animal life and in the chemical work of the inorganic world. Thus, as was suggested by Dr. Henry Wurz in 1869, the plants may be the agents by which the free oxygen is returned to the atmosphere after it has been imprisoned in the union with carbon. If this hypothesis be true, we would then have the following beautifully ordered series of actions: The celestial spaces, furnishing us the carbonic acid, afford at the same time solar force in the form of heat and light; the plants, making use of this force in their vital processes, break up the combination of carbon and oxygen, and so, not only supply themselves with material necessary for their sustenance, but preserve the balance in the amount of oxygen without which animal life cannot be maintained.

We cannot yet consider it proved that this balance of carbon and oxygen is preserved by the incoming of the combined material from the realms of space. There are, indeed, some difficulties to be explained before the hypothesis can be regarded as verified; yet it is by far the most satisfactory view which has been suggested as to the source of these aerial springs of life, which, though always drawn upon, seem never to run dry. There is indeed a fascination in the idea that our fuel, our daily bread, even the breath of life itself, as well as all force which is embodied in living beings, is constantly and regularly fed into us from these grim and seemingly inhospitable realms of space.

There is much support to be found for the foregoing hypothesis, as to the source of carbonic acid, in the evident uniformity in the supply of both carbon

* Mineral Physiology and Physiography, p. 30 et seq. 1886.

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and oxygen which has been given to our atmosphere from the earliest geological times. Nothing could have so well maintained uniformity in the supply of these substances as the constant condensation of the materials from the spaces between the stars. If the restoration came through any such paroxysmal actions as are involved in volcanic explosions, it might well have happened that the variations in that amount contributed to the atmosphere would have been so great as to shock the delicate mechanism of plant and animal life.

We have now considered the stability of the air in its larger aspects; we have seen that it has probably remained substantially unchanged from an inconceivable period in the past. We may safely term this period a hundred million years; though as such a duration is quite inconceivable by the human mind, we do not help our statement by putting it in this form. Let us now turn to the more familiar phenomena connected with the atmospheric movements which we term winds.

Both the aqueous and the aerial envelopes of the earth's surface have a complicated system of circulation. In the water-envelope this circulation is accomplished in two ways. Within the sea there are extensive movements—those of the various classes of ocean-currents, which are mostly the product, directly or indirectly, of the atmospheric movements. When in the state of vapor, the water, borne about by the winds, circulates through the air until it finds its way back upon the surface in the form of rain, snow, or dew. These principal movements are brought about by the action of the sun's heat. A considerable part of the atmosphere is always contained in the water in what we may term a dissolved form, and so makes its way in the rain, in the rivers, and in the motions of the sea.

Although the winds are the most familiar to us of any of the larger phenomenal movements which take place upon the earth's surface, it was long before men came to anything like a clear understanding of the causes which produce them. It was not, indeed, until the barometer was invented, and until that instrument came into common use, that it was possible to begin a study of the causes which affect the motion of the winds. Although this instrument was given to us by the illustrious Torricelli in the seventeenth century, it was not until about the beginning of the present century that the observations with it became sufficiently extended to afford a fair clew to the nature of the atmospheric movements. Even in the present day a considerable number of the problems which we encounter in the study of the winds remain unsolved; still the general laws which induce their movements are fairly well known, and it is possible to give the reader a clew to the more important facts concerning atmospheric currents. It should, however, be understood that the statements concerning the wind which can be made within the limits of this essay are extremely brief, and cannot afford the reader more than the most general idea regarding the nature of these movements. It is not in our project to consider the physiology of winds, but only to view them as phenomena which affect our general conception of the atmospheric work.

We note at the outset that the winds are in a general way divisible into two groups—those which we may term continuous, and those which we may term variable. Though the line of separation between these groups is, as might be expected, obscure, it has a considerable value. The continuous movements of the atmosphere are represented by the familiar trade-winds which exist in certain parts of the open seas north and south of the Equator. There alone, on the surface of the earth, do these movements of the air have the permanence which we find associated with the larger operations of nature. The permanent winds of the upper atmosphere are probably more continuous and more extensive than those which are found upon the surface; but owing to their height, and therefore to the difficulties of observing them, their directions and velocities are not so well known as the less permanent currents which affect the very surface of the earth. We can best illustrate the nature of the trade-winds by an imaginary journey from high altitudes toward the Equator. A voyage such as is taken by every ship from

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British ports, or from those of New England, on its way around Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, gives the observer an opportunity to study these winds. At the outset of such a cruise the mariners find themselves in a region where the wind "bloweth as it listeth," the uncertainty of the direction being the only foreseeable feature of the movement. There is in these winds a certain predominance of a movement to the east, which the mariner takes into account; but in the great atmospheric churn of the Northern Atlantic all the laws of wind-movement are concealed by the contentions between the diverse atmospheric influences which occur there.

As the ship works to the southward and out into the open sea, and comes near to the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, we find that the variable winds gradually die away, giving place, after a brief interval of calms, to a constant breeze from the east and north points of the compass. At first these winds blow in a faltering way; but shortly they increase in steadiness, and in the speed at which they move, until the whole air flows toward the southwest. This steadfastness of movement is maintained over the zone which occupies all the space of the sea except a relatively narrow belt near either shore. Very rarely do wandering disturbances mar the uniformity of this aerial tide, and, at most, they cause only a temporary break in the otherwise continuous movement. After passing through this belt of gentle easterly winds for a north and south distance of about thirteen hundred miles, or to within two or three hundred miles of the Equator, we find ourselves gradually entering a belt of calms, generally about three hundred miles in width. Through this region the sails are filled by the most fitful winds of the seas, severe thunder-storms with fierce squalls, alternating with long periods when there is scarcely any movement in the air. Availing himself of the perplexing accidents of the atmosphere, the mariner works his way through this disturbed region of alternating tempests and calms until he strikes the southern trades, the exact counterpart of the winds of the north. These southern trades blow from the southeast, as those from the north of the Equator from the northeast. The belt of southern trades has about the same width as that traversed in the north. Passing through it, the ship encounters again in the Southern Atlantic region a district of partial calms about the tropic, south of which it again enters upon a region of variable winds.

A north and south journey in the Pacific shows us the same arrangement of the permanent and impermanent winds which we find in the Atlantic. Though the energy of these winds is not the same as that of those in the Atlantic, they have an even greater steadfastness. The marvellous regularity of their movements was a delightful surprise to the early navigators. Varenius, exaggerating the truth somewhat, declares that on arriving at Acapulco, on the west coast of South America, the helm of the ship might be lashed and the sailors go to sleep, and they might still make their port in the Philippines, on the western side of that ocean. "The Spaniards called the trade-wind region 'El golfo de las damas,' for when once it was reached a girl might take the helm."*

It is evident that this distribution of the aerial currents is a permanent feature on the surface of the globe. The earliest navigators of the oceans found the constant and the variable areas exactly where we find them to-day. The ships of Columbus were borne westward by the northern belt of trades, and every sailor who since that day has traversed the field has availed himself of their movement. These gentle breezes are among the most steadfast features of the earth; they are older than the continents; they have indeed endured from the time when our geological records began to be written in the rocks. The primal cause of these constant winds, as well as of all the atmospheric movements of importance, is to be found in the unequal distribution of the sun's heat upon the earth's surface. If the earth presented, as men first imagined it did, a plane surface to the sun, there would be no such system of constant winds as we have indicated, for the reason that the heat would be equally dis-

*R. H. Scott: Elemental Meteorology, p. 244. London, 1885.

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tributed, and there would thus be a want of the disturbing causes which set the air into these more ordered movements. But the spherical shape of the earth causes the sun's heat to fall in very different share on the equatorial region and in the districts about the poles. Within the tropics, where the sun is from time to time vertical, and at most departs but slightly from that position during the course of the year, far more heat falls upon the earth than comes to the surface within the polar circles. This greater amount of heat received within the tropical belt of land and sea by radiation warms the layers of atmosphere near the surface of the earth; the heated air expands, and is lightened by its expansion to a greater degree than is the air of regions nearer the poles. It was at first thought that this heat directly produced an updraught from the tropical regions, and that the air which becomes the trade-winds flowed in from the north and south to fill the partial vacuum. Although this direct method of operating may in a measure account for the rush of the trade-winds toward the Equator, it is by no means a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. We can best get a clear idea of the action by a simple illustration. Let us conceive a tall chimney, such as is frequently erected about manufacturing establishments where it is desired to produce a strong updraught. For convenience, let us imagine that this chimney is closed at the top when we begin to heat a column of air within it which previously was at the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. As soon as we have applied heat at the base of the column, it is evident that the air tends to rush upward in the shaft and brings an increase of pressure upon the summit. This pressure is due to the fact that the external air between the chimney-top and its base weighs more than the air within the chimney in its heated state. If now we remove the cap from the chimney, the air within this shaft will escape from the top; and if there be no wind, will flow off on every side over the surface of the colder air. Another familiar illustration may aid the reader to clear his mind as to the nature of this action. Let him imagine a trough-shaped vessel divided into three compartments, those at either end filled with water and the central space with oil, which, as he will remember, is slightly lighter than the water. If now we remove the barriers which separate the oil from the water, on either side, we shall see, as the eye clearly shows, that the water slips under the oil and the oil over the water. It is not necessary to try the experiment in order that it may be well conceived in that laboratory, the mind's eye. We have now only to suppose that by some process the oil should become water as it flowed toward either end of the vessel, and the water to become oil as it approached the central part, to construct a convenient image of the process by which the air rises over the equatorial belt, and so leads to a current toward the Equator, along the surface of the earth, and toward the poles in the higher atmosphere. Assuming that the reader now conceives how this primal difference in heat brings about the movement from high altitudes to low, along the earth's surface, and from low altitudes to high, in regions considerably above the earth, we may advance one step further in our considerations.

The next puzzling feature in the movement of the permanent winds is found in the fact that these currents do not move on north and south lines, as we should at first sight expect them to do, but the southward-moving winds, or those which in the northern hemisphere seek the Equator, blow from the points between the east and north; while the upper currents, which convey the air back from the Equator to high altitudes, move in the reverse direction, or from southwest to northeast. Although, as before remarked, our information concerning this upper air-current is limited, its constancy, swiftness, and general course are sufficiently proved by observations made on the summit of high mountains within the trade-wind belt, as well as by the movements of clouds in the principal regions of the atmosphere.

As long ago as 1735 an attempt was made to explain the origin of this deflection of the winds from the true north and south course. Although the explanation does not give a full account of

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the phenomenon, it still retains a place in the most of our text-books. We owe this account of the trade-wind movement to George Hadley. His explanation rests on the fact that when a particle of air or of water, or any other matter, moves from the poles toward the Equator, or from higher to lower latitudes, it is constantly proceeding into regions having higher rates of movement, by virtue of the earth's rotation, than those from which it came, and so, by virtue of its inertia, it constantly falls away to the westward. The earth in its rotation slips to a certain extent beneath it. In the reverse way, a particle starting from the Equator, where it moves, by virtue of the earth's rotation, at the rate of a thousand miles an hour in an eastward direction, and proceeding toward the poles, where it will not have any translatory motion, on account of the revolution of the earth, is constantly coming into regions having a less eastward movement than it at the moment possesses, and so outruns the movement of the earth, inclining in an eastward direction. The reader can again illustrate this principle by an experiment, which he may try in practice, or essay in his imagination, by endeavoring to walk from the centre of a railway turn-table, such as is used for reversing the position of locomotives, to the periphery of that disk. He will conceive, or by an experiment he will have it proved to him, that he cannot walk on a straight line from the centre to the circumference when the disk is turning, but will attain a point on the periphery behind the point at which a radius of the circle intersects that line. Standing a moment on the periphery, so that his body may acquire the rotative movement of the disk, he will see that in walking toward the centre he again inclines to one side, because the momentum of his body makes it difficult for him to acquire the movement of the surface to which his successive steps bring him. When, however, we endeavor to apply the truth which Hadley discovered to the spherical surface of the earth, we find it insufficient to account for the deflection of moving bodies on that surface. Pendulum-experiments of the distinguished Foucault, made in the middle of this century, showed that, while Hadley's considerations were true, another principle is involved in the movement of the winds and of the ocean-currents. This principle is that, owing to the fact that the earth rotates from west to east, all bodies moving freely upon its surface will deflect to the right, the measure of the deflection being due to the latitude of the point and the velocity of the moving particles. It is so difficult to give a popular explanation of this principle, and its comprehension is so far unnecessary to the aim of this essay, that we may fairly ask the reader to accept this statement, or to look elsewhere for a detailed explanation.

It is worth the reader's while to conceive, as well as he may, the general principles which control the movements of the constant winds, for upon these movements in a great measure depends the whole system by which heat is distributed over the surface of the earth. This distribution is one of the many conditions on which the habitability of the globe absolutely depends. If the heat which comes upon the earth's surface from the sun stayed where it fell, if there were no machinery compensating for the irregularities arising from the excessive supply which falls in the tropics and the scant measure given to high latitudes, the equatorial region would be too hot for life, and the regions beyond the parallels of forty degrees north and south of the Equator would be too cold; they would be locked in eternal frost. This compensation, it is true, is only in a small measure affected by the winds themselves; for, although they represent the movement of a great body of air to and from the equatorial belt, this air has very little heat-storing power, due to its gaseous elements. The work of compensation is accomplished in the main by the ocean-currents which the winds induce. The trade-winds, moving the surface-waters over which they rub, drive along a broad sheet of the ocean's surface from either atmosphere toward the Equator. If these winds moved *squarely* down upon the Equator, the result would be that the waters would soon be heaped up under that line and the currents of the water would cease to flow; but as they move obliquely from the northeast and from the southeast to-

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ward the equatorial belt, they produce at their junction a wide westerly-setting current which flows at the rate of two or three miles an hour. When this current comes against the shoals of a continent, as it does against South America, it divides and turns in two streams toward either pole. In the case of the gulf-stream the great equatorial tide sweeps on toward the northern seas, bearing with it a great store of tropical heat. To it Europe owes its habitability, and the region within the Arctic Circle receives from it more heat, as Dr. James Croll has shown, than comes to it from the direct rays of the sun. We see by this instance, one of many which could be adduced, that the atmosphere not only gives the primal conditions of life, but by its great movements secures to the larger part of the land and sea temperatures suited to the existence of that life.

We now turn to the second great group of atmospheric currents, those which constitute the variable winds. This group of air-currents affords a larger and more puzzling class of movements, more puzzling because they depend upon the interaction of many variable conditions. As to them all we may make the same general statement which we have already made concerning the constant winds, viz.: That they are primarily due to the excess of temperature in the lower regions of the atmosphere, caused by the fact that the incurrent heat from the sun passes more readily through the air than the radiant heat does. Starting from this general principle, we find that the inconstant winds fall naturally into two categories: First, those which are caused by the difference in the condition of the air over the land and over the sea; second, disturbances which are due to a violent movement of the heated air which lies upon the earth's surface, to escape into the upper regions of the atmosphere, whereunto its lightness, due to the heat it has acquired from the surface, makes it tend. The first of these two groups of inconstant winds affords us the class of what are commonly termed land and sea breezes, the effects of which, though interesting, are of relatively small importance in the economy of the world.

The simplest case arising from the difference in the condition of the air over land and ocean may be noted where a considerable island rises from a space of tropical open seas. A brief experience on such an island shows us that in the afternoon of each day a wind sets in from the sea and dies away about sunset. For a while the air is still, but toward midnight a steadfast current sets in from the other direction, namely, from the land, and blows until after sunrise. Thus the normal atmospheric conditions of the island give us alternating breezes enduring for about equal times, but moving in opposite directions. Here again we have to correct the usual statement as to the origin of these winds. It is generally said that the air, becoming heated over the surface of the land as that surface gains in temperature toward noonday, rises and so draws in the air from the sea, while at night the reverse action takes place. This theory is disproved by the circumstance pointed out two centuries ago by Dampier, that the sea-breeze begins in the offing and extends gradually to the coast, while the land-breeze comes off from the shore and forces its way out to sea. Dampier's statements about the sea-breeze are: "It comes in an even, small black curl upon the water, whereas all the sea between it and the shore not reached by it is smooth and even as glass in comparison. In an hour's time after it reaches the shore it fans pretty briskly, and so increases gradually until twelve o'clock; then it is commonly strongest and lasts until two or three, a very brisk gale!" * Although the difference in temperature in the surfaces of the land and sea is the important cause of these changing currents, the method of action is probably not that just stated, but comes about as follows: The air from the surface of the land, being expanded by heat, is raised more or less above the surface, so that the levels of equal barometric pressure are higher over the island than they are over the sea, as is indicated in the diagram. This difference in elevation of the levels of equal barometric pressure causes the air to slide off from over the surface of the island to the portion of the atmosphere above the surface of the

* R. H Scott "Elementary Meteorology," p 286

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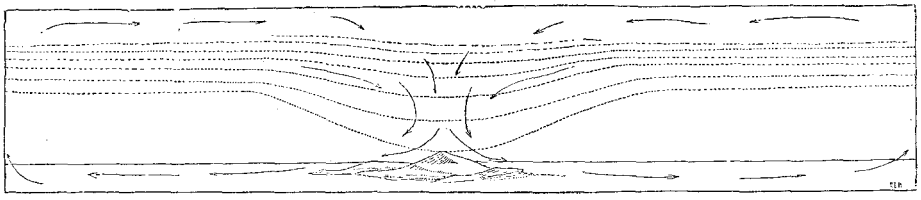
sea, thus increasing the pressure at the last-named points. This pressure directly forces the sea-air in toward the island. Gradually, after the sun goes down, the land-surface cools until its temperature is below that of the sea, when the foregoing process is reversed. neath that on the land, sometimes with considerable speed. It is interesting to watch the process of this movement, as it may frequently be observed along these shores, for it is the type of many of the aerial movements which are not so observable. Selecting a still summer day,

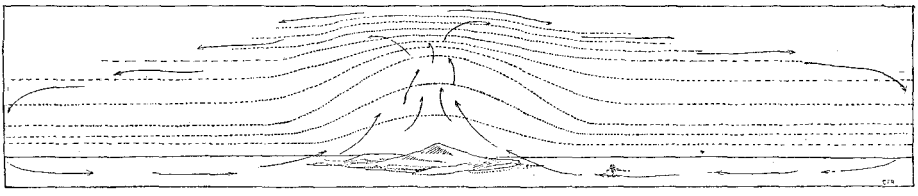


Land and Sea Breezes, No. 1. Currents of Air by Day.

[In this diagram, as in No. 2, the dotted lines represent like temperatures.]

The lines representing equal barometric pressure over the land come nearer together; the air then flows in from the upper regions of the ocean-atmosphere, weights the column of air, and forces the current out along the surface to the seaward.

Along the margin of the continents we frequently find indications of land and sea breezes, which, although much more perturbed than in the case of oceanic islands, are still clearly due to the operation of the same forces. The east wind which, in the season of hot but still-aired summer days, creeps in upon the shore of New England and other parts and a point on the shore at the sea-level, we may await the coming of the aerial tide. It approaches the shore in the form of a wedge, which slips under the heated air of the land. At first the thin point of this wedge may be only a foot or two deep, and has only a very slight motion, as may be shown by the smoke of burning paper, or even by the effect of temperature on the hand when it is held near the ground. The cold air gradually becomes deeper, but for an hour it may, in some cases, not be fifty feet in depth; so that on the lower floor of a tall house we may find the cool air creeping in from the sea, and on the upper story we



Land and Sea Breezes, No. 2. Currents of Air by Night.

of this continent, is an instance of this action. In the months of May and June the sea-water off the New England coast is often as much as thirty or forty degrees cooler than the surface of the land, and the air over these surfaces for a considerable height above the sea differs nearly as much in its temperature. Whenever there is no wind from the continent this air from the sea flows in be- may note a reverse movement of the warm air from the land seaward.

We have now considered those movements of the air which are more or less constant or regular in their action. We therefore turn to the group of variable winds. It is characteristic of these winds that they are temporary in their nature, often very violent, therefore not to be predicted, as are the constant

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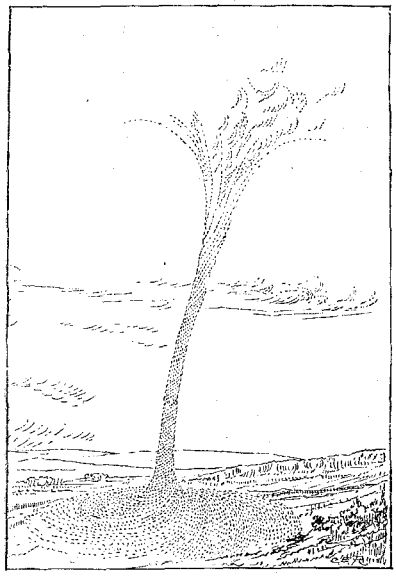

A Dust Whirl.

movements of the atmosphere. Like the preceding class, they are due to differences of temperature of the air upon the surface, and in higher levels of the atmosphere brought about by the action of solar heat. They may, for convenience, be divided into three distinct groups, which receive, respectively, the names of whirlwinds, tornadoes, and cyclones. All three of these classes of inconstant winds are found both on sea and on land, but the two latter are much more common on the land-surfaces, or on the portions of the ocean near the shore, than in the open sea. All these groups of winds have certain common characteristics which indicate a likeness in the circumstances of their origin. They all exhibit a more or less distinct spiral motion in the air involved in their movements; they all show a distinct ascending movement of the air in their central parts. In all of them this central part, the shaft of the whirl, has a more or less forward motion, and in the larger whirls the direction of this motion is tolerably regular in each region where they occur.

The common cause of this whirling movement is the existence of a heated layer of air next the surface of the earth, which air, by virtue of its greater heat, tends to be more expanded, and therefore lighter than the overlying cooler mass of the atmosphere. With certain trifling exceptions, to be noted further on, the heat of this sheet of air next the surface of the earth is due to the fact that the direct rays of the sun pass more easily through the atmosphere than do those of the rebounding or radiant heat which flows from the earth's surface outward into space. The result is that the ground, becoming more heated than the overlying air, gives out its heat to the layer of the atmosphere just above its level, and so creates a heated stratum which, on account of its gain in temperature, seeks to find a way upward. For a time, if there be no wind, this buoyant air may be shut in by the layer of cooler air which overlies it, and through which it finds no open path; but as the sheet grows thicker it finally, by some chance, makes a way through the stratum which holds it down and escapes to the upper regions of the atmosphere, to which its buoyancy impels it. A little experiment will show the essential principles of this movement in substances which are more visible than these sheets of air, and on a scale more readily comprehensible. Placing a layer of oil on the surface of a flat vessel, it is possible, with great care, to float a sheet of water over it so that the superimposed water is of considerable thickness. We now have a lighter fluid below and a heavier above. This is an unstable condition, which naturally ends

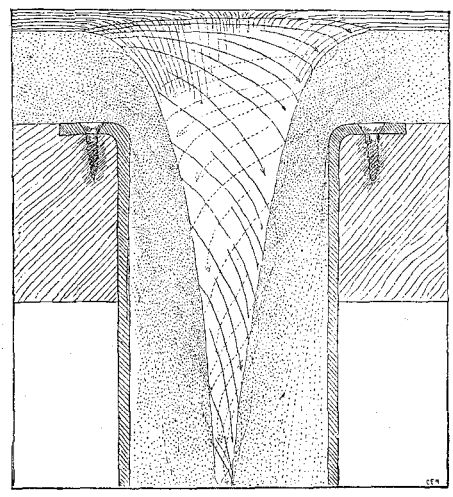

Diagram of a Sink Spout.

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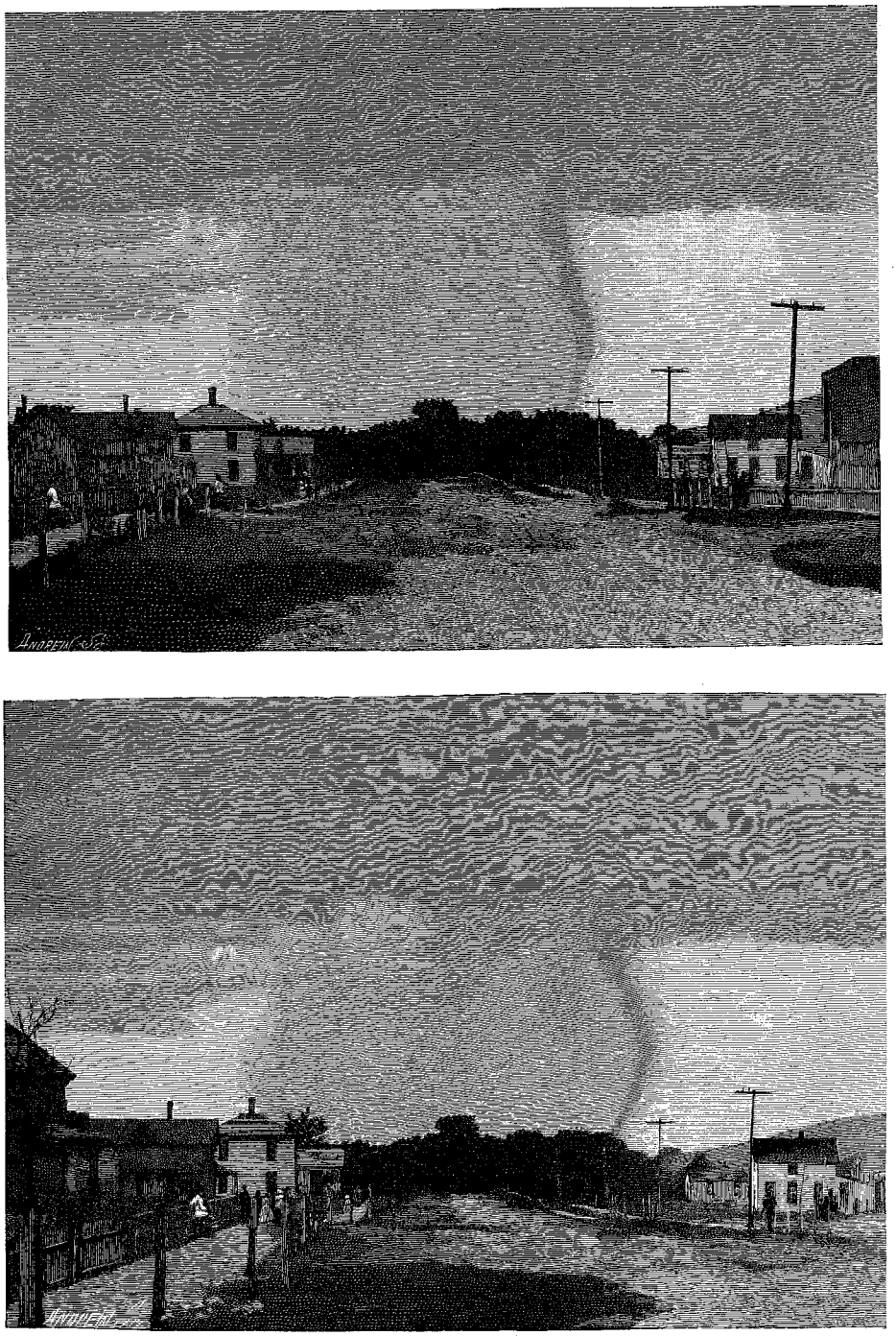

Instantaneous Views of a Tornado.

From photographs taken near Jamestown, Dak., June 6, 1887, by Mr. C. L. Judd, while the column was eighteen miles distant and rapidly receding. The upper picture represents the tornado at its fullest vigor; the lower, when it had begun to wane. The centre is shown by the dark line of the funnel, behind which trails the storm of rain and hail which is a usual accompaniment. In passing over a lake about two acres in area, this tornado sucked up all the water, leaving the ground "dry enough to be ploughed."

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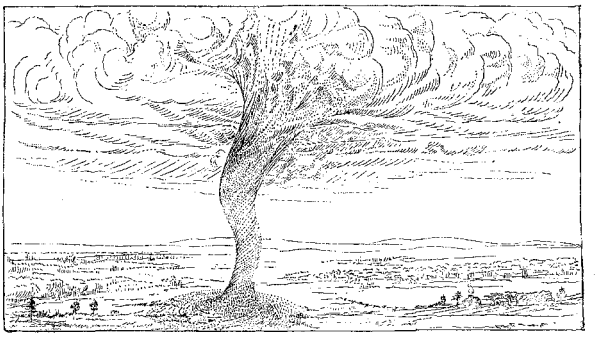
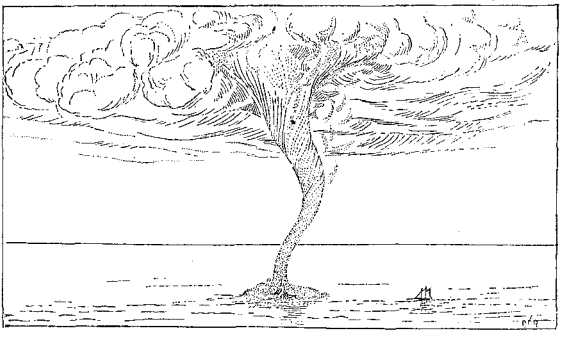
in upsetting the two fluids—a restoration of stability. As long as the overlying water is perfectly still, the tendency of the oil to rise may not cause any movement; but the slightest disturbance will determine the oil to break through the overlying water. If we pass a straw through the water and make a little stir in the two fluids, at once through the little gap a stream of oil sets upward. From all sides this oil slips to the path which we have formed, and in a few seconds the passage is accomplished and a stable equilibrium established.*



A Whirlwind.

With this experiment in mind, let us proceed to examine any level surface, on a hot afternoon when the air is very still. It is necessary for the observation that it be made on some tolerably plain surface which is not covered with vegetation, for the leaves of plants radiate the heat which comes to them from the sun with great rapidity, and therefore the surface of the earth beneath them does not attain the high temperature which we find it to have in regions without verdure. Let us note that the air next the surface of the earth is vibrating with the heat, so that if we stoop down and look through the air, within a foot or two from the ground, we see that the shape of all objects dances and twinkles in the mirage which is produced by the boiling motion which the radiant heat produces. With a thermometer we may note that there is a difference of many degrees between the temperature at the surface of the earth and at the height of a few feet above it. The difference is so great that it often can be perceived by holding the hand, first at six inches from the ground, and again above the head.



A Water-spout.

Beginning at sunrise on a day of unbroken calm, this process of heating the air next the ground goes on until afternoon; the tension then becomes so great that the hot air because of its lightness breaks through the cold. The place where the weak spot in the overlying roof of cold air is found is determined by various accidents. Some heated tree-trunk or tall object of any kind, rising a little way through the cold layer, may at that point make the hot air thicker than elsewhere, and consequently the strain upward at this particular place will be greater. As soon as this bottom air finds a way upward it swiftly rushes toward the point of escape, as is shown in the cuts.

* This experiment can be more readily performed by choosing some oil which becomes partly solid at a temperature above the freezing-point, as, for instance, lard-oil. Warming the oil until it is transparent, we pour it into a flat-bottomed vessel, which must be warm enough to permit the oil to flow freely; then placing the vessel in another of cold water, we permit the oil to stiffen. Now pour in the water, place the receptacle in another basin of water, and warm gradually to melt the oil; then, as before, making a little stir, we determine the point at which the oil will rise through the superincumbent water, or we may wait for some slight jar to create the local disturbance, which will bring about the same result.

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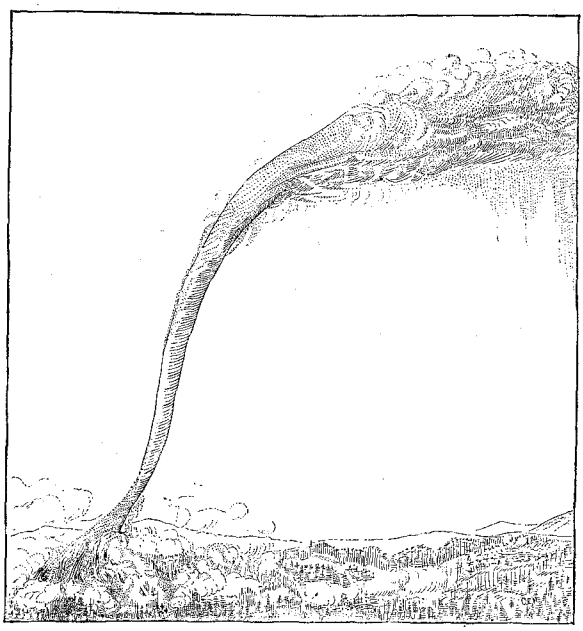

Smoke-whirl from Forest Fires.

Immediately after the uprush begins, the air streams in from every side toward the chimney, at first slowly; then, as it gains velocity, more and more swiftly. As it gets toward the centre its velocity is accelerated and the particles of air crowd against each other. As soon as the upward movement is established, we find that the particles of the atmosphere take on the whirling movement. It is not so easy to explain the cause of this whirling as it is to show the other circumstances of these centre-seeking currents, but we can easily note the fact that such movements occur in all cases where a fluid or a gas streams rapidly from a wide field through a small opening. Movements of this sort can be seen in a bath-tub where there is a hole in the bottom for the escape of the water. Filling the basin with water and lifting the plug, we see in a moment that the fluid begins to spin round as it flows to the centre. At first this whirling movement is along the bottom of the vessel only, but it is rapidly propagated upward until for the whole depth the water spins in the part next from the opening with such velocity that a conical hole is formed on the surface, which may extend downward to the outlet, and even for a little distance into the pipe which takes the water away.* Stirring the water with a motion of the hand, we can destroy this whirl, but it quickly is recreated. By giving the water about it a decided movement we can reverse the direction of the whirl, but in no way can we cause the water to escape without the rotatory motion. We thus see that, although the spiral movement is essentially the direction, whether to the right or to the left is a matter determined by circumstances.

The cause of this whirling movement, as far as it can be briefly and simply stated, is as follows: When the particles of air or water begin to rush toward the centre, the chance is infinitely great that they will not all follow straight lines leading directly to the middle of the column. Now, if any of them fail to go on the straightest lines, they will have to curve at the end of their course in order to join the upward march. They thus give a shove to one side of the delicately poised column, and so set it spinning round. As soon as the column begins to turn, fewer of the particles can move straightforwardly to the centre, and more press toward the side from which the column is turning and add their shove to the force which spins it. When it acquires a rapid movement, all the particles press on the same side, and so increase the velocity of its rotation.

Returning now to the whirl of the air —the dust-whirl, as we shall for convenience term it—we perceive that on the surface of the earth there is a broad disk, a few feet in depth and, perhaps, a score or two in diameter, through which the air moves toward a relatively slender vertical shaft. If the column be very distinctly developed, and the dust it draws up large in quantity, we may be able

* It is important in this experiment that the exit opening shall be unobstructed. In most cases modern bath-tubs and wash-basins have partitions across the space, which divides the turning water into several streams. Each of these streams creates its own little whirl, but they react against each other in such a way that no considerable whirlpool is formed.

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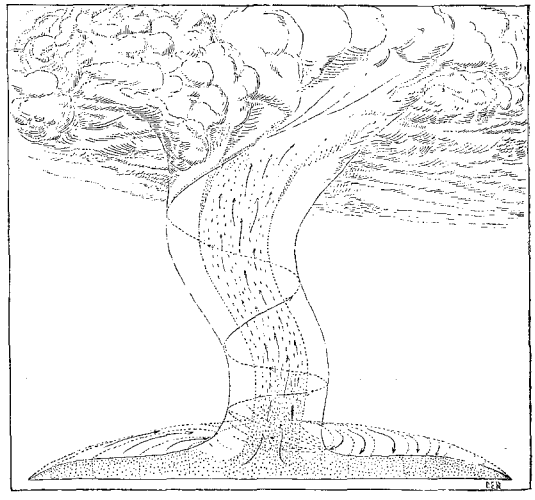
to perceive that at a few hundred feet above the surface the cylinder expands into a form substantially like that which it had on the surface. In other words, the dust-whirl has an hour-glass shape, but the tube which connects the upper and lower cones is relatively very long.

Whirlwinds may be formed by the heat of the earth's surface, which is not derived from the rays of the sun, but from terrestrial sources of temperature. They are extremely common over forest-fires, where the air lying upon a district of hundreds of acres in extent is much heated ; the heated air seeking to break through the cooler air above, exactly as in the case of the dust-whirl, takes the form of a spinning column. Even in a large burning building careful watching will frequently show these whirls in the air above it. In volcanic eruptions they are also not uncommon ; and on account of the intense heat arising from the emanations of the crater they are far more powerful than are dust-whirls or those developed by ordinary fires. The whirlwinds which attended the great eruption of Sumbawa, an island in the East Indies, in 1815, destroyed great areas of forests and drew up into the air the bodies of men and beasts, adding another source of havoc to that dire catastrophe. Where these whirls are formed over the heated surface of the sea they are often much more vigorous than the similar movements on the surface of the continental lands, for the reason that the air over the sea often remains for a long time calmer than over the land-surfaces. The greater energy of these whirlwinds over the surface of the sea may also be in part due to the moister nature of the air above that surface, which brings about an upward impulse in the column—in a manner to be noted hereafter. Where strong whirlwinds occur over the surface of the sea they produce the phenomena called *water-spouts*. The common notion that these marine whirlwinds suck up water from the sea to the clouds is almost certainly an error. It is true that the water leaps to the height of a few feet above the surface just beneath the central part of the column, but the cylinder of cloud is due to the rapid condensation of the moisture in the air which is drawn up through its centre—condensation produced by the cooling which the air receives as soon as it escapes from the thin, heated lower layer. As we shall shortly see, the prairie tornado has the same general aspect as the water-spout, though there is no sea below it from which it can draw its water.

The passage from the sand-whirls of the streets and other desert places to the tornadoes such as ravage the central part of this country appears at first sight to be gradual ; yet, as we shall see, though both depend upon the up-



Section through a Tornado.

rush of the warm air through the colder overlying mass, the conditions which produced the warmth, and thereby give rise to the current, are not exactly the same. The smaller dust-whirls occur everywhere in the world ; tornadoes are limited to particular regions, and those of disastrous violence occur only in certain limited parts of the earth's surface. One of their seats of most energetic development is in the central and western parts of the Mississippi Valley. They are peculiarly frequent in the sections from Western Ohio to Colorado, though they occur occasionally in about all the level portions of the central trough of the continent, and also on the Atlantic slope.

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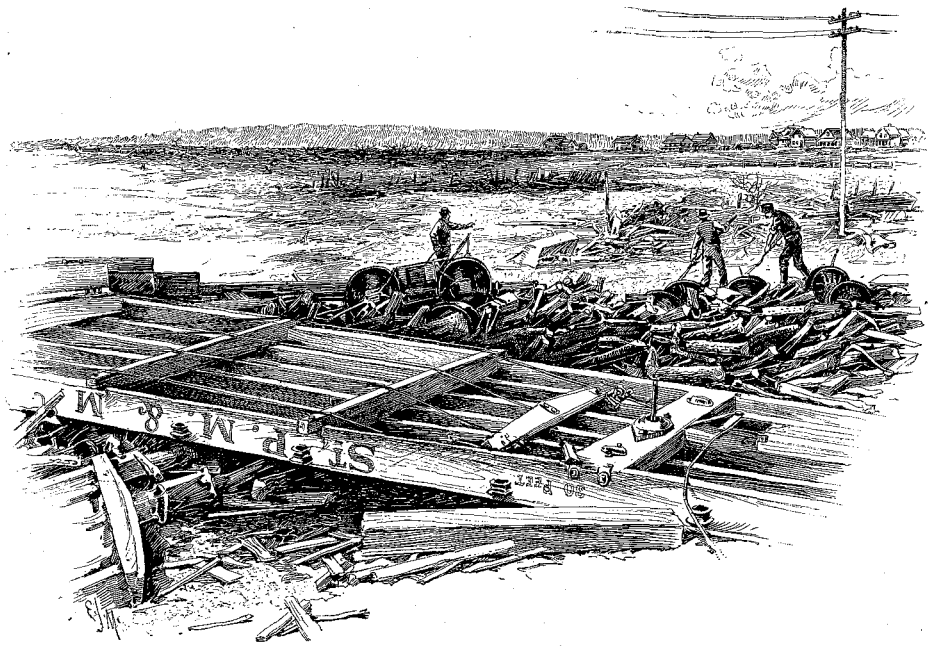
They happen most frequently in the months of May, June, and July, but they occasionally occur at other seasons; indeed, they have been observed in every month in the year. They are



Effect on a Train in the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at Sauk Rapids, Minn., April, 1886.

commonest in the afternoons, but have been observed at other times in the day.

The way in which these tornado-whirls are formed differs in certain essential particulars from the way in which whirlwinds are created, as has been well shown by Professor Ferrel. The most important points of difference are as follows: The dust-whirls are due to the heating of a thin layer of air next the ground. The small mass of this layer prevents its upward whirling from bringing about any powerful movements of the atmosphere. In the tornado the heat of the lower air has a different origin. When a cyclone passes over the surface of a country, certain peculiar movements of the atmosphere which it produces bring large volumes of the warm and moistened air to the earth's surface and overlay them by a cool stratum. It is not necessary for us to describe the exact process by which this condition is brought about; it depends upon rather complicated reactions which take place within the cyclonic whirl. It is sufficient for our purpose to note that in this manner a deep layer of warm air is placed next the surface of the earth, and that it does not owe its temperature in any immediate way to the heat which radiates from the earth's surface. This layer of warm, moist air tends to rise up for the same reason that the thin layer of dry air which forms the dust-whirl is impelled upward, but on account of its great mass the intensity of the upward urgence is far greater.

In the sand-whirl the upward motion begins close to the earth's surface for the reason that the stratum which is impelled upward is very thin, but in the tornado the stratum of heated air is usually about a thousand feet thick; therefore its whirling action naturally originates at the upper surface of the hot layer, for it is at that point the upward motion begins. Starting in this upper region, the whirl extends progressively downward, just as in the bath-tub the whirl extends progressively upward from the point at which the motion originated, until the whirl may touch the surface

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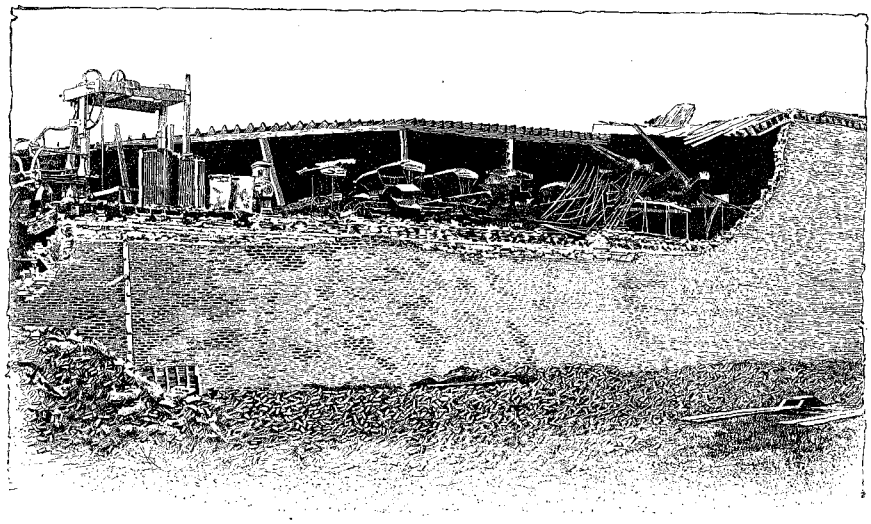
of the earth. When these whirls begin they only involve a small part of the air about the point of origin, and so the acquired velocity of the particles when they come to the centre is not great; but gradually they suck air from farther and farther away. As the field of supply becomes larger, and the particles move from a greater distance, they approach that centre with greater and greater speed, and the spiral widens and turns with accelerated velocity. The longer the journey of the particle, the swifter its whirling motion becomes. We may secure a familiar and fairly good illustration of this motion by whirling a weight on a string and at the same time allowing the string to coil around the finger, thus constantly shortening the length of the circuit the weight traverses. We thus observe that the speed of the motion sensibly increases as the line shortens.

When the particles of air start from a mile away toward the centre of the whirl, they may move at the rate of a gentle breeze; when they have come to within a hundred feet of the centre the motion may have the speed of a hurricane. The more nearly the particle of air approaches, the stronger the centrifugal force becomes, and the air pulls away from the centre just as does the weight attached to the string when it is coiled nearly to the finger. The result is a partial vacuum in the centre of the tornado-shaft which seeks to be filled. It must fill itself from either end of the cavity. It cannot draw air from above for the reason that there the atmosphere is so much lighter that it will not descend, but on the surface of the ground there is air which, though whirling, is not moving with anything like the speed that it has in the higher part of the shaft, for the following reasons: In the first place, the whirl begins high up and extends gradually downward toward the earth's surface, therefore the air next the ground, being the last to be set in motion, has not acquired the speed of that in the upper portions of the column; furthermore, the air upon the surface is hindered in its movements by the great friction which the irregularities of the earth exert upon it—this friction in a tornado, as in an ordinary gale, reduces the rate of the motion in a surprising manner. The reader may readily observe this effect by noting the speed with which the scud of a storm flying at perhaps a thousand feet above the surface moves. He will often find a motion of fifty miles an hour or more indicated by this scud, while on the surface of the earth the speed of the



Showing the Narrow Limits of the Destruction and the Completeness of the Ruin within the Limited Field. From a photograph taken at Rochester, Minn., August, 1883.

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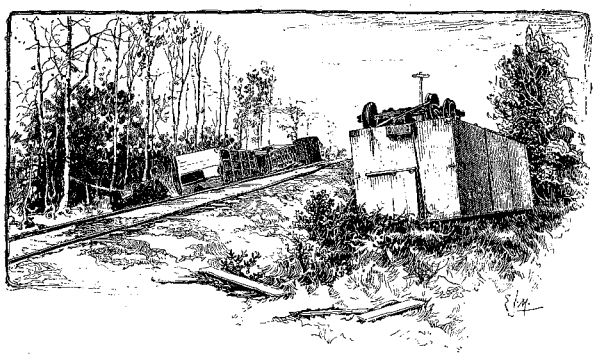

Effect on a Train close to the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at Grinnell, Ia., June 18, 1882.

gale does not exceed half that amount. This difference represents the effect of the earth's friction. The result is that this relatively quiet air next the ground is sucked into the tube with extreme rapidity, and mounts with much less whirling movement than we find in what we may term walls of the whirl—that is, the rapidly circling particles which lie on either side of the partly vacant central portion of the column.

Curiously enough, the uprushing air in the central shaft of the tornado obtains a certain access of heat from the upward motion of the atmosphere in the shaft. This gain of force is brought about in the following manner: The warm air, the rush of which constitutes the tornado, contains a considerable amount of water in the form of vapor. This water is held in the vaporous form by the action of the heat, which pushes its molecules apart. As soon as anything causes this vapor to condense in the form of visible water, the force which pushed the molecules asunder again appears as heat, and, by expanding the air in which the condensation takes place, causes it to retain its ascending force for a greater time than it would otherwise maintain it, and so intensifies and continues the uprushing movement of the column. In the ordinary tornado, owing to its relatively small size, and to the brief duration of its action, this force derived from the condensation-vapor has no very great influence on the violence of the movement; but, as we shall hereafter see, this peculiar effect of condensing vapor has a great importance in the cyclones, that last species of atmospheric whirls which we have yet to consider.

When the conditions of atmospheric instability have given birth to a tornado, the fact is announced to the observer by a sudden gathering of dark, swift-whirling clouds, from which depend a writhing, serpent-like body formed of condensed vapor. This writhing column extends rapidly downward until it touches the earth. When it attains the surface it becomes audible from the violent rending actions which it creates upon that surface. As soon as the whirl is created it begins to move away, generally toward the northeast,—for the evident reason that the upper cold layer of air against which it originates has, in the northern hemisphere, a movement in that direction.

In its path over the surface, the circling movement of the writhing air and the sucking action of the partial vacuum in the central portion of the shaft combine to bring about an extreme devastation. On the outside of the whirl the air, which rushes in a circling path toward the vortex, overturns all movable objects, and in the centre these objects, if they are not too heavy, are sucked up as by a great air-pump. Thus the roofs of houses, bodies of men and animals, may be lifted to great elevations, until they are tossed by the tumultuous movements beyond the limits of the ascending currents and fall back upon the earth. Where the centre of the whirlwind passes over a building, the sudden decrease in the pressure of the outer air often causes the atmosphere which is contained within the walls suddenly to press against the sides of the structure, so that these sides are quickly driven outward as by a charge of gunpowder.

It is not unlikely that the diminution of pressure brought about by the passage of the interior of the whirl over a building may be about as much as is indicated by the fall of four inches in the barometer. This is equivalent to a change in the pressure amounting to about three hundred pounds to the

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square foot. This force operates to burst out the walls of a building. It is not improbable that the diminution of pressure may be much greater than this, but even the amount named is sufficient to account for the bursting out of the frail-walled structures which these devastating movements encounter in the western parts of the United States.

Fortunately the paths of these tornadoes are ordinarily very narrow—the widest have a diameter of less than two miles; the narrowest of only forty feet. In most cases a tornado is seriously destructive over a width not exceeding five hundred feet. The length of the tornado's path across the country does not commonly exceed thirty miles, and it generally traverses the distance in about an hour. When the upward corkscrew motion of the outer part of the spiral and the swifter uprush of the air through the central shaft have drained away the most of the warm air which gave birth to the motion, the tornado dies away. The equilibrium of the air-masses is for a time restored, the heavier air has fallen down upon the surface, and the warm air, spreading laterally as it attains the level to which it tends, comes into a state of quiet. Assuming the width of the destruction brought about by the storm at six hundred feet, and the length of its journey at thirty miles, we find that the area of its devastation amounts to about two thousand acres, or to a square area about two miles on a side. Over this area the destruction is ordinarily more complete than that which occurs in the most severe earthquakes.*

We have already noted the fact that these tornadoes are due to the presence of thick masses of warm and moist air next the surface of the earth which seeks a passage up through the superincumbent atmosphere. Recent discoveries have made it clear that these destructive whirlwinds lie within the field of certain greater whirls, known as cy-

Showing the Overturning Action of a Tornado on Buildings. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn., April 15, 1886.

* These tornadoes are, even in the present scattered condition of the population in the regions they afflict, a source of great destruction to life and property, and with the increase of population each year they are likely to produce even greater loss. The question arises, What can be done to mitigate these evils? It is evident that these devastations depend upon such great causes that we cannot hope in any manner to prevent their occurrence, but it seems possible in certain simple ways to limit the destruction they bring about. By far the greatest loss of life and property is caused by the frail nature of the structures—generally timber buildings of unsubstantial character—in which inhabitants of the tornado district dwell. These buildings, though well suited to resist the action of earthquakes, are utterly unfitted to oppose these convulsions of the air. A building intended to meet the tornado shock should, it seems to me, be constructed in the following manner: Where possible, it should possess thick masonry walls of stone or brick united by strong mortar. Masonry seems to be the preferable material, for the reason that the storm, owing to its rapid forward movement, acts on any one place having the area of a house for only a second or two; thus the inertia of the mass will serve to protect it from the ravage of the brief storm. If there are partition walls within the house, these partitions should be tied firmly to the outer walls by suitable bolts. There should be large windows in the cellars and in the house itself, which may be blown out with ease, and so afford egress

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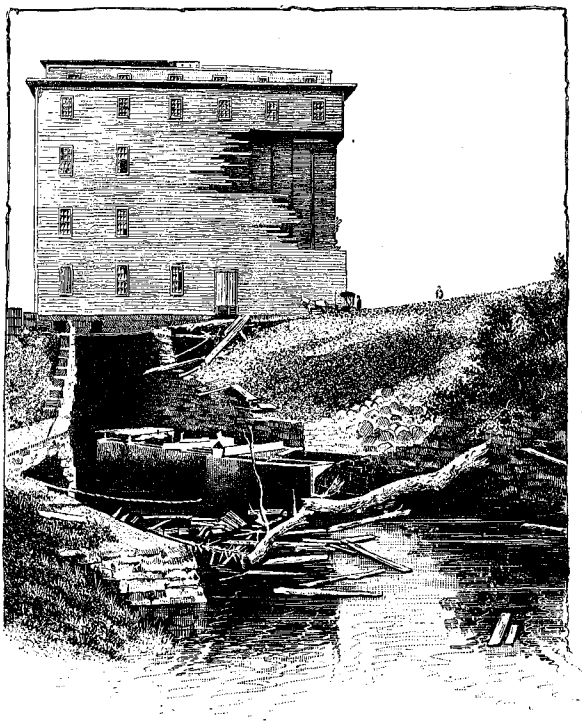
clones, and that it is to the action of these vast revolving storms we owe the atmospheric conditions which lead to the tornadoes. The peculiar movement of these cyclones crowds great masses of warm air toward the southeastern portion of their border, which masses are overrun by the cooler upper atmosphere, thus bringing about conditions which give birth to the tornado. It is readily seen that this discovery may make it possible for the meteorologist to predict, at least in a general way, the districts which are liable to tornadoes, but it is still far beyond his science to tell just where the blow will be struck.



Showing Explosive Effect of Air contained in the Hollow Wall of a Building. From a photograph taken at Rochester, Minn., August, 1883. [Note that the effect is limited to a small part of the edifice.]

In cyclones we find the largest manifestation of that energy by which the superheated lower air whirls upward from the earth through openings which it has rent in the higher cooler layers. In its fundamental cause the cyclone is essentially like both the lesser classes of whirls, the dust-whirls and tornadoes, but the field of its work is vastly greater, though the energy which it exercises at any one point is less. The conditions which lead to the formation of a cyclone are as follows: In those heated portions of land and sea where the circumstances permit the air to remain for a long time undisturbed it becomes very warm and charged with moisture; the hotter it becomes the more moisture it contains, and the less it permits the heat radiating from the surface to pass through its texture; at the same time the upper air, deprived of its usual share of radiant heat, becomes abnormally

to the expanding air. Roofs should be firmly tied to the outer and inner walls, and the attic space should be provided with windows which would similarly permit the egress of the air. The building should be of as little height as possible. There should be no external parts of the edifice which are not well secured to the main mass. Timber fences and other frail structures, which are easily torn to pieces by the storm, may supply débris with which the wind, by whirling about, may inflict damage. Such a house would be likely to survive the action of almost all the observed tornadoes. It would be well, however, for the occupants of even the best-constructed houses in districts much afflicted by tornadoes to have a refuge-chamber constructed a little below the surface of the ground, immediately adjacent to the *southwest side*, and readily accessible from the interior as well as from the exterior of the dwelling, to which they may resort upon the approach of the danger. An underground chamber, eight feet square and six feet high covered by three or four feet of earth, provided with one or two entrances of no more than sufficient size, without doors, would afford an absolutely safe refuge in the worst of these catastrophes.

The records of Western tornadoes show within the last ten years a loss of killed and wounded of between one and two thousand persons. By far the greater part of these accidents to life and limb might have been avoided if such provisions for refuge had existed. The loss of life from lightning in the same region has not been anything like as great, and yet almost every house has its provision of rods, which are much more costly than the storm-refuges which we have described, and are generally worthless for protection.

In the case of barns the part devoted to sheltering stock should be placed partly underground, and the portion above the surface should be banked up with earth as high as may be. The floor which parts the level of the stabling from the upper portion should be strongly secured to the lower walls. In this way the upper portion of the building may be abandoned to the chance of accident, while the part containing the beasts may be secure.

It is quite conceivable that something may be done by means of telegraphic communication to convey intelligence concerning the movements of these tornadoes, but the warning given by the roar of the movements upon the surface is, except in the rare cases where the catastrophe occurs in the night-time, sufficient, when taken with the long forewarning afforded by the aspect of the sky, to put people on their guard. The time is generally ample for men to return from the field and place themselves and their beasts in their respective shelters.

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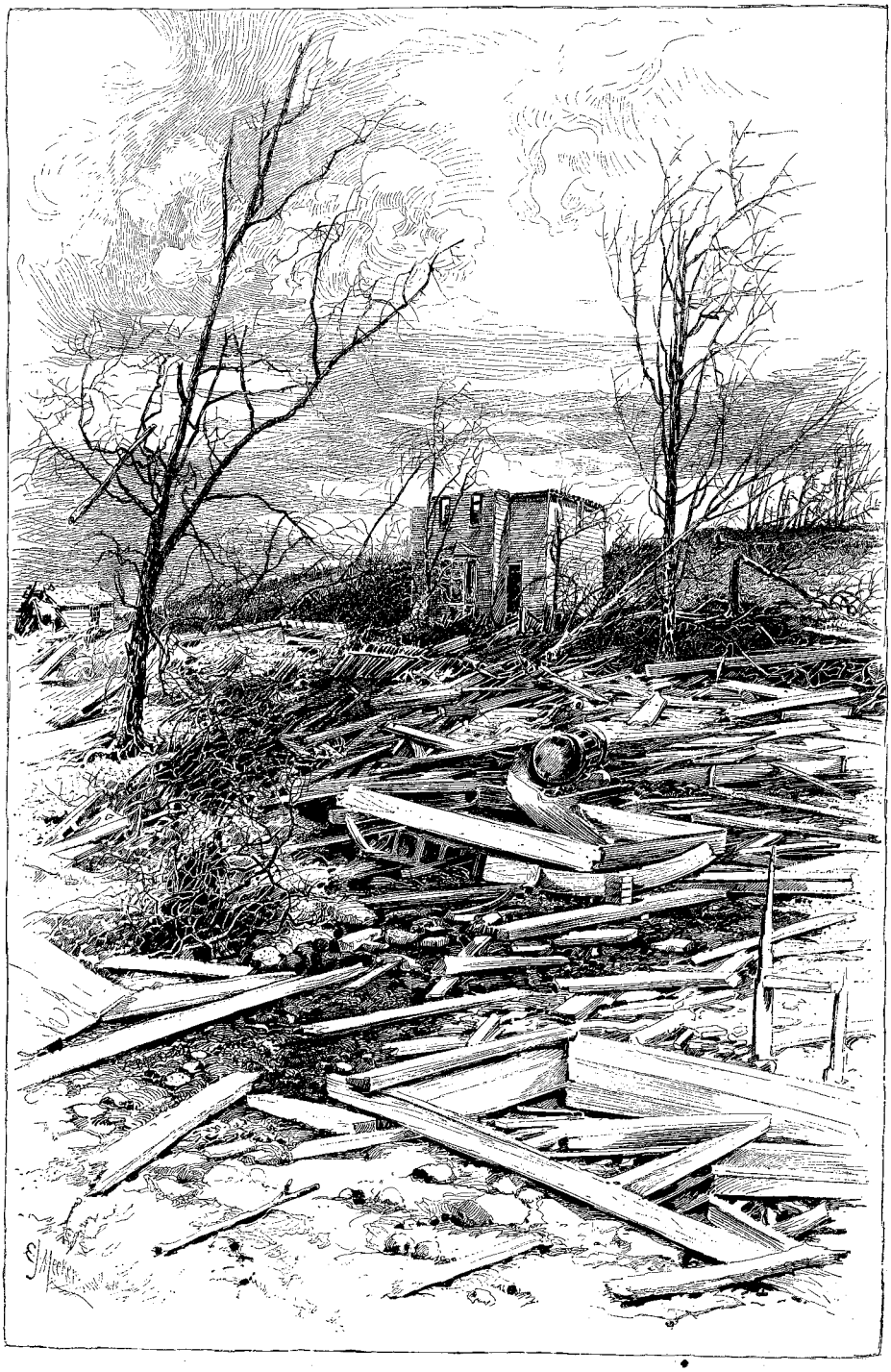

Showing Grades of Destruction from Centre to Periphery of Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn , April 15, 1886. [Note the relative immunity of the trees.]

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cold ; finally, as in the dust-whirls and tornadoes, the lower air breaks through the upper and rushes toward the sky. Although at its beginning a cyclonic storm is probably of no greater size and of much less ascending force than a tornado, there are several reasons which make its history different from that of the cyclone upward. Both these forces, as we have already seen, appear in the tornado, but there the original heat of the lower air is the principal cause of the motion. The heat arising from the condensation of vapor is of considerable moment in cyclones, especially those which occur over tropical seas. Torren-

Showing Grades of Destruction from Centre to Border of Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Cloud, Minn., April 15, 1886.

the smaller whirls. In the first place, the field of heated air which causes the cyclone is far more extensive than that which produces the tornado, though at the same time the difference of temperature between the upper and lower air may be less. The greater bulk of the lower stratum of hot and moist air permits the cyclone to grow larger, but the less ascensional force of the lower air makes it rather less violent in its movements.

As soon as the ascending current brings a portion of the heated air from the surface into the higher level it expands, and the force, originally in the form of heat, which kept it in the state of vapor serves to increase the ascending column just as much as would the direct application of heat sufficient to vaporize the water. Thus we have two sources of force to impel the air in

tial rains fall beneath the wide central shaft of the storm, and every particle of the falling water represents the conversion of energy which held the fluid in the shape of vapor to force which is added to the essential vigor of the uprush of air. To this cause we may perhaps attribute, in part at least, the long life of these cyclones, and the great size to which their whirls attain. Unlike the tornadoes, they often continue in existence for many days, have a width of several hundred miles, and sometimes pass over a course several thousand miles in length.

As in the case of the dust-whirl and the tornado, the ascending column of air, after attaining the height where it no longer tends to rise upward, spreads out over the surface of the sheet through which it has broken its way. When it has drained out all the air

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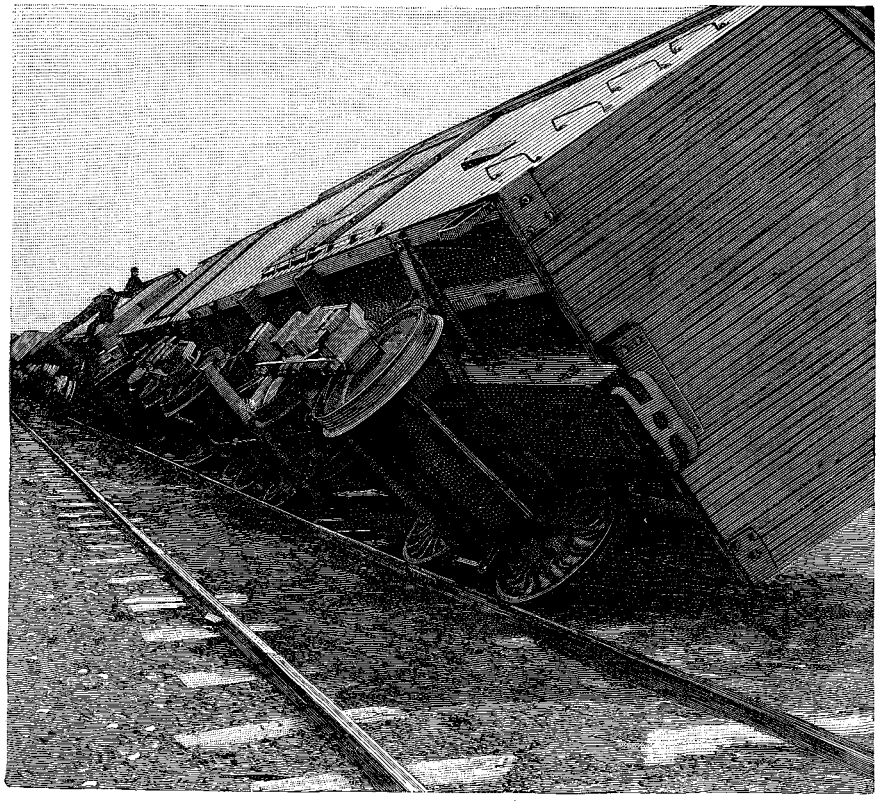
warm enough to rush upward, the disturbance ceases. All these larger whirling movements of the air, whether they occur on land or sea, move forward, in directions proper to the region in which they occur, at a more or less rapid rate,—in the cyclones these translatory movements of the storm being sometimes at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The principal cause determining the speed and direction of the movement is doubtless the course of flow of the great upper currents of the atmosphere, which, however perfect the calm of the surface, are always in motion in determined directions. This element of regularity in the movement of cyclones enables us to predict, in some regions with great certainty, the direction in which these whirls will move. Observations have also determined the regions where storms of this nature occur, and the seasons of the year when they may be expected. Science has gone still further, and shown the mariner how he may in most cases avoid the central portions of the storm-area, and so escape the dangers arising from the strongest winds.* The rotation of the earth so affects the movement of these great spiral ascending currents that in the southern hemisphere they always spin in the direction in which the hands of a watch turn when it is held horizontally, with its face toward the eye, while in the northern hemisphere they move in the reverse direction. On this general basis, rules have



Overturned Train; showing Effects at Some Distance from the Centre of a Tornado. From a photograph.

* The following account of the rules for avoiding the storms is extracted from Professor W. M. Davis's Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes: "The storm's earliest effect on the atmosphere is shown by the barometer. It is ordinarily stated that the first effect is seen in a diminution of pressure; but it is very probable, both from theory and from careful observation, that a slight abnormal increase of pressure precedes this diminution. The tropical seas, where cyclones are most violent, have, as a rule, very small and very rare irregular changes in atmospheric press-

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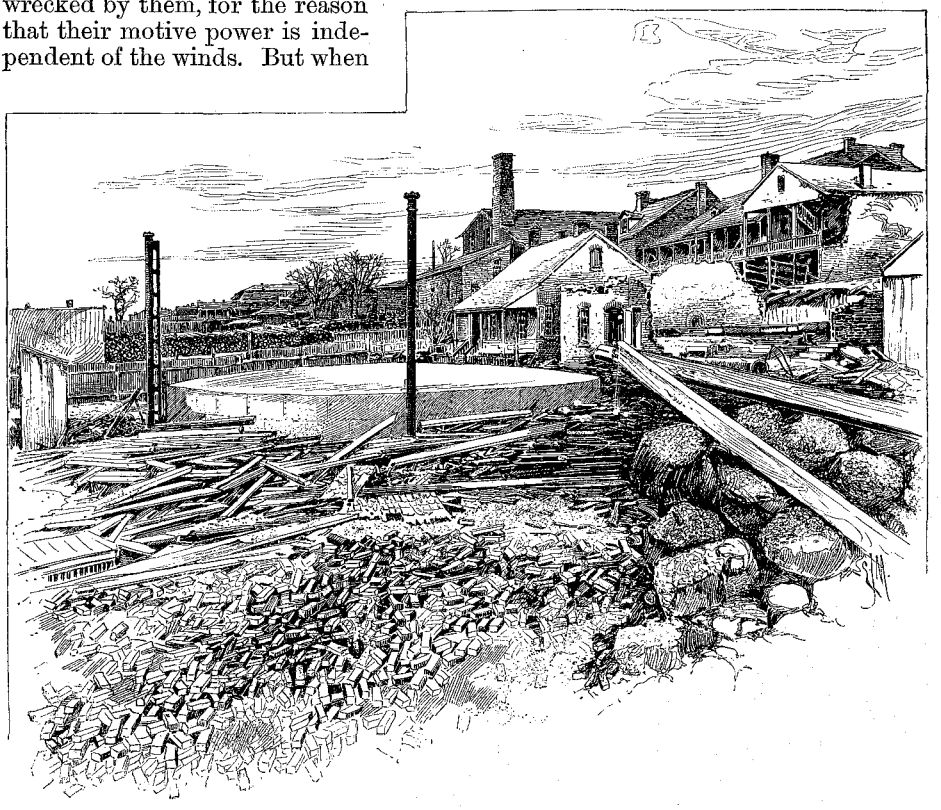
been laid down for the direction of mariners when they find themselves in contact with these storms.

Great as is the damage done by cyclones on the sea, they are to our modern well-constructed steamships no longer so fraught with ills as in the old times when vessels were altogether propelled by the air. Our steamers are rarely wrecked by them, for the reason that their motive power is independent of the winds. But when these great whirls approach the shores, especially where these shores are low-lying and populous, the destruction which they bring about is sometimes frightful. On the delta shores of the Bay of Bengal, where these cyclones not infrequently occur, the destruction of human life is very great. Since the year 1700 over half a million lives have been lost in these catastrophes. The principal part of the damage is brought about in the following way: When the



Showing Sharp Passage from the Centre to the Periphery of a Tornado. From a photograph taken at St. Charles, Mo.

ure; and careful watching will pretty surely show a rising barometer as the annulus of high pressure that surrounds the storm moves over the observer. The weather may still be clear, and the wind moderate and from its normal quarter; but this change in the glass demands renewed watchfulness. Let us suppose that such an observation be made on board a vessel lying east of the Lesser Antilles. The chart shows the captain that he is in the stormy belt. He may be directly in the path of the advancing storm, where he will feel its full violence; and he must make the best of his way out of it. Following the rising pressure, three other signs of increasing danger may be observed: First, faint streamers of high cirrus-clouds may be seen slowly advancing from the southeast to the northwest, or from the east to the west, in the high overflow from the storm's centre: this unpropitious change may accompany the rising of the barometer, or may be first seen when the barometer is highest. Second, the barometer begins to fall, slowly at first, but more and more quickly when it reaches and passes twenty-nine inches; the vessel is then within the limits of the storm. Third, the wind has shifted so as to blow from a distinctly northern quarter, and its strength goes on increasing; this is the indraught, blowing spirally toward the centre. There is then no longer any question that a storm is approaching; and as soon as a heavy bank of clouds makes itself seen, moving southward across the eastern horizon, then the central part of the storm is in sight. These clouds are the condensed vapor in the rising central spirals, and rain is falling from them. In deciding on a course to be pursued, the first point to be determined is, where is the storm's centre? That being known, its probable path can be laid down with considerable certainty in this part of the ocean; and then, perhaps, the greatest danger may be avoided. But here a very practical difficulty arises. To find the direction of the storm-centre, we must know the incurving

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storm-centre is over the land, the winds blowing toward that centre from the sea heap up the water against the shore. The rise of the ocean-surface along the shore-line is also favored by the low barometer which prevails there, and the relatively great atmospheric pressure on the periphery of the storm. These two causes tilt up the water next the shore and force the sea over the dykes, adding the destruction of floods to that brought about by the winds. Fortunately the conditions where these unhappy accidents of flood are to be feared are rare.

The principal atmospheric disturbances of the United States usually have a more or less cyclonic character, but they are rarely such regular whirls as those which form on the ocean. The numerous storms which move eastward from the plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains generally have a distinct whirling motion, derived, perhaps, from an ascending movement. Still in many cases circumstances of their origin make it plain that they cannot be caused, as in the other type of marine cyclones, by the presence of relatively hot and moist air upon the surface. The causes which produce them have not been well determined. It seems likely that they have been originated in the Pacific Ocean, or are shaped by conditions derived from that little-known meteorological field. Although our weather-bureau has given them much study, these great land whirls afford still a wide field for research.

As we go from the Equator toward the North Pole the influence of the wide seas becomes less considerable, and the variety of conditions afforded by the crowded lands greater. The result is that the region about the North Pole has storms which are more irregular than those which we find in lower latitudes.

The foregoing account of the perturbations of our atmosphere is altogether insufficient to give the reader more than a general account of their primary conditions. We perceive that in the main they are due to the action of the atmosphere in resisting the escape of radiant heat, whereby its lower parts become too much heated to remain on the surface. Although these disturbances are often destructive to life, they arise from the operation of a mechanism upon which the existence of all life depends. If the air did not thus retain the heat which comes from the sun, the earth's atmosphere would rest upon land and sea locked in eternal frost. As the earthquakes are movements of adjustment which attend the changes of the crust,—changes which preserve our lands above the level of the ocean,—so these disturbances of the air are apparently inevitable actions arising from conditions which are essentially beneficent.*

angle of the wind's spiral—the angle of inward inclination that it makes with a circle whose centre is at the storm's centre. The earlier students of the question—Dove, Redfield, Reid, and Piddington—considered the course of winds to be concentric circles, or inward spirals of very gradual pitch; so that they said the inclination of the wind is practically zero, and a line at right angles to its course must be a radius leading to the centre. Later studies showed this to be incorrect. The inclination of the wind inward from the circle's tangent was found to vary from twenty degrees to forty degrees or fifty degrees, but it was thought that this inclination was symmetrical on all sides; so that, with an average inclination of thirty degrees, the storm's centre must always bear sixty degrees to the left of the wind's course. Finally, the most recent results seem to show that the wind's course is neither circular nor symmetrically spiral; that the wind's inclination is very distinctly different in different latitudes, on different sides of the storm, in the different conditions on sea and land, at different distances from the centre, and at different altitudes. In so complicated a case, much judgment will be required to find where the storm-centre lies."

* The reader who desires a sufficient and easily comprehensible account of these whirling movements cannot do better than read the excellent book by Professor Davis before referred to. If he can use the higher mathematics, he will find Professor W. Ferrel's Recent Advances in Meteorology, in the Annual Report of the Chief Signal Officer for 1885, Appendix 71, a complete discussion of the subject.

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A PERILOUS INCOGNITO.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

PART II.

IV.

EWALD returned from his visit to Fossevang in a very confused state of mind. He appeared to himself like a bad actor who has assumed a rôle that is too big for him. He felt that he ought to skip all the intervening acts and make a dash for the *dénoûment*, and he would promptly have done so if a new character had not unexpectedly entered and complicated his innocent plot until it was beyond his power to unravel it. Odd as it may seem, it had become an object of prime importance to him to appear admirable in the eyes of Olga Reimert, and as a preliminary step to this end, he telegraphed to an American friend in London, begging him to buy, for his account, two fine saddle horses, two carriage horses, and a light victoria. Scarcely a week had passed before a solemn English groom arrived with the horses in his charge. The irruption of these marvellous animals upon a peaceful and unsuspecting community caused a sensation which carried their owner to the pinnacle of local fame; and when he invited Captain Nordahl's niece to mount his superb roan and make a dash at his side up the valley, she felt herself aglow with an exultant joy in living. She, who had rather prided herself on her contempt for vain show, basked in the reflected rays of his magnificence. Frequently he took the captain for a jaunt in his carriage, and, it is vain to deny, began to relish the mystification as custom blunted the edge of his scruples. He seemed to himself the hero of an absorbing romance, and a kind of boyish delight in the merely unusual made him postpone from day to day the concluding chapter. A consideration which also had some weight with him was Olga's feelings toward the departed prodigal: he had every reason to believe that they were hostile, and that he might forfeit her regard by identifying himself too soon with a person of such ill repute.

After a fortnight's acquaintance, during which they had associated freely with the American, Olga and Captain Nordahl accepted an invitation from him to go salmon-fishing. The young lady, who was no novice in the art, swung a line as well as any man, and did not scream when she caught anything. She had extraordinary luck, landing an eight and a ten pounder before the others had had a bite. But then, Ewald neglected his fly, letting it dip when it ought to dance, and the captain could not, by reason of his defective eyesight, cut much of a figure as a sportsman. His fly was time and again sucked down into eddies and whirlpools, while he stood patiently watching some real insect, ascribing to his own skill its bobbing motion upon the current. He lost his temper with the dragon-flies, which hovered persistently about his head, and struck after them with his rod, entangling his line in the alder branches. Then he swore that fishing was an occupation fit only for imbeciles, broke a split bamboo rod which had been warranted not to break, and flinging the pieces into the river, wrathfully strode away into the underbrush. Ewald, noting the path he took, hastily reeled up his line, and explaining his intention to Olga, followed him. He found him, after a brief search, seated upon a log, in an attitude of deep dejection.

"You are not well, I fear, Captain Nordahl," he said, stopping in front of the old mariner.

The captain rubbed his forehead hard, as if endeavoring to drive away some troublesome thought.

"No, young man, I am not well," he said, with fierce earnestness, "and I never shall be until the bell rings for the last watch and I am permanently relieved from duty."

"I wouldn't be talking of the last

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watch yet, captain. You are a strong man, in spite of your years: you will be making many knots before you turn into your final port."

"I am a-drifting like a rudderless craft, that is all. That craft sprung a leak some fifteen years ago, and no patching or coppering will ever get her afloat again."

Ewald grasped hold of the tree at which he was standing. A sudden mist blinded his eyes. His revenge, if revenge he had sought, was now fulfilled. If only out of pity, now was his time to speak. But Ewald could not speak. There was a lump in his throat, and his tongue seemed thick and unwieldy. The old man was watching his face, but saw it only indistinctly. The dragon-flies, with their luminous green eyes, began again their circling dance about his head; but he did not heed them.

"I have thought of asking you, Mr. Graham," he began, huskily, "if you ever happened to meet in America a lad named Ewald Nordahl. He was my boy—he was the only one—I had."

At the last words his emotion overcame him; he shook his head with leonine impatience, and without awaiting any reply, arose and strode away through the forest. Ewald scarcely knew whether he ought again to follow him. While he was debating the question, he heard Olga's voice calling him from the river. She had caught her third salmon.

"I can't land this monster," she cried, as she saw Ewald's figure among the trees; "he is determined to pull me overboard."

"Hold on a minute," he called back; "I'll help you."

"I can't! My arms are numb!"

He saw the strained line and the rod, which was bent double, sway hither and thither as the salmon darted into the deep pools, leaped in the eddies, and zigzagged among the rocks in its efforts to escape.

"Give her line," he shouted, jumping out into the current, which broke in gurgling swirls about his knees.

"I have given her all there is!"

She was holding on by main strength, as a sailor holds a rope; but just as he was within twenty feet of her the rod slid from her benumbed grasp, and standing for a moment on end, bounded gayly down the river. It would perhaps have been prudent to count it as a loss, but prudence is not apt to be the uppermost emotion in the heart of a man in the presence of a woman whom he admires. With the same instinct that makes the male bird sing, and the male savage slay, for the gratification of his beloved, he plunged into the seething rapids; managed, with some difficulty, to keep right side up; caught the rod as it was making a gyration in an eddy; turned an involuntary somersault, in which the salmon at the end of the line, by its unforeseen pulls, assisted him, but gained the shore with salmon and rod in better form than might have been expected. He made light of his bumps, of which he had several quite painful ones, and presented, with true Californian *sang froid*, his prize to its rightful possessor.

"I didn't think Americans ever did such foolish things," she said, with admiring reproach.

"Americans do whatever the occasion calls for," he answered.

"But the occasion did not call for anything so foolhardy."

"That depends upon how you view it. I mean, of course, if you view it rationally. A sportsman's conscience, you know, is something peculiar. The loss of that salmon would have haunted my dying hour."

There was a dash of Bret Harte in the situation which, in spite of her better judgment, pleased and agitated her. In his blue flannel shirt, out of which rose the strong, sunburnt throat, and with his leathern girdle about his waist, and the broad-brimmed slouched hat, he might well have passed for one of those picturesque pioneers whom the California author has introduced to the favor of womankind. It was this very phase of him which attracted the adventurous side of her nature while it frightened the rational and matter-of-fact side. How was she to judge this enigmatical stranger who had come like a whirlwind into her quiet life—who did the most extraordinary things with a coolness as if he were handing her a cup of coffee?

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Olga was so agitated that for the moment she had quite forgotten her uncle. She heard the continuous tramp of Mr. Graham's horses coming nearer and nearer (there were no other horses in the parish that tramped like that), and she presently saw the black hat of the severe English groom gleam among the alder leaves.

"What has become of our captain?" asked Ewald, shaking the beads of water from his beard.

"You saw him last," she replied, taking his hand and jumping to the next boulder. As they reached the highway, they found the captain already seated in the carriage, gazing with a vacuous stare into space. The afternoon sun struck athwart the valley, broke translucent tracks through the birch-leaves, and flashed here and there upon the tossing current. It struck the three silvery salmon, too, which gleamed upon their couch of green leaves and by their superb size filled Olga's heart with pride. They reached Fossevang in time to have one prepared for dinner.

V.

Two months after Ewald's arrival, when Syvert Gimse had made what he regarded as a snug fortune out of him; when half the population from "seven parishes round" had been to inspect his horses; when the foliage of the birches had grown dark and dusty—when, in fine, August was about to be gathered to its fathers, and September was preparing to mount his autumnal throne—two strangers arrived in the valley whose beards announced them to be Americans. No other people, however barbarous, ever wore a chin-beard with a shaven upper lip. The two men had coarse, commonplace features, and called themselves Beagle and Turner; but they might just as well have called themselves Higgins and Johnson, for there was something in their bearing which seemed to indicate that almost any other name would have fitted them quite as well. It was not only their names which seemed accidental, but their clothes, their occupations, their conversation, had an indefinable air of fortuity—of being not wholly their own. They took lodgings at Vik, the farm north of Gimse, but did, to all appearances, nothing except smoking and telegraphing. They called twice upon Ewald; and although avoiding all appearance of importunity, managed to make him feel extremely uncomfortable. His assumed name put him at a disadvantage, and made him feel ill at ease. The talk of the two men, their appearance, their chin-beards—in fact, everything connected with them—irritated him. He longed to pick a quarrel with them; he would have given years of his life for the privilege of flinging them downstairs. They were a blot upon Nature's perfect visage; they spoiled the valley by their presence. He wondered how God could ever have created anything so unqualifiedly obnoxious.

The little drama which he had plotted, and over each scene of which he had lingered with pleasure, seemed suddenly trite and absurd. He was now only in haste to make an end of it. He mounted his roan saddle horse, and like the rash knight in the ballad, hastening to the *rendezvous*, outrode not only his squire, but Fear and Prudence and Virtue, and all the other commendable abstractions that attempted to follow him. By inquiring of the servants, he found Miss Olga standing on a step-ladder in the orchard, with her head up among the branches of a plum-tree. Her hat was lying on the ground; her cheeks were healthily flushed, and her hair was a trifle in disorder. She had a large canvas pocket attached to the front of her dress, and an apron, with a delightfully domestic look, covered the bust, and was attached somewhere about the shoulders. Hearing Ewald's voice, she turned, with charming confusion, drew her dress about her ankles, and seated herself on the top of the ladder. A fleck of sunlight, glinting through the foliage, trembled in her disordered hair, and brought out a tawny tint which in ordinary light was hidden. Her face wore an air of half-amused defiance, as if she had been caught in a situation which was really beneath her dignity.

"Want a plum?" she cried, with half-boyish recklessness. "Here goes! Catch it!"

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He caught the plum easily enough, but was not in a mood, just then, to enter into juvenile sports.

"Can I see you one moment, Miss Reimert?" he asked, lifting his hat with a seriousness that seemed a rebuke to her levity.

"Certainly," she answered; then, as if to furnish a transition from her own gayety to his solemn mood, she added: "You do wrong, however, to spurn my plums. My father imported this tree from Holland, and always set great store by it. The fruit has a flavor that can't be matched outside of Paradise."

"I have no doubt of it," he replied; "but I prefer the pleasure of your society to that of eating plums."

"Then you shall be doubly blessed," she ejaculated, laughing. "You shall have both."

"Thanks. I shall be content with one at a time."

She descended the stairs, handed her apron and the pocketful of fruit to a servant, smoothed her hair, and placed her hat at the proper angle upon her head. They sauntered slowly away over the white gravel-walks, in the dense shade of chestnut, maple, and linden trees.

"I thought I should like to have a little talk with you before leaving," he began, glancing admiringly at her fine, animated face.

"Before leaving! But you are not going away!" she cried, with quick alarm. "That is to say," she added, blushing at her impetuosity, "not so very soon?"

"Yes, quite soon! You did not expect me to spend my life salmon-fishing, did you?"

"No; but I am heartily sorry that you are going—on my uncle's account."

"Why so?"

"He has grown so fond of you. He sings your praises early and late. Since you came here he has scarcely had any of his bad turns."

It seemed difficult, after this digression, to find a transition to the subject of his errand; and he allowed some minutes to elapse before speaking. But the crunching of the gravel under their feet, and the humming and buzzing and whirring of the insects in the grass, the trees, and the air, filled the silence, and made it unnoticeable. And this summer mood of joy and love and fulness of life stole gently into Ewald's soul, and made his whole being throb with an indefinable tenderness and yearning. The sense of his own unworthiness, which had often painfully oppressed him in the presence of Olga, gave way to a serene enjoyment of her beauty, her voice, and the sweet privilege of her companionship. He was not aware that it was his deferential attitude toward her, inspired by his complete unconsciousness of his own merits, which had first aroused the impulse in her to exaggerate rather than to underestimate his claims to heroism.

"Miss Olga," he began, with an awkwardness which revealed depths of beautiful inexperience, "I am not much of a fellow for sentiment—that is, I mean, for putting things in fine words. But there are two things I have got to tell you before I go, even if I perish in the attempt."

He paused and gazed at her with an uncertain smile.

"They must be dreadfully hard things—those things you want to tell me," she exclaimed, with a nervous gaiety which imperfectly cloaked her excitement.

"They seem very hard to say to you."

"Then you ought to say them to somebody else."

"But don't you see, I shouldn't want to say them to anybody else."

They had reached an arbor at the end of the gravel-walk, and sat down on an old stone bench, dappled with patches of brown and yellow lichen. Above them grew two huge walnut-trees, whose big leaves cut off the sun from the thin, pale-green grass, which grew in scant scattered tufts out of the black mould. There was a humid, earthy smell in the arbor, and little chattering noises were heard overhead, where a couple of squirrels were chasing each other, and two solitary-looking brown birds were dismally hopping from bough to bough.

"Miss Olga," said Ewald, leaning forward and scratching the gravel with the handle of his riding-whip, "what would you say to me if you found that I had been deceiving you?"

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"That depends upon what you mean by deceiving."

He caught a little green worm which was about to descend upon her shoulder by its shining thread and flung it into the road.

"It means this," he said, looking her full in the face—"that I am Ewald Nordahl, and that I love you."

Her surprise stunned her. She had expected the last declaration, but the first was so overwhelming that it set all her senses a-whirl. The world seemed a mist that swam in green, billowing lines before her eyes. She stooped down, covered her face with her hands, and strove hard to think. But the power of thought seemed dead within her. He was Ewald Nordahl—the prodigal son, to find whom she had once intended to devote her life! A revelation so startling, so fraught with consequences, put a new face upon everything. There seemed nothing to do for the moment but to give her agitation full sway. Then, when her feelings had grown clearer, she might trust herself to speak.

She raised her head, after a while, and saw two strange men standing at the entrance to the arbor. She saw her companion jump up and hasten toward them. His features expressed deep disgust.

"Mr. Graham," said one of the men, "I hold here in my hands the papers for your extradition."

"Extradition!" exclaimed Ewald, excitedly. "Is it a practical joke you are playing, or are you mad?"

"Your name is William A. Graham, is it not, formerly cashier of the Grand Consolidated Workingman's Bank of Chicago?"

The young man stared at the detectives (for such he now recognized them to be) with stupefied amazement. He felt as if he were struggling with some frightful nightmare, and that after a while he would wake up and find it all a dream.

"Are you, or are you not, William A. Graham of Chicago?" repeated Mr. Beagle, imperturbably.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Ewald, seeing in a flash the labyrinth in which he had involved himself.

"I thought so," said Beagle.

"We've got to hurry," observed Turner; "we sail from Bergen to-morrow night."

That was a pleasant prospect indeed—to return home in charge of two detectives!

"I suppose it is of no use, gentlemen, for me to tell you that I am not William Graham," he remarked, with a severity matching that of the detectives.

"Tell that to the marines," said Beagle.

"Tell me one thing, however. What has Mr. Graham done, and why is he to be extradited?"

Instead of answer the detective pulled a paper from his pocket and murmured half aloud:

"Five feet and ten inches high—that fits to a T; thirty-three years old—that is about right too; blonde curly hair, straight nose, light mustache—reckon you raised the beard on the voyage; of slender growth—guess you've filled out some since you took to horseback riding."

He fumbled again in his pocket, and unfolded a sheet of paper in which Ewald recognized the leaf of the hotel register in the town upon which he had inscribed the unfortunate name.

"Is that your signature?" asked Beagle.

"It is my handwriting."

"Then I reckon we hain't got no call to tarry. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is a big defalcation; and with forgeries and crooked accounts, it ought to send you to jail for the rest of your natural life, unless the guv'nor pardons you out to vote for him at election time."

Ewald made no reply to this; and for a moment the three men stood staring at one another in silence. Olga had listened with a wild, pained intentness to every word they had spoken; and from somewhere in her soul a sudden conviction had sprung up that the man she loved was Ewald, her uncle's son. There was a frankness and open honesty in his face which could never deceive. The heroic element in her nature rose turbulently and swept away all petty calculation. All aglow with noble resolution, she stepped forward, put both her hands

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upon the young man's shoulders, and gazing into his eyes, said:

"Are you, indeed, Ewald Nordahl?"

"I am."

"Then wait one moment, and I'll clear up this misunderstanding."

She was about to hasten away, but he seized her by the arm and detained her. "Promise me not to speak to my father," he said, earnestly. "I left him with a blot upon my name, and I do not wish to return to him under similar circumstances. Far rather I would never have him know me. I am going with these gentlemen to America; and there the mistake will soon be cleared up. Within two or three months I shall be back again. I will not even ask you for an answer, Miss Olga, to the question I have put to you, because it would be unfair to ask you to trust me, when appearances are so strongly against me."

"But I do trust you," she cried, clasping her hands passionately, as if arresting an impulse to throw herself into his arms.

"Thank you," he said, with a look of deep gratitude; "I have now no fear of going—or of returning."

The detectives, being connoisseurs of human nature, needed no knowledge of the language to interpret to them this scene. They looked at Ewald with a sly appreciation and half-envious admiration of his wickedness.

Yet, in his capacity as a representative of the law, Mr. Beagle felt called upon to interfere.

"Madam," he said to Olga, stepping forward and putting his hand on her arm, "he has a wife and four children in Chicago."

"*Kone—fire Barn,*" said Turner, who in the meanwhile had been examining his pocket dictionary.

"I reckon he is playin' it on you, bein' a long-lost brother, or sweetheart—somethin' o' that sort," Beagle continued; "that is a common trick of criminals, ma'am, to put justice off the track."

Upborne by her defiant conviction, Olga turned her back on the detective, deigning him no reply.

"If you must go, Mr. Nordahl," she said to Ewald, "will you not first say good-by to uncle?"

"I am unfortunately in the hands of my friends, as the politicians say," ejaculated the young man, pointing with a lugubrious smile to the officers of the law.

"But they will surely not prevent you from saying good-by?"

After a brief consultation the detectives gave their consent to the interview with the captain, on condition that they might be present. They found the captain pacing like a caged lion up and down in his library—a large room which was filled with globes, maps, compasses, and models of ships.

"Captain," said Ewald, as he entered, "permit me to introduce to you Mr. Beagle and Mr. Turner—both Americans."

The old man shook hands half wonderingly with the detectives and begged them to be seated. He scented at once something unusual, and sent Ewald a questioning glance from under his shaggy brow.

"Well, friend Graham," he began, "foul weather ahead, eh?"

Ewald explained that he was a victim of mistaken identity: that a man of the same name had embezzled a large sum of money—that he was obliged to return with the detectives in order to establish his innocence. Would Captain Nordahl, for any compensation that he chose to name, take charge of his horses during his absence, as he did not feel that Syvert Gimse was competent to care for them?

The captain listened with a problematic air to his story, and when Ewald had finished, seated himself at his desk and drew a heavy sigh. He opened a couple of drawers, took out some papers, and put them in the breast-pocket of his coat. Then he rose, walked across the floor to where Ewald was sitting, seized his hand, and shook it warmly.

"Mr. Graham," he said, "I have grown fond of you. You have come closer to me than any man ever did—since one—whom I lost. Now, him—the one I lost—I drove away from me—I did him a great wrong—it was a money affair, like this—and I may have driven him to destruction—by believing ill of him. Keelhaul a man, or give him the cat-o'-nine-tails, when he don't deserve it, and next time he will

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make haste to deserve it. That's as sure as a change in the weather. Now, if you have done wrong, Mr. Graham—it is natural you should want to keep it from a friend—but tell me, can I help you? You are a young man, and have a long voyage before you;—I am old, and I've got more than I need. I have here some ten thousand dollars—would that do you any good?"

Ewald had risen. He struggled with his tears, but could not keep them back. He blessed even the wrong and the suffering it had brought, since it had afforded him so deep a gaze into his father's noble heart. The old man, who misunderstood his emotion, taking it for a confession of guilt, put his hand on his shoulder, and went on:

"It is a favor I ask, not one I confer. If I have plunged one into misery, since I cannot save him, let me save you. Let me rescue you from the misery of losing your self-respect. Let me make amends to you for what I sinned against him."

It was more than the son could bear. "Father!" he cried—"father!"

The old man fell back a step, with raised hands, and eyes full of joyous doubt and amazement.

"Ewald!" he shouted, with a tremor in his deep voice—"my son!"

He opened his arms and clasped his son to his breast.

A moment later, when Olga entered the room, they were standing, holding each other's hands and gazing with affectionate scrutiny into each other's faces.

"Is there a place for me, too, in this group?" she asked, smiling; whereupon each reached out a hand to her and drew her in between them.

"Father, she is to be my wife," said Ewald, radiant with tears and happiness.

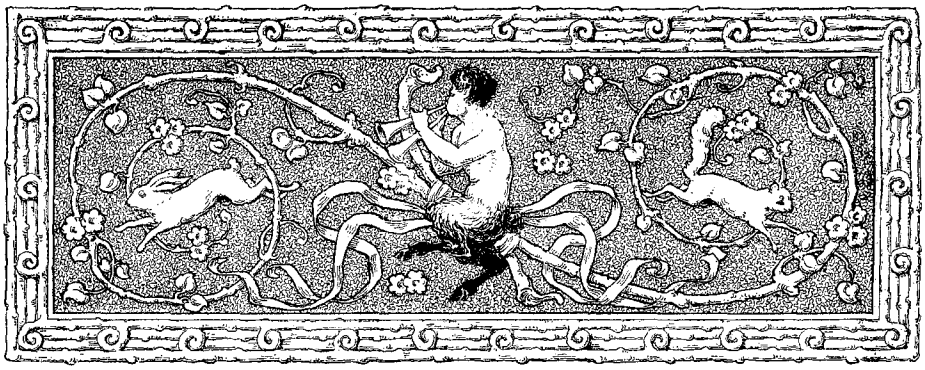
"God bless you," said the captain, with a deep and solemn joy.

The old Dutch clock in the corner ticked off the time with demure regularity, but nobody except the detectives paid any heed to it. Then old Father Time came out himself and made six resonant sweeps with his scythe, making each time a sensation.

The captain turned around to the detectives and said:

"Gentlemen, we'll all go to America with you to clear up this difficulty. But I beg of you to remain my guests until to-morrow."

On the morrow a telegram was received from Cadiz, Spain, conveying the intelligence that Mr. William A. Graham, of Chicago, had been apprehended in that city and would within two days be on his way back to his defrauded creditors. And this was the reason why Messrs. Beagle and Turner crossed the Atlantic empty-handed, and in bad spirits.



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THE REVIVAL OF HANDICRAFT.

By John F. Weir.

THE term *handicraft* has its general and specific meanings. In a restricted sense the term is narrowed with the developments of specialism, while in a larger sense its meaning is broadened with the expansion of the idea that gave it birth. The meaning of such terms is sometimes radically changed with time, as in the use of the term "*manu*facture" —made by the hand—which now means a process of production by machinery as distinguished from hand-labor; thus a manufactured article is now recognized as a thing *not* made by hand. Handicraft has undergone no such radical transformation; nevertheless, in a general sense its meaning has so expanded as to include a wide range of skill. Specifically, the term marks a distinction between work that requires manual dexterity for the performance of its tasks and those forms of labor which are merely muscular or mechanical. In a broader sense the term is applicable to any form of art wherein manual skill is a requisite in giving expression to ideas or conceptions when *power* is manifested through the hand—for craft means power, strength, though the term is usually associated with skill or dexterity as the *sign* of power. The distinction between skilled and unskilled labor is so marked that they may be said to have nothing in common, and it is absurd to attempt to obliterate the distinction in the interest of the lower class of work. Any form of labor that is a merely automatic exercise of muscular or mechanical force, a mere routine, requires little exercise of thought, while skill demands the constant supervision of mind; the one class of work is mere servile toil, while the other is wholly dependent upon alertness of faculty guiding the operation throughout. Mere manual labor, therefore, requires no education for the performance of its tasks; while *handicraft* is in itself a means of education, in a true sense, affording exercise for the faculties throughout all its processes, and in its higher forms it is a very effective means for disciplining mind.

As education, either theoretical or practical, includes all good workmanship in any field whatever, from the schoolmaster to the craftsman, it is proper to define what is here meant by this term, since it forms part of the plan of this paper to emphasize the value of practical methods in disciplining the mind. There is a narrow view of education which associates the term wholly with institutional methods, with a system of instruction embodied in text-books, with the pedagogue, or teacher, who instils into the mind of the pupil an orderly method of discipline for the faculties. A young person is usually deemed "educated" when this system has been properly applied, with corresponding results. But there is a broader view of education than this, one that comprehends all exercise of mental faculty, especially in the higher occupations of life, as educational processes that tend to form the mind and discipline character in a very effectual manner. Some such idea, doubtless, was in the mind of Solomon, when he said: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Not infrequently the training afforded by the institution, when contrasted with the discipline of experience, appears as but a dream to the reality. Principles take on a ghostly form when viewed exclusively in the abstract, as expressed in *terms* of speech; but when embodied in *things* they have a living power, and impress themselves indelibly on the mind. Where human activities are involved, the theoretical often vanishes when the practical appears; for there is discovered in all the activities of life, between practice and theory, a deep gulf fixed, which the schools have been unable to bridge. It is a common experience, when a youth passes from the school or college to the activities of life in the world, that there is a period of

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floundering, when there seems to be nothing solid underfoot; for a time it is questionable whether he will sink or swim; the air-bladders of theoretical attainment will not serve to keep him afloat. There is often discovered a lack of tangible substance in his training; and in his efforts to sustain himself, when weaned from the institution, he finds that he is actually undergoing a "new education," conning a new alphabet of *things* identified with practical uses. The difficulty experienced lies in the fact that the theoretical has absorbed his attention to the exclusion of the practical, in the previous discipline of faculty, through a questionable ambition of the higher education to ignore the fact that the true ideal may only be seen through the real. Thus the boy who stood at the head of his class, carrying away the highest honors in mental gymnastics, may be the last in the race of life; for the habit of mind thus formed often leads to the substitution of scholastic attainment for honest sense, unless a corrective be applied. Attainments due, for the most part, to powers of memory or abstraction, under a too exclusively theoretical system of teaching, may have their brief triumphs in the arena of educational institutions where the standard of merit is necessarily arbitrary in accordance with a prescribed system; but when these qualifications are tested by being brought in contact with the activities of life, they are by no means found to insure the requisite mental grasp that a realistic world demands. Too often the image has been mistaken for the reality, the shadow for the substance. Thus an education that is too exclusively theoretical; that is concerned with *terms* to the exclusion of *things;* that pursues truth in the abstract rather than in the concrete, and exercises the mind to the exclusion of sense, is apt to unfit one for action. While, therefore, education in some form is essential to the exercise of power and skill in the various activities of life, it is not alone by institutional methods that this end is accomplished, for a large share, perhaps the greater part, of the work of the world is done by those who have been educated in other ways; their course of discipline lay in the tasks set before them by destiny; their school was necessity—the mother of invention—and their lessons of experience were graven on their minds as with an iron stylus. They learned to think through *things*, and not through *terms* of speech; their tasks were object-lessons, and the thoroughness of the discipline was attested by success—even in the highest fields of thought. Judged by artificial standards they may be deemed uneducated, but under a truer estimate they were highly educated, trained to the greatest niceties of perception and judgment; their names endure with the most permanent in the annals of the race. The element of success lay in the fact that they became a law and a discipline to themselves, more exacting and severe than any schoolmaster; they held themselves persistently to tasks that would have discouraged most minds; observing closely, they perceived in *things* all that may be thence derived by thought—for the book of nature is the Infinite Mind bodied forth in forms, and through acute observation "man may think the thoughts of God after him."

Handicraft deals thus with *things*. Before we pass on to a more specific discussion of its recent revival, I would emphasize the value of handicraft, as a means of moral and mental discipline, by one or two examples with whom all are so familiar that attention will not be distracted by novelty from the special object I have in mind. Palissy, the potter, affords a striking example of one raised to eminence by the humble means of his craft, for his was a mind deepened and strengthened by the very nature of his occupation and the special task set before him in discovering for himself the white enamel for earthenware. It is the story of his life that has made Palissy famous, not alone the products of his art; for his life is an instructive drama of toil, struggle, and persistent patience in surmounting obstacles, ending in the triumphant accomplishment of his object. The products of his art are not, to my mind, objects of marked beauty, comprising as they do, in their ornamentation, the mere casts of natural objects—animal and vegetable—distributed rather formally over the surface of his earthenware; they are more curious

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than beautiful. But it is not of these things we are reminded by the name of Palissy. It is the character of the man that awakens admiration; his persistence of aim, his indomitable patience and perseverance, his sure intuition that saw, through endless failures, the coveted gleam of success; his life was a drama such as the Greeks would have deemed it no unworthy thing for the gods to participate in. Every failure served but to rekindle his fires with fresh hope and renewed effort; and on one occasion, finding his fuel gave out when apparently on the eve of success, the potter tore up the floor of his dwelling and cast it into the flames, together with every available article of furniture that was combustible.

I call attention to this craftsman and his experience merely to show that the discipline of his life lay in his craft, which was, in effect, the means of educating his faculties and enlarging his sphere of knowledge; for, one thing leading to another, as a correlative of his craft he studied chemistry, mineralogy, and botany, and the liberalizing influence of those studies led him to think deeply on religious subjects and embrace the Reformation as a result of his convictions, the free expression of his beliefs causing his arrest and imprisonment. When liberated he was invited to Paris, where, under royal favor, he was lodged near the Tuileries, barely escaping the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There he opened a course of lectures on physics and natural history, and was the first person in France who applied sound methods and demonstration in explaining the phenomena of nature. He published several works on scientific subjects, and died in the Bastille, where he was imprisoned for his religious convictions. "He was distinguished no less for his virtue than for his talents." Such, in brief, are the principal events of the potter's career; and it is as a *handicraftsman*, the requirements of whose tasks proved to be an education and a discipline, that I make mention of Palissy here. For the very nature of the potter's work, usually deemed narrow, perhaps, and circumscribed, expanded with the breadth of Palissy's mind till it became a liberalizing means of self-culture and moral improvement;—this is the true lesson of his life.

Viewed in this light, the autobiography of Cellini is even more interesting and instructive; it has a high literary value, having proved a mine of wealth for the historian of the time. Cellini was a wonderful craftsman; he was likewise a braggart and a great stickler for the honors of his craft, compelling the acknowledgment of genius as a divine right. They who have not read his entertaining autobiography have missed one of the most extraordinary things in literature; it throws considerable light on the nature of the mediæval guilds as educational institutions for craftsmen —particularly the goldsmiths' guild, a school for the sculptors of the time. Cellini's art was but a circumstance to his character as a man of wonderful resources; he was a close observer, a person of decided intellect and power united with extravagant weaknesses. His life reads like a romance and has undiminished interest even for those who care little for art but find in his book a vivid picture of the man and the times. Cellini possessed creative genius of a high order, united with extraordinary skill in handicraft and unfailing readiness of resource. I allude to him here as, perhaps, the most remarkable example of what may be termed, in the highest sense, a "handicraftsman;" for while the products of his art, executed with the greatest skill in various metals, were beautiful, they were, for the most part, designed for *use*—salvers, caskets, salt-cellars, vases, pitchers, platters, etc., in gold, silver, and brass, exquisitely wrought. His skilful handicraft brought him in familiar relation with eminent men of his time, by whom his genius was honored; but his education was wholly through his art.

Of course it may be said that these examples were men of genius, possessing rare gifts, whose talents would have shone out under any adverse circumstances, and whose powers differentiate them from the average man under the most favorable circumstances—and so they do. Nevertheless, as with other men, they were under like necessities of training; their faculties required the educa-

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tion that is due to persistent endeavor, close observation, and untiring industry in the pursuit of their crafts. I do not propose to dwell upon noted examples of craftsmen. These two instances are briefly mentioned merely to place a standard before the eye. The special object I have in mind in treating of handicraft is to show the connection therein manifested between the hand and the head, between the fingers and the brain.

It has been well said that the hand is, in a sense, but an extension of the brain; mind and manual skill cannot be arbitrarily separated, for dexterity of manipulation is but the expression of mental operations. It is the mind that shapes a conception by the hand. In the skilful it would seem that the whole body is the brain, so instinct with intelligence is the organism when acting responsive to mind. The touch of the musician corresponds to the most evanescent shades of feeling; emotional thought and instrumental execution are blended as one. In the presence of skill manifesting power, when of a superior order, admiration is spontaneous, homage irresistible; the horizon of knowledge seems enlarged, consciousness attains new heights, and freedom from bodily trammels seems at hand. On witnessing a skilful performance of any kind, that one thing for the time seems of all others most desirable to possess the power of doing, whether it be the performance of a musician, an actor, an artist, an orator, or a mere mimic or story-teller,—so captivating is *skill* spontaneously manifested. There is a certain power accompanying the performance of anything that is perfect of its kind; we spontaneously applaud a thing that is thoroughly well done. But there are all grades of skill, and I shall not dwell exclusively on the exceptional or rare; handicraft has its commonplace aspects, its everyday phases; it is humble in its minor walks, as it is ambitious when reaching up into the region of creative genius.

It may not be generally known that we are now in the midst of a great revival of handicraft, which has assumed the character of a practical protest against the dominant influence of machine-manufacture that tends to reduce distinctions of labor to a common level. This revival of handicraft may be said to have begun about eighteen years ago, with a movement initiated in London by William Morris, Dante G. Rossetti, and J. E. Millais, well-known names in the world of letters and art. A fund of some few hundreds, or thousands, of pounds was subscribed by those gentlemen and their friends, and a shop opened, with the sign, "Morris, Rossetti & Co.," for the purpose of rehabilitating handicraft and artistic design in various kinds of household art. The gentlemen named furnished the designs, and they were executed on the premises by skilled workmen, comprising various kinds of metal and cabinet work, which has since extended to a wide range of household art. The aim was to reassert the true dignity of *handicraft;* and, as I say, the undertaking assumed the form of a practical protest against the levelling and often tawdry influence of machine-manufacture in many kinds of industry, which obliterates all sense of the artistic, and is destructive of skilled craftsmanship. The activity of the time is marked by a moving forward of the mass at the expense of the individual, for the exclusively utilitarian aim of machine-manufacture tends to level all distinctions. The problem of the factory is to provide machinery to perform work; to feed this uninterruptedly, so as to produce the greatest quantity of any given manufacture at a minimum of cost—taking care not to overstock the market. While in successful operation the problem of machine-manufacture is to determine the exact ratio of values between the raw material, including the cost of manufacture, and the articles produced, it is purely a matter of forces and figures; there can be no sentiment in the business. The economics of the system necessarily embrace as one instrumentality the metal and the flesh involved. The printed *notices* to be seen in some large factories indicate the character of the enterprise as organized on strictly business principles: "No talking allowed on political, religious, or labor questions." No waste of time can be countenanced; the "operative" must take pattern after the machine and act accordingly. It cannot be denied that for

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an undisciplined mass of crude humanity the system operates like the strict military discipline of a well-organized army; it subjects the raw material, the undisciplined mass, to a stern form of drill which induces obedience and self-control. Labor-unions are following in the same path, as a product of the system. But there is a limit to a tolerance of the system when the individual rises above it through the development of higher capacities, demanding greater freedom. For the more capable, the system is intolerable; and yet, until recently, there has been no way of escape from it, and the result is a wide-spread feeling of discontent. For it is one thing to find happiness in labor through work that engages the faculties and fosters skill; while it is another and distinct thing to toil merely to sustain life, standing by a machine, day by day, as a mere extension of the mechanism—an arm of flesh joined to an arm of steel. But happily a change is now being worked out for the more capable, and there is a prospect of possible freedom from this enslaving dominance of the machine. New channels for skilled labor are rapidly multiplying through an extensive revival of *handicraft*, and they who have watched the progress of the movement see in it something more than an ephemeral effect of present tastes. For this revival of craftsmanship, now everywhere manifest, discovers the fact that there is a large class, rapidly growing in numbers, whose taste and discretion will not accept machine-made things; they require in everything with which they surround themselves some expression of sensibility and thought, some thoroughness as to excellence of design and workmanship; in short, they demand that things shall be beautiful as well as useful, in imitation of that intelligence which "hath made all things beautiful in His time," deeming it to be through some such means, or worthy ambition, that society is raised above the bare needs of physical existence to a realization of the truth that "when first wants are satisfied, then the higher wants become imperative" as a higher necessity of human life.

The merit of machine-manufacture rests in the fact that the many are supplied with that which formerly was obtainable only by the few; production is greater because the power of the hand is multiplied a thousand-fold. There is no denying the vast benefit that has accrued from the stupendous re-enforcement of energy by this means, and it is only with respect to certain forms of machine-manufacture that the present revival of handicraft is concerned. But on purely utilitarian grounds there is a prevalent popular fallacy about things being very much cheapened by machine-manufacture; for, if one pair of hand-made shoes will outwear two pairs of the manufactured article, though the cost of the former be double that of the latter, the expense to the wearer is the same. And in contrasting factory-products—bedecked with superficial excrescences—with the better and more stable furniture of our ancestors, now being recovered from the garrets, a dealer in the former article confessed that it was not made for *use*, but made to *sell*. To effect that object it must have a certain appearance of fitness and stability; but it actually has no lasting quality when compared with the product of a genuine *handicraft*. Of course it is not intended to characterize all kinds of machine-manufacture as of this low grade; but the class of goods mentioned is very extensive, and its demerits are not always recognizable until a better standard is formed through skilled handicraft, which is superior to the best kind of machine-work and not much more costly—this, indeed, is the discovery that is leading many to reject many kinds of machine-manufactures, giving preference to the more tasteful and stable products of handicraft. It is, therefore, not wholly a matter of sentiment, but prudence dictates the preference given to skilled handicraft; thus there is at bottom a sensible and wise discretion, not to speak of good taste, which dictates this preference for the products of handicraft over machine-manufactures in many kinds of industry. A revival of handicraft may lead to no restriction in machine-manufactures, but it will certainly enable a large class of buyers to manifest a preference for something better.

It is the boast of the time that a material civilization has never hitherto

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attained the heights that recent physical discoveries and mechanical appliances have developed. Through this order of activity the outward conditions of life are much improved; endless are the facilities for making things easy; while in reality life is thereby rendered more complex, and the result is that there is no epoch in history that is more widely separated from the happiness that is born of *hope* than the present time. This is confessedly an age of disquiet and discontent. Wealth, wages, or material comforts, plentiful as they are, and regarded by many as the supreme end of all activity and desire, are found to breed discontent with greater energy even than poverty. These benefits appear to foster a spirit that recognizes no state of contentment while there are others enjoying greater privileges of ease and material well-being; the strain is to live up to some arbitrary or artificial standard that is unnatural, and not warranted by circumstances, and thus the character as well as the mode of life is infected by false views. The age may be said to be overburdened with complexity; there is no repose, no rest, all is obvious discontent—a feeling which seems to pervade every class. And yet there never was a time in the world's history when the comforts of life were so widely diffused among all sorts and conditions of men. This fact tends to the conviction that the higher a purely material civilization is carried, the greater is the unhappiness and discontent that ensues; for while the desires are absorbed in the production and accumulation of wealth, and of the things thence derived, there are no conceivable conditions in which they can be wholly satisfied. A craving is engendered that knows no bounds to its appetites. So long as happiness is identified with outside things—with material wealth and physical comfort—it is the victim of a tyranny far worse than that of any human despot; for the *mind* as well as the body is enslaved, and the nobler instincts are dominated by the lower. It is claimed by calm observers that this standard is now uppermost, or most widely diffused throughout society; some such conviction is the refrain of Tennyson's new poem, "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After."

When wealth and its attendant ambitions absorb the desires and aims, what can be more imperious than the demands that call for every sacrifice to that end? They who seek wealth for its own sake, or for the mere ease and luxury it brings, have effectually closed their eyes to that higher destiny of the soul which unfolds its inheritance to the eye of the spirit. But this craving for ease and luxury is not peculiar to a wealthy class, as such; for that class is in no greater degree a victim to a perverted view than is the poorest, whose aim or desire is the same. The equation is the same, whether the figures be large or small; and in the narrowest or most circumscribed lot the same contemptible passions may be manifested, in their degree, that find larger expression with larger means. It is not reasonable, therefore, that one class should manifest hostility toward another, *as a class*, because among them we may see on a large scale precisely that with which we are ourselves busy on a small scale, and which we covet the opportunity for manifesting in a similar way. But what really is needed in *all* classes of society is a just hostility toward those debased human traits that are manifest in the *individual*, whether rich or poor, in applying a pound or a penny, and which are hateful because they are selfish, debasing, and heartless. When we would identify the ills of life with a class; when we misinterpret "the sheep and the goats" as referring to good and bad *people*, who are to be separated at the end of the harvest, instead of the good and the bad in each one of us, the wheat and the tares in each individual soul, then we are in darkness and there is no reason, or courtesy, or judgment at the root of such estimates or hostilities. If each one will separately bend his energies to leavening himself, the whole lump will be leavened; but reforms that merely overturn society, without changing the nature of the *individual*, bring up from the bottom an evil seven times worse than the first, for the simple reason that it is wholly without judgment or discretion. The true seat of reforms, therefore, is in bettering the life and aims of the *individual*, and I think the subject I am discussing has its place in that economy.

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If we contrast the *operatives* of the factory with the *apprentices* of the mediæval guilds, we do not find the lot of the former a happier one, but the contrary; our modern "operatives" have far less liberty and variety in work, for the slavery of the machine-system is very exacting. The one who serves a machine must be as automatic as the instrument, and no less constant in the performance of his part of the labor; for it is all estimated on a basis of exact ratios,—it is purely a question of figures, not of heart-beats. There are, in effect, but two classes of mind the higher faculties of which may be said to be profitably exercised in connection with this modern means—irrespective of wages—viz., the *inventors* of machines and the *organizers* of labor; but these two classes bear, numerically, a very small proportion to the hosts whom the system enslaves, and who are but as cogs to the wheels, or as arms to the mechanism. Of the vast majority of these it may be truly said that the machine they serve is the gauge of all their activities, both of mind and body. Doubtless the vast majority are not capable of rising above the situation, and hence the "wage question" is the only one that concerns these prisoners of toil. But for the more capable a remedy is found—not in legislation, which some fancy is the panacea for all ills; nor in labor-unions, that substitute one class of tyranny for another; nor yet in mere increase of wages, that can never reach the point of insuring contentment; but in that wide diversity of *handicraft*, that is now rapidly springing up all about us, which insures freedom of occupation and happiness in work by multiplying the ways of earning a livelihood. It is not a new creation, but a revival, and it promises to restore to the trades a lost power and prestige.

The blacksmith, in the days when that craft was not a lost art, worked at his anvil, welding his thought into the metal, hammering out his fancies in ingenious forms; every task was a problem, every stroke manifested skill; he was an inventor, a producer, a *craftsman* in the true sense. But machinery has supplanted all manual skill in this craft; the artificer now does little more than weld the odds and ends together; the master-workman has become a mere apprentice, for every article that formerly called for inventive skill in the making is now furnished the artificer by the manufacturer, ready-made. The smith is no longer a craftsman; he is become a mere jobber. The poet sang of the blacksmith as the type of "an honest man who looks the whole world in the face"—because of the manly integrity of his work. The nature of one's daily tasks has its influence on personal character; Shakespeare speaks of the dyer's hand as "subdued to that it works in"—a symbol of this influence. He who is engaged in original production is dealing directly with the impersonal forces of nature; he stands face to face with law; there is a healthy, honest activity put forth in wrestling with his tasks—a manly activity both of body and mind. The profit and reward is in the thing produced, no less than in its commercial value; for it is a product of thought, invention, skill—a thing created. A principle is involved in this order of work wholly distinct from that which governs the "handling" of the products of others' labor; and what this handling may involve is best known to those engaged in the business, for there are temptations encountered in trade of which the original producer knows nothing. In the higher aspects of trade, in its vast combinations of commercial interests extending over wide areas of the earth's surface, intricate problems are involved that call forth great faculties of mind; but in its narrower fields there are necessities that often tend to produce quite a different type of man from that formed by direct contact with nature's elements and nature's laws—for the sole end of the activities of trade is pecuniary gain. Certain forms of industry, therefore, involve greater moral strain than others, and it is a privilege, and should be so deemed, to labor in a field wherein pecuniary profit is not the sole reward sought.

The economic aspects of all labor questions, in accordance with the temper of the time, place man in the midst of a vast mechanical contrivance known as *law*, and the problems to be solved are purely mathematical and statistical; it

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is a question of ratios, forces, profits, losses, means, and material benefit known as *wealth*. Whatever is not included in these elements is known as "sentimentalism," with which science, very properly, has nothing to do. Nevertheless, sentiment will continue to assert itself as perhaps the strongest force in the universe in its ultimate effects. And what the human heart now cries out against is the enslaving dominance of the machine in life, in labor, in art, in politics, in religion. Man, in his laboratory, has formed a creature that now has the mastery over him, that enslaves and uses him as a tyrant from which there is apparently no hope of escape. A machine is a working contrivance, with no insides—neither heart, lungs, nor liver. They who have fallen well in with the spirit of the age even maintain that the whole creation is just such a contrivance, without an inside, without a contriver, without heart or soul—and apparently they are pleased with the thought. But there are other philosophies and forces than the economic asserting themselves in the *unrest* which characterizes the times; and this may be due, in part, to the fact that "there is a spirit in man," a something that refuses to be absorbed in the economics of the machine, and which cries out for better privileges than mere wealth or material benefit. One of the forms of protest against this dominance of the machine is a revival of *handicraft*. The plea for the revival of handicraft is a plea for the moral improvement of no inconsiderable portion of the people; for if we contrast the moral effect of work sweetened by a pleasurable exercise of inventive skill with labor that is simply a monotonous toil for wages, it is apparent that there must result therefrom a marked distinction in the character that is formed under the two systems. For work that affords pleasurable exercise to the faculties in its performance tends naturally to contentment; the very nature of the work is profitable in its mental and moral effects, and this constitutes no small part of the reward—perhaps the greater part. But work that is mere drudgery, an unending grind of toil in which mind and body are automatically engaged, is naturally productive of discontent, for there is no interest in it but the *wage*, and where money is the sole object of labor—notwithstanding its representative value as a commodity of exchange—there can be no contentment; and this prevalent spirit of discontent may be said to be largely due to that system of labor which the machine has engendered.

It is a singular fact that all outward things unwittingly become, in a sense, representative of inward character through being brought in constant contact with it. The glazings and veneerings through which poverty of substance is skimmed over, in many kinds of machine-manufacture, intrudes its deceptions into the very thought of those who habitually live under its sway, and there is developed a mental and moral habit of "putting the best goods in the window," as the phrase is, as a mere pretence, or substitute, for merit and genuine attainment. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that a revival of handicraft will tend to produce a reaction against that prevalent flimsiness which has so long had its day in certain classes of machine-manufacture; as a reforming influence, therefore, this revival may prove a means for remedying some worse evils of mind and character. I have alluded to the craft of the blacksmith as a "lost art;" it is now reviving under this *renaissance*, with an evidence of skill such as has not been seen since the days of Quintin Matsys of Antwerp, or the metal-workers of the sixteenth century. Wrought iron and hammered brass may now be seen, here and there, amid the rubbish of apprentice-work, compelling one to pause and praise the skill of a revived handicraft that will surely tend to brighten toil by awakening a healthy ambition to excel. And the same thing is noticeable in other trades. The carpenter is coming to life again; it was only a few years since that every vestige of intelligence and manual dexterity had forsaken this craft. The carpenter, like the smith, got all his materials, ready-made, from the *mill;* he could neither devise nor execute the simplest moulding; he was literally a mere *joiner*, putting together materials already formed to his hand. As to invention or design, that was wholly gauged by the patterns of the machine; for, as we have seen, it

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is the fatality of that order of supremacy that it operates on the *mind* as well as on the materials that come under its forming influences ; the very thought becomes as mechanical as the machine itself, and all its products are devoid of taste. It is the very ideal of a mechanical age—if there be such a thing as an *ideal* under those circumstances—to sacrifice the individual to the mass, to reduce all things to a common level of mechanical mediocrity ; and how effectually this has been accomplished may be seen in the ignorant and unskilful character of work performed by the so-called craftsmen of the last fifty years, throughout all trades.

But in more ways than one this revival of skill is now proving a benefit and a blessing. I have heard it argued with intelligence, by one extensively engaged in promoting handicraft among women, that if attention were directed to a revival of domestic industries among the Irish at home, in the making of certain fabrics that are now sought after, but which the machine long ago robbed them of, there would result therefrom no slight amelioration of the present distress of that people ; for it would bring again into Irish households a means of independent industry, of which they were deprived by manufacturing processes carrying it elsewhere. Such a remark is based upon the fact that the number of those who prefer hand-made things to manufactured articles is rapidly enlarging and extending beyond the wealthy class.

The importance of tasteful design in all forms of manufacture and handicraft is now fully recognized. In France a large proportion of the national wealth is directly traceable to the taste displayed in their manufactures—silks, tapestries, calicoes, carpets, wall-papers, porcelains, glass, bronzes ; everything, in short, in the making of which design fills a conspicuous place, and in the production of which taste is an important requisite. For there is a regular and progressive advance in competition in manufactures : first, competition in creating or in meeting a demand, and in controlling the production necessary to this end ; then follows competition in the mechanical excellence of manufactured goods ; and lastly, competition in the excellence and beauty of *design*. The ease of access and intercommunion among nations has extended competition over the globe. International exhibitions have proved a great stimulus to the advance of all industries ; for when brought into such close comparison, placed side by side, the merits and demerits of manufactures and of handicraft are recognized at a glance. What was effected in England by the great Exhibition of 1851 has been repeated here by the Exhibition of 1876, the influence of which was immediately perceived throughout this country, tending to a recognition of the importance of *design* in manufactures. In certain domestic products, especially in silks and tapestries, and in certain kinds of porcelain, in household furniture and decorations, in stained glass, metal-work, and wood-carving, and in the work of some of our leading silversmiths, it is acknowledged that, with a revival of handicraft we are rapidly taking the first rank for thoroughness and excellence of workmanship. This is said in no vain spirit of boasting, but as the result of personal observation of what is being done on both sides of the Atlantic. There is a surprising readiness of adaptation, quickness of perception, and alertness of faculty, now apparent in all branches of American art that is very conspicuous, and which finds hearty recognition from competent judges abroad ; and it is they who freely declare that, from present indications, the future of art is with us.

But then, it may be asked, What is the nature of that future, and what are the moving propensities that will bring it about? If the coming epoch is to rival the splendor of Venice in that palmy period of her wealth and power under the Doges, it may be even more pagan ; for, with singular fatality, the inspiration is drawn from precisely the same oriental sources, made available then, as now, by open commerce with the East. The present indications are that it is a wholly external influence given over to the charms of sense, with not the slightest recognition of an inward impulse such as that we find manifested in the great ages of art and faith. It is an intellectual epoch, fortified by all the wealth and appliance of a luxuriant materialism which

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seems capable of producing a very rank growth; for wealth must manifest itself in its own peculiar way, but its creations have always been distinct from those emanating from a spiritual source. It was wealth, as distinguished from spiritual aspiration, that transformed the purer art of the earlier Venetians into a magnificent but wholly sensuous *decoration;* and the leading tendencies of to-day appear to emulate that spirit. But it is not chargeable upon art that it is skilful without being sincere, or sensuous without depth, for the art of any time is but the expression of the leading tendencies of thought that characterize the aspirations and the life. It is only in a minor decorative sense that handicraft is again reviving, and its earlier stages must necessarily manifest crudeness and bad taste; but with the development of skill and judgment it will gradually attain excellence, even as it has already in certain branches of work. The importance of tasteful design is already acknowledged, and its influence is felt in all branches of manufacture, for taste is nothing less than artistic judgment with respect to the fitness of things. In decoration it determines what is ornamentally appropriate; and in so doing it judiciously decides, not how much, but how little, ornament will exhibit the forms to the best advantage, requiring, however, that this little shall be of the best, the finest in design. Without suppressing spontaneity, vivacity, or freedom, taste dominates the emotional in art, and reduces all to unity by means of harmony; and where the sensuous indulges in riotous display, taste is driven out by vulgarity. In all the finer products of handicraft, therefore, design is the dominant quality of excellence; and its merit includes all other values, for good taste requires that every part shall be genuine. By educating the taste, a love of the genuine is fostered, for all shams are repugnant to good taste; thus it becomes a matter of character and principle that everything shall frankly express what it really is, and the moral effect of striving for the attainment of the beautiful in all things tends to elevate the character and the life; they who enter into the temple of truth by "the gate that is called beautiful" are true worshippers of that which is infinite and eternal.

As a mere matter of discipline, when inspired by a worthy ambition to excel, all the arts are found to be educational processes, enlisting in their service the higher faculties of mind. The question has been extensively agitated of late, whether the methods now most in vogue for disciplining the faculties are not, in some respects at least, arbitrary and unnatural—contrary to the instincts of nature as manifested in the earlier years of childhood, before artificial methods are applied as a substitute. It is an effort of a more ripened culture to regain that original frankness and spontaneity which institutional methods of education often displace by a forced and arbitrary growth of mind. Emerson has somewhere remarked that great men are such simply because they look at things and speak of things with the frankness and simplicity of children. The path of discipline commonly in vogue carries the mind away from nature by substituting arbitrary methods for natural instinct, and while some few are lucky enough to find their way back to nature by a somewhat circuitous route, many are lost in the wilderness and never return. A mind formed by original observation and reflection will always secure an attentive ear, for we seem to be brought in closer contact with truth and reality by such means. It is under some such impression that recent tendencies are strongly set in the direction of remedying the defects of old methods of training by advancing new plans that are more practical. Whatever may be the issue of these experiments, it is a clearly recognized fact that the leading achievements of the modern mind have been almost wholly due to the persistent study of *things* by the inductive methods of modern science, establishing truth on an empirical basis of fact. The scientist in his laboratory is continually occupied with *things*, and throughout his observations and experiments he is necessarily more or less occupied with certain forms of *handicraft* in forming the necessary appliance for his investigations—often manifesting consummate ingenuity in devising the requisite aids and instru-

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ments. Thus the hands and senses being constantly engaged in unison with thought and reflection, there is manifested a peculiarly vigorous exercise of faculty that stands in marked contrast with some of the old methods of deductive speculation. This employment of the senses in unison with thought, and a more strict adhesion to fact as a basis for theory, is the true safeguard against *à priori* tendencies in abstract speculation that have occasioned a marked reaction in the modern mind. It is a curious fact that the better order of speculative thought is often associated with some enforced occupation that engaged the senses of the greatest philosophers—as in the case of Spinoza, whose mornings were devoted to grinding lenses as a means of subsistence, while his afternoons were given to philosophical studies, resulting in his two little volumes which have moved the world. It would be of interest to know the precise relation that the remarkable clearness and precision of the philosopher's thought bore to his manual tasks. From excessive introspective tendencies, or a habit of abstraction, the mind appears to lose its hold on outward things; eventually, if the habit be carried to excess, the exterior world stands related to the mind only as expressed in terms of thought. Outward observation has then become so enfeebled or distorted as to be practically worthless; the avenues of sense being dulled by disuse, they fail to report things as in themselves they really are, for the faculty of original observation is as surely impaired by this means as are the muscular functions from lack of exercise. The origin of thought is in *things*, and it needs no argument to prove that if there were no senses there would be no thought, no activity of mind whatever; for it is through the avenues of sense that the brain is made active—at least all initial impulses are by that means—and when the mind ceases to gather fresh stimulus through original observation, temperamental bias will usurp its place until the rays of truth no longer can struggle through the haze, when it becomes necessary to return again to the original sources of knowledge in order to be rid of the empty and profitless abstractions that have foisted mere air-castles on the mind. Terms and mental imagery having become a substitute for objective realities, the world of sense eventually disappears altogether—to all practical purposes, so far as any shrewd outward observation is concerned—and there is called up in the mind, by association of ideas, a mere ghostly mirage, without substance or reality—the haunt of pale spectres of truth. As a mere matter of mental discipline, therefore, it may be regarded as profitable to cultivate some kind of manual craft, as did the Jews of old; not necessarily as a means of livelihood, but in order to develop skill and observation. The tendencies of reform are strongly set in this direction in the common-schools, and it cannot be doubted that a corresponding benefit will ensue; for the sphere of handicraft, when raised to its true dignity by bringing to it the educated mind, will then again become honorable and distinguished. A misdirected education—especially in a common-school system—may foster a spirit of discontent with these worthy forms of labor by inadvertently emphasizing the merely superficial attractions of professional or business pursuits, for which there may be no natural aptitude on the part of the pupil through heredity or previous condition of circumstance. When it is again recognized that there is equal dignity in all forms of ingenious labor that engage the formative faculties or develop skill, then handicraft will recover its lost prestige, and it will be found to be, as in the past—as shown in the case of Palissy and Cellini—a means for disciplining the mind and character, opening a path to honorable fame. If the present revival of handicraft, extending as it is with great rapidity, should so multiply the channels for skilled labor as to convert the higher class of "operatives" into *craftsmen*, it cannot fail to be a blessing by its rendering a life of toil more happy and contented. Of course, it can only affect the more intelligent, the capable, who are naturally apt and skilful; for it is a matter of personal enterprise or individual qualification. Neither of the means upon which the hopes of many now rest—no mere legislation, or labor-unions—can transform

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an "operative" into an artisan, or convert muscle into skill. This must be effected by individual effort and personal improvement of faculty; but it is a great gain when it is known that the opportunities for self-improvement are close at hand in this revival of handicraft; hope then revives, and the day of contentment seems less distant. It is a rightful aim to seek happiness in work, to find some kind of occupation the reward of which is not wholly gauged by pecuniary profit; the ambition to excel in some form of skill manifesting power is a worthier aim than that of accumulating money. But in order to secure happiness in work one must find an occupation that is suited to the temperament, and this is not discovered by shifting about, trying this and that, but by starting right in obeying the promptings of early instinct. If there be a strong liking for any special class of work, uniting the will and desires on some one object, it is rarely that obstacles can prevent the attainment of a reasonable ambition, unless the will is weak, and in nature there seems to be a sure economy that withholds the will where there is no capacity for achievement. But when the purpose is strong, and, as Solomon said, when a man is diligent in his business, he will rise above all obstacles and mean stations by force of merit, and stand upon his feet in the presence of his peers. It is an instinct of the will to compel diligence as the ground of success. Of talent one can know nothing respecting its merit until by diligence the dormant capacities are brought to light; then it is as much a surprise for the individual concerned as for the world at large. In time of peace, when the propensities slumber through enforced idleness, one can know nothing of the capacities that shine forth in the successful soldier who rises to his place in time of war. So is it with all capacities—there must be occasion and opportunity to call them forth. Even of genius, which is a higher order of capacity than talent, a philosopher has said that it is simply "an inordinate capacity for taking pains;" though this is not an adequate definition, nevertheless it properly emphasizes the practical side. But whatever be the order of capacity there is a niche awaiting it, if there be wit to find it; and the surest means is by determining what are the strongest affections, dispositions, and the like; by following that cue it will be found to be the surest guide to success. Better let the vocation choose the man, than think that any random choice is possible when special aptitudes are all bent in one direction. They who are successful usually owe it to their good sense that they began their vocations in the conditions in which they were placed by natural antecedents, for it is quite certain that the instinct of destiny has determined the starting-point with some care and not by any so-called accident of birth. Then it is discovered that the initial capacities are all adapted to the situation, and the individual rises by regular and progressive steps that insure a permanence to success. The startling way in which some people tumble down from story to story in the world's tenement is due to the fact that they never properly observed the steps or stairs in going up, but venturing to climb in through the windows or down the chimney, and groping about, blindly, without knowledge of the premises or title of proprietorship, they "fell through." It is a common experience, and always to be expected where merit is not the sole ground of success.

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COMPENSATION.

By Graham R. Tomson.

If Joy and Perfectness have crowned a day,
  Alas! we say, this gracious day is done,
  The gods will never send us such an one
Again, however we may strive and pray.
But if in woe that knoweth no allay
  Full slow the anguish-harrowed hours have run
  Our hearts grow lighter with the setting sun,
For then we feel that all hours pass away.

Now some are bound to Life with golden bands,
  And Life to these is passing sweet and dear;
  They fain would linger in each lovely year
And shun the pilgrimage to unknown lands.
  But souls that sorrow know not any fear
When Death draws nigh with healing in his hands.

REALISM AND THE ART OF FICTION.

By Arlo Bates.

I.

So much has been said, and some of it, on the whole, so well said, concerning the relation of realism to fiction, that it requires not a little hardihood again to take up a theme so well worn. Yet so vague and confused are the general ideas upon the subject that even Colonel Ingram's double might well find his famous excuse insufficient to support a refusal to add his ideas, did he have any, to the still scanty understanding of the matter. There is much talk of the "realistic school" nowadays, but seldom any very definite comprehension of what that phrase does or should mean; and the value of further discussion must lie in its making clear and exact opinions now hazy. The direction of the intellectual currents of an age is not to be altered by argument; but there is satisfaction, and even profit, in learning whither we are tending, and in the endeavor to measure the ultimate value of prevailing notions by such permanent standards as one is able to fix upon.

II.

At the outset of any study of theories or principles one is met by the difficulty of definition. Indeed, when once a definition is satisfactorily fixed upon, the whole matter may generally be regarded as settled; and could we at the outset of the present inquiry adequately and without challenge define realism and art, we should find all else self-obvious inference, and might contentedly end where we began. There are certain authors and certain books which are generally conceded to be "realistic," in the technical sense of that word. In

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virtue of what essential qualities they are so is by no means well established. Working by elimination, it is indeed possible to arrive at some conclusions, but often the points which seem most clearly substantiated are liable to be disproved by the same process which established them. It is popularly assumed, for instance, that one marked characteristic of realism is absolute, literal fidelity of description; and yet the realists decline to consider Daudet a member of their sacred band, although he not only can be, but in books like "Numa Roumestan" is, as literal as Zola. In the case of Balzac they are forced to the rather uncomfortable device of considering him as only in his dull pages inspired by the spirit of truth, of which they yet hail him as an early, if paradoxical, prophet.

One soon discovers that it is rather unsatisfactory work attempting to get at the truth from examples, and in any case it seems better to be bold and to attempt at once the formulating of whatever general principles may seem to underlie the whole question. If these can but be discovered, it cannot be difficult from them to deduce the secondary and the particular. Such an inquiry, it is true, leads far back. It is necessary to consider nothing less than the *raison d'être* of all art, since this must serve as the foundation for the laws of any province of art. The question is an old and an elusive one; but it is, too, one of intense interest, in which even he who falls short of complete understanding can yet hardly fail of securing some grains of the genuine and pure gold of truth.

III.

The definitions of art have been well-nigh innumerable. Indeed, they are so numerous and they represent so many shades of opinion that to accept any single one may, in the present case, seem almost like begging the whole question. In the belief that it can be satisfactorily supported, however, let us take the phrase of Eugène Véron. "Art," he has said, "is the manifestation of emotion obtaining external interpretation." Herein seems to me to lie the core and the essence of the whole matter. Ethical considerations aside, the only good in life is emotion. Wealth, culture, learning, friendship, even love itself, are all valued ultimately only as they arouse in the human breast those subtile experiences of which the analysis baffles the physiologist completely, and with which even the psychologist is able to deal only in so far as he may by comparison and inference make them their own measure. It is for emotion that man lives, so far as he does not exist from simple inertia of being. Art is pre-eminent among human attainments because it alone exists solely to arouse and to sustain this final human purpose. The man of learning, of culture, of facility, phrases and sets forth the history and the facts of life; the artist voices and, in turn, appeals to the inner sense for which exists emotion alone, all else being of this supreme faculty the mere accident.

Had it not so recently and so conclusively been proved that no such thing as genius exists, it might at this point be remarked, in passing, that herein does genius differ from talent. Talent touches the intellect; genius speaks to the highest thing in man, the imagination, wherein lie all the possibilities of æsthetic emotion. The one we may admire; the other we feel. Talent gives to man a ladder by which to climb to measurable heights; genius takes him upon mighty wings and soars with him into the illimitable empyrean.

It is, then, necessary in discussing art-methods to insist that appeal shall be made to the emotion through the imagination, and to consider in what way the imagination is most surely to be reached. The artist who addresses himself to the intellect alone, no matter by what clever sophistries he may defend his work, is manifestly confining himself to the lower range of his functions. The possibility of awakening emotion through the understanding cannot, of course, be denied, yet there can be no question that far more surely and far more keenly are the sensibilities aroused through the imagination. Too obvious to need argument, moreover, is the fact that it is by dealing with the deeper and more poignant thoughts and

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situations of human experience that the artist best accomplishes his legitimate object. It is this that Emerson must have had in mind when he wrote, "The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain." This is by no means to be understood as signifying that art deals with the sensational, or even necessarily with the outwardly striking; it does mean that art has chiefly to do with the emotionally intense and significant. Millet painted the most commonplace of peasants, yet he did it so emotionally, so ideally, so burningly, that the critic could say of his "Sower" that it was revolutionary. It is the men who have chosen themes for their emotional significance who have moved the world. Much of the confusion which arises in discussing these æsthetic questions springs from the fatal error of forgetting that the ultimate judgment of a work of art can no more be arrived at on the strictly intellectual plane than can the conclusions of science be gauged upon the purely emotional.

It must next be considered that whatever thought or feeling passes from man to man must have its language. Every art, like every people, must have its own speech. Art has no mission to imitate nature—a task with which science and mechanics may concern themselves at pleasure; yet in most arts some species of imitation is the language which serves to embody and to convey the intention of the artist. "Painting which produces an illusion of reality," observes Alfred Stevens, "is an artistic lie." The reason is obvious—such painting would mean no more than the reality it duplicated. "The mission of art," said William M. Hunt, "is to represent nature, not to imitate her;" and he might have added that it pictures nature, not for the sake of nature, but for the sake of the emotions which are aroused by the message of which such representation is the vehicle. If one more quotation may be pardoned, the words of Fromentin may be added: "It would be idle to be a lofty spirit and a grand painter if one did not put into his work something which the reality has not. It is in this that man is more intelligent than the sun, and I thank God for it."

Too much stress can hardly be laid upon the fact that it is to the imagination that art directly appeals. Imagination is that paradoxical power by which the mind receives as real what it yet knows to be fictitious. It would, perhaps, be more exact to say that, for the sake of arriving at the inner significance of a work, the mind assumes the reality of the language employed, accepting this fictitious reality as an hypothesis from which to reach the intended conclusions. To produce genuine pain and joy in the personal sense in which they are caused by actual experience is manifestly not the aim of art. In cases where events have so strongly impressed a person that he cannot hold his æsthetic sensations separate from his personal feelings, he is unable to appreciate the production of the artist. Æsthetic feeling is that emotion which the imagination receives as genuine while the reason yet knows it to be artificial. Did we really hold art as true, who could find enjoyment in a tragedy? Did we not assume it to be real, who would be moved?

Diderot, in "The Paradox of Acting," comments upon the fact that the tears raised by a tragedy in real life and those caused by a touching narrative are very different, as if this were a limitation and indicated an inferiority on the part of art. In truth, it is herein that lies its superiority. Reality reaches the emotions through the passions; art, through the imagination. The latter involves the voluntary surrender of the mind to a fictitious interest, an experience which is valuable because it arouses that sentiment wherein lies all the savor of life.

Art, then, is the employment of conventions to arouse æsthetic emotions. Art which concerns itself with mere imitation loses sight of this fundamental principle and becomes a simple exercise in language, whether it deal with form, sound, color, or word.

IV.

Having thus glanced, albeit inadequately enough, at the whole field of art, we come now in our inquiry more

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particularly to literature. Here we have simply to apply to the specific the principles which belong to the general; to repeat of literature, as of all art, that its purpose is to touch the æsthetic sensibilities.

We are at once exposed to the danger of confusion which arises from the conventions which form the language of this art. The musician, of all artists, is most nearly freed from the necessity of using conventions which, by association and use, are encumbered with empirical meanings; while the writer most of all is hampered by this difficulty. The poet is forced to make definite statements, to give tangible descriptions; the novelist has still to reproduce in set phrases the affairs and events of life. Constantly is each exposed to the pressing danger that the reader will receive the obvious meaning, which is the accident, and overlook the inner significance, which is the essential, and in virtue of which the work is art. How to overcome this difficulty is the most serious problem which confronts the novelist, and the success with which he solves it will, more than all else, determine the ultimate value of his work.

And this brings us face to face with that school of literature which it is customary to call realistic, and forces us at once to join issue with it. The artistic writer—for this word seems more truly applicable than the common and obvious terms "romantic" and "idealist"—never objects to the exact reproduction of nature, provided only that this be understood to be a means and not an end. The message of art he believes to be worthy of the most finished language. He believes thoroughly in having its conventions as perfect as possible, and he is keenly alive, moreover, to the delight to be found in technical excellence. He believes, in a word, that the more realistic a writer is the better, so long as he looks at his subject emotionally. This seems to me to contain the pith of the whole discussion. So long as is kept in sight the fact that the motive is emotion the workmanship cannot be too good. The realistic school, if it means anything different from this, is at direct variance with the fundamental principles of all art, and takes itself into the realm of what should, perhaps, be called scientific or philosophical writing.

It is very difficult to find a full and satisfactory definition of realism, given by a professed follower of the doctrine. The school has declared its principles, and at the same time betrayed its weakness, chiefly by claiming various writers; and the authors it has chosen are so fundamentally dissimilar in their methods that it is impossible that some of them should not be considered as far from being realists as Tupper is from being a poet. No man can read "On the Eve," or "Fathers and Sons," and then candidly deny that, however careful and faithful the details, emotion and passion are the author's first care; yet there have been those who have spoken of Tourguéneff as a realist. The *reductio ad absurdum* is easily reached by adding to the list of realists the name of Jean François Millet in a different branch of art. Count Tolstoï, it is to be presumed, has proved quite too much even for those most eager to enroll the brilliant Russian novelists of our day under the banner of realism, and the French Zola remains, perhaps, the most striking of foreign exemplars of the school.

Simply because no Frenchman is able to feel himself fully sincere in fiction unless he is indelicate, and because Zola is at once eminently sincere and boastfully realistic, it has sometimes been held that realism is necessarily unclean. So egregious a misconception may, of course, be passed over without argument. We may also waive at this point the obvious facts that part of Zola's repute has been prurient notoriety and part gained by the qualities he disclaims and disapproves. It is his place and his methods as a realist which concern us here; and, practically, his method is to attempt the telling of the truth and the whole truth, yet nothing but the truth as it is perceived by the outer eye. He seems to take the position that we really know nothing except what we see with the physical sight, of course intelligently and keenly used, and that, therefore, the novelist has no concern with surmises, conjectures, and deductions dealing with an inner world which may, after all, be purely visionary. Zola's fiction is, theoretically, a

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branch of natural history, and a novel merely a more or less entertaining volume on ethnology. He has carried to their logical conclusions principles which Balzac held paradoxically with others absolutely incompatible; which Flaubert followed with a cynicism so cold-blooded that it would have rendered untrue the most exact and exhaustive treatise upon batrachians or ophidians, since even science, which at least differs from art in rejecting the intuitive, were helpless without imagination. The weakness of the position of Zola is evident. If art is not other than science, it is at best superfluous; if it is not more far-reaching, mankind has cherished a false ideal from the earliest dawn of civilization. Science has no desire to appeal to man's emotional nature; and, equally, art has no excuse for existence if it awakens no response save from the reason. If it be claimed that Zola's art may be exactly what he designs to make it, and yet reach the emotion, it is to be answered that it can do this only in the same sense as does the reality, and it has already been shown that it is not with personal, but with æsthetic, emotion that the artist has to reckon, and this is aroused only by the means of the quickening of the imagination. It is the artistic condemnation of the novel that really is written when it is commended because in reading it one feels that he has witnessed the career of a man as he "might have witnessed it in the world and not in a book."

Those who hold to the artistic school believe that the novelist should be of sufficient enlightenment to teach us truths which ordinary mortals could not themselves discover, however painfully they trained their powers of observation. The homely traits of vulgar persons, the *argot* of Paris slums, the outward characteristics of any place or people, are within the reach of any searcher; but the artist is not alone to be the observer, he must also be the seer. It is his mission to show from what hidden, inner courses arise these outer effects. Every human being may have within himself possibilities which will make him capable of recognizing the truth of all that the inspired artist exhibits; but only those rarely and specially gifted men who are endowed with an inner clairvoyance which it has been agreed to call genius possess the power of understanding, untaught, themselves and their fellows. It is one thing to acknowledge a verity when it is brought home to us, and quite another originally to perceive it through whatever obscurity. The realist takes the only position tenable for him when he denies the existence of genius, since to acknowledge such a quality would be to sweep away, at once and forever, the entire claims of the realistic school. No wonder that Henry James says of realism that "it was a good fortune for a charming story-teller to have come a little before it."

V.

The difference between realism and idealism, looked at from one point of view, is merely that of selection. No novelist can set down everything which would occur in a given life; and from all that goes to make up mortal existence, what shall be chosen? The realist would perhaps say, "The average;" the idealist certainly would answer, "The significant;" or if the former accepted the reply of the latter, the application would in one case be to the outer, and in the other to the inner, life—the result in practice being that the realist, once more to appropriate a happy phrase from Mr. James, contents himself with "the mere dead rattle that rises forever from the surface of life." Realism, in a word, concerns itself with how human nature appears; art, with what it is. It is the accidental *versus* the essential.

The novelist has really little to do but to suppress those facts and details which do not directly bear upon the point which he wishes to bring out; but this very suppression is regarded by the realist as an exaggeration, and as such is hateful to him. He strives for the confusion, the obscurity, the dull sense of baffled vision, which meet us in real life, and he ignores the fact that even in observing life we select and examine events and sequences of cause and effect by isolating them in the mind. The realists seem to have persuaded themselves that they are doing in fiction what the Dutch

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masters did in painting. It is as if one, perceiving the great cleverness and fidelity with which details are rendered in the Dutch paintings, should ignore the fact that it is not for these things, but for the portrayal of light and of color, that the pictures exist. When Teniers or Jan Steen paints the shop of a butcher, or a scene of vulgar debauchery in a tavern where drunken clowns assemble, he renders everything with a literalness which would be dry and brutal realism alone; but these masters never lost sight of the fact that the intricate delicacies of light and of color were the language in which they were speaking, and that their art was an appeal to the imagination. The man who sees in the Dutch school, with its subtile and suggestive gradations of values and of tone, its delights of atmosphere, dusky or golden-tinted, of transparent mists, of lucent shadows, only the force of outer veracity, had better go and join himself to Peter Bell, and the strong bonds of mutual sentiment ought closely to unite the two realists!

I have spoken already of the relation between art and emotion. It remains to note that realism rejects æsthetic emotion, the product of the imagination, and easily enough perceives that the emotion of the passions—the phrase being meant to stand for those selfish and practically effective feelings which are aroused by real events—cannot be produced by a confessed fiction. It therefore is forced to take the position that to call the production of an emotion an essential in art is a fallacy. It makes its appeal to the reason, and rests content with that Philistine approval.

VI.

Another point is to be noted. The aim of art is not the expression of truth so much as the impression of truth. That work which, by whatever means, seems most true to the imagination best fulfils its art-purpose. It must not, by the very energy of its efforts to compass truth, draw attention to its necessary shortcomings. A colored statue may be more nearly true to life than one of unstained marble, but the very closeness of the resemblance forces attention to the lack of movement and of life. As Eastlake has said, it is the imagination, not the senses, that is to be cheated. It is a case in which art protests too much by half.

For the production of the impression of truth, moreover, distortion is always necessary. To act, move, speak on the stage, as one would talk and walk in real life would produce no illusion. The photographs of the horse in motion affect the imagination as pitiful and ludicrous lies. It is necessary to exaggerate to produce the effect of reality; to be inexact in order to seem true.

The observer is always unconsciously affected by the conditions of art; he instinctively allows for the conventions which serve as its language, and the realistic novel, making no allowance for this fact, produces in the end an impression inevitably false, because of the very care taken to render it true.

The aim of art being the effect of truth, it follows that all may be forgiven the artist so long as the imagination of the persons addressed is not offended by the falsity inherent in the conventions employed. We are accustomed to assume that the public to which the artists of the Renaissance addressed themselves were ignorantly blind to the anachronisms with which the works of the masters of that period abound. The assumption is manifestly absurd. The educated patrons of Titian, Raphael, and their contemporaries, were as well aware as are critics to-day that men in biblical times did not wear the Italian dress of the sixteenth century. They were so keenly alive, however, to the deeper intention of the painter that historical inaccuracy did not trouble them. They regarded not so much the language as the message it carried, the motive of the work. With imaginations alert to receive the art-thought embodied by genius, they were quickened and elevated where a realist, carping at the form, would simply have been critically offended. The same thing is to be seen very markedly in the Elizabethan drama. The brilliant coterie of learned wits who led opinion at the court of the acrid virgin queen were not blind through dulness, but through æsthetic indiffer-

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ence to the absurdities of geography, history, costume, and speech, over which wiseacres gravely shake their heads nowadays whenever Shakespeare's plays come under their pedantic notice. These things they rightly regarded as accidents; and the fact that the Italians and the Englishmen of the sixteenth century found in art a meaning so important and so absorbing as to render them indifferent to the exactness of details should at least show the realist that upon him is forced the necessity of declaring that the art-criterions of that most fruitful of modern periods were false and futile, or of acknowledging that there are standards higher than that of slavish fidelity in trifles. In the same spirit we may question if the Apollo Belvedere would be improved by being reduced to correct human proportions, and whether the Parthenon would be nobler if, instead of being made by such devices as *entasis* and the inclination of its corner pillars to look geometrically correct, it had been made mathematically exact and appeared out of drawing.

An anecdote told of the French actor, Got, illustrates the same point, and is well worth repeating. When he was rehearsing the part of *Triboulet*, which he was shortly to create in Victor Hugo's tragedy, "Le Roi s'amuse," he was asked how large, in making up for the stage, he should have the deformity of the hump-backed character. "I shall simply elevate my shoulders," he answered, "in those scenes where I wish to call attention to the fact that *Triboulet* is hump-backed. The hump is not essential to the rôle. There are scenes where this hump ought to be forgotten by the public, and where it would obstruct the effect. If I made it part of my dress, I should be forced to keep it always the same; but if I have merely the appearance of a hump, I shall be able to make it disappear in those passages where *Triboulet* ought to be simply terrible and pathetic."

"Got," comments M. Sarcey, after relating this story, "as a great philosopher of art, subordinated the vulgar reality to poetic truth; he felt the necessity of translating for the eyes the idea of the poet, and he understood that to throw across it the image of a deformity was to disconcert the sight and the imagination of the spectators."

No two arts are to be too closely paralleled, yet each illustrates the others. There are essential differences, of course, between the novel and the drama; but the important principle that there is something more essential than the presentation of literal truth is common to them, because it is a fundamental condition of all art.

VII.

But even were all that has been claimed granted, the realists have still a mighty argument. Our age, they say, will not endure falsification even for the effect of truth. The idealist might ask who has made the generation thus wise in the secrets of art-craft; but he contents himself by allowing that the statement is most lamentably true. It is the age of Bunker Hill monument, in all its veracious ugliness; not of Cleopatra's needles, with their delicious melting curves which beguile the eye into believing them straight lines. However much worse it may be held to be for the age, the artist must certainly reckon with the conditions that exist; and undoubtedly there is a generation, albeit a froward one, that clings to the worship of literalism as men have been joined to the service of idols many a time before.

It is, in the first place, an age in which exists a mighty spirit of doubt and of negation, and such a period is slow to trust itself to any guide save cold-blooded veracity. A decadence in faith means always a decline in art; and, wide of the mark as the statement may at first appear, it is the doubt of the age which is responsible, however remotely, for the realism of to-day. When scepticism revolts against believing in the unknowable, there springs up always a pseudo-art which ignores or repudiates the unknown. Idealism presupposes unphrasable and indescribable emotions, which it may arouse, but not define. Realism, adapting itself to that state of unbelief which will not be troubled or concerned with what

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cannot be made tangible, devotes its entire attention to what it is pleased to call realities because they are within the cognizance of the five senses by means of which man perceives the cruder manifestations of the eternal verities. It is the natural product of a bleak and unbelieving time; and although it takes to itself whatever honor should belong to that which leads, in reality it only follows, and follows blindly. In fact, it is far behind; for already the reaction from agnostic negation has begun, and in a thousand ways, some of them vague and fantastic enough, the longing human need of faith is reasserting itself.

This, however, while it may explain, does not by any means justify, the position of the realist. That the court of Charles the Second was unspeakably corrupt makes it evident enough why the comedy of the Restoration can hardly be read to-day; but what apologist would claim that, since the times were filthy, it was justifiable for art to devote itself to being filthy also. That a large part of mankind is to-day materialistic or agnostic explains how the artist is tempted to become realistic and negative also; but is the fact a sufficient excuse as well that he should violate the essential laws of art? The stronger the perversion of popular taste, the greater the need of strenuous efforts to correct it. In times of peace one might be forgiven some laxity of patriotism; in war the indifferent man is an enemy almost worse than the avowed rebel. Shall literature not only be robbed of all its claims to nobility of purpose, but must its spoilers also cry aloud its shame in the market-place, endeavoring to cover the dishonor of their treachery by specious pretence? Better a hundred-fold the nobility of aim of the idealist, though it were proved the most baseless delusion ever cherished by blind enthusiast, than the empty and artistically degraded theories of the realist!

The realist is the minister of the age in its own artistic debasement; he panders to a spirit which is the most absolute Philistinism, and which can have no other issue, should it be able to work on to its logical end, than the absolute subversion and extinction of fiction as an art altogether.

Mr. Howells, in what seem strangely self-contradictory terms, has introduced into his "Editor's Study" a noticeable passage, of which the core seems to be the same idea. "When realism," he writes, "becomes false to itself, when it heaps up facts merely, and maps life instead of picturing it, realism will perish." These words would seem, if they stood alone, a concession of all that the most exacting idealist could ask, especially as the writer goes on to add: "Every true realist knows this instinctively, and it is, perhaps, the reason why he is careful of every fact, and feels himself bound to express or to indicate its meaning at the risk of overmoralizing." This last sentence is remarkable, because it contains the important statement that the true realist must express or indicate the meaning of each fact that he chronicles; but it is impossible to doubt that, as a realist, Mr. Howells means the scientific and—he might, perhaps, say the moral—not the emotional significance. Another sentence of this rather remarkable paragraph may be quoted here, although it does not exactly fit into the sequence of ideas. "In life," Mr. Howells observes, "he [the realist] finds nothing insignificant; all tells for destiny and character; nothing that God has made is contemptible. He cannot look upon human life and declare this thing or that thing unworthy of notice, any more than the scientist can declare a fact of the material world beneath the dignity of his inquiry. He feels in every nerve the equality of things and the unity of men; his soul is exalted, not by vain shows and shadows and ideals, but by realities in which alone the truth lies" [May, 1886].

"Realities in which alone the truth lies;" if the realist perceives the fact that in realities lies something beyond and above them, and that the object of art is to present this truth, for the sake of which it concerns itself with what the senses feel to be actualities, he is not a realist at all in the technical sense of the word. The idealist it is who most earnestly and consistently insists that nothing in life is beneath the notice of art, but he adds that all shall be regarded and presented artistically, sig-

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nificantly. The followers of the ideal or artistic method, however, are no more likely than a trained scientist to fall into the gigantic and irremediable error of regarding all things as of equal importance. "The equality of things" is a phrase in which is strikingly apparent the inherent weakness of realism. Certainly not from experience, not from reason, not from any examination of the principles of art, not, indeed, from any source save his own baseless theories, has the realist obtained the idea that all things are of equal importance in fiction; yet there is no tenet of its creed which in practice realism follows more slavishly. It has even, for the most part, gone beyond its own theory, and concerned itself chiefly with proving that the trifling things were equal to the most momentous experiences, being apparently convinced that the greater were able to take care of themselves.

VIII.

To return to the claim that the age will listen and give heed only to realism, there is at least sufficient evidence that the spirit of the time is not so powerful as to make it impossible for the writer of fiction to rise above it. The "Return of the Native," that novel of sufficient artistic merit to give distinction to the fiction of a generation, may serve as one modern instance; "Lorna Doone," with its warmly romantic heroism; "Guerndale," book of splendidly imaginative possibilities; "The Midge," tender as a wind-flower blown in a New England spring; "Ramona," in which even the obtrusively prominent philanthropy cannot smother the genuine passion; "Prince Otto," delicious idyl of royalty; "The Grandissimes," for the value of which there is no measure, unless we say it is worth the life of a score of men, with no mean number of other novels which will occur to every reader of fiction—show how possible still is artistic creation, despite whatever lack of favorable conditions. That the works of the idealist will be awarded a hearing is no less shown by facts. None of the books just mentioned has lacked for recognition, not only deep, but wide. "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," that live coal from the altar of genius, was given to the world nearly thirty years ago; it is only to-day, when realism vaunteth itself in the streets, that this book has come to be widely appreciated and that new editions have been eagerly received on both sides of the Atlantic. How warmly have been welcomed, too, the recently issued translations of "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," and other of Balzac's tales in which even the realists are constrained to recognize—and, of course, to lament—the presence of emotion and romance. One easily recalls, also, the immense success of "Mr. Isaacs," which certainly had little to recommend it save that it was a protest and a reaction against realism; of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," least meritorious of the fictions of one of the greatest of living English writers, yet informed by a fancy so lofty as almost to reach to the heights of imagination; and of the popularity of even such sensational and rubbishy fantasies as "King Solomon's Mines" and "She." Realism has insisted so incessantly upon the need of being absolutely truthful that nothing short of the impossibility of its fulfilling its own demands could save it from becoming infinitely tedious, and the reaction from its tiresome restraint has carried readers even to extremes that might seem absurd. It is to art that humanity turns to be delivered from the self it would not be. Confronted with failures, shams, disappointments, and with that worst of earthly disillusions, the vision of self, it is for a promise of higher possibilities, for the assurance that better things lie within the limits of human achievement, that man turns eagerly to art. Hence it is that works which portray noble emotions, which prove the truth of strenuous ideals, can never fail of reaching humanity or of touching it deeply.

It has somewhere been said that "it remained for realism to assert that fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature." As a matter of fact, the most that realism can claim to have done is to have formulated the obvious truth, already tacitly observed in the practice of the most

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romantic of writers of note, that we live in an age which is acute in detecting faults of technique and not imaginative enough to overlook them. The entire grounds for objecting to realism might not unfairly be summed up in the charge that it is not imaginative literature at all. It is worth while to compare this statement with the remark of Henry James, apropos of "Madame Bovary," "that here the theory seems to have been invented after the fact." This is, in a manner, the whole secret. It surely can hardly be claimed that, until modern realism was shaped by Gustave Flaubert, the principle "that fidelity to experience and probability of motive are essential conditions of a great imaginative literature" was unknown. With Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Fielding, Thackeray, Goldsmith, and a host of others on our library-shelves, such a position is palpably absurd. It is only true that it remained for realism, having lost the practice of this principle, to endeavor to hide the fact by the more strenuously insisting upon it in theory. The age brought it forth and endowed it with a self-consciousness in virtue of which it quickly found itself naked and ashamed; and the garment of fig-leaves which it has woven is the theory by which it excuses its existence.

That the popularity and the influence of the modern realistic school are generally both somewhat over-estimated seems true, yet there are obvious reasons why it is to be expected that the error should be widely received. Uncultivated and unimaginative people find a simple and innocent pleasure in the recognition of the objects which an artist has made the language of his thought, and in detecting in them any sort of familiarity. Who has not at art-exhibitions seen the guilelessly silly women who eagerly point out one thing after another with the pathetically naïve exclamations: "See, there is a cow!" "Why, that is Bunscome's barn!" "Oh, do look! If here isn't the Public Garden!" It is to precisely this feeling, natural enough, but surely not artistically appreciative, that so-called realism chiefly appeals. It pleases the sluggish mind of the intellectual bourgeoisie to discover embalmed in print trifles which are obvious enough to be familiar to even their understanding, and small enough to come within the limits of their comprehension. It gratifies their childish vanity with all the sense of original discovery to find in the pages of a novel precisely the words a next-door neighbor said this morning. The words may have no especial significance, no beauty, no relevancy, but these worthy people know what they are and feel the rare joy of appreciation—a bliss which, in imaginative literature, would be utterly denied them; an emotion so shallow and so absolutely unæsthetic as to be as far beneath the dignity of art as the joy of an idiot over a bunch of windlestraws. "Small beer for small souls" would be a not inappropriate motto for these catalogues of commonplace nothings, recorded with painful minuteness.

IX.

One never gets very far in any minute discussion of realism without coming upon the question of plot. It is one of the whims of certain representatives of the school to insist that all stories have been told; but in reply it is surely competent to rejoin that every tale is like a sphere, in that it may be looked at from an infinite number of points, and that it is the writer's way of treatment which determines the value of a work of fiction now, as it did in the beginning. Indeed, the novelist of to-day has over his literary predecessors a definite advantage in the fact that the stories have been all told, since attention is now so much the less likely to be caught and absorbed by mere situations, by mere effective incidents, by the accidents of the novel; and there is, therefore, the better opportunity for the essential, the impress of the master's hand, to attract and to hold the attention of which it alone is worthy. Had marble figures been unknown before the days of Phidias, simple amazement and curiosity at the fact that of stone he had fashioned the likeness of a man would have obscured the beauty and worth of his work, so that its true artistic message might not have been perceived. The sculptor who desired to appeal only to the lower qualities of as-

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tonishment and curiosity might regret that he was not the first to devise the use of the conventions of his art; and, in the same way, the novelist who addresses himself but to the surprise and to the superficial interest of his readers will have cause to lament that to him it is not given first to introduce his fellows to a novel tale. The true artist can afford to smile at such considerations, since he aims to touch higher faculties, and to impress rather by the way in which he does it than by what he does.

It is, of course, to something higher than to mere mechanical methods that this truth extends. Simple excellence of workmanship does, in and for itself, exert a certain influence upon the imagination by begetting pure sensuous pleasure; but the deeper intent of the artist, the means by which he speaks to the imagination, the emotions which it is his purpose to arouse, constitute the higher forms of his method, and in them lies the true essence of original genius. These things are developed rather than in any exact sense learned; and when appears a writer in whom show themselves strong powers of impressing upon the clay of human life, endlessly remodelled and reworked, the intents and desires of his mind and emotions, he is the true originator, the genius who gives a new revelation in each work that he produces. The stories may have all been told, but as he tells them they become as fresh as if then for the first time invented and narrated. There is no longer a question of novelty; this is the work of a master, and the work of a master is always new.

X.

A word should be said here, since it has not been said earlier, of the distortion of standards by realism, and its destruction of proportions. The attention of the writer being fixed on trifles, he unconsciously destroys all true values by giving to things unworthy of notice a prominence wholly false. Realism is apt, moreover, to substitute scruples for principles, conventionalities for convictions, and social canons for ethical laws; selecting here, as always, the outward and obvious rather than the inner and unseen. Even when it assumes to deal with great moral issues, it is usually quibbling in the most pitiably trivial fashion. The ethical principles with which it deals must be small enough to fit the slides of the microscope, and to the moral law, as interpreted by the senses alone, it is impossible to impart dignity or impressiveness. All great moral issues, moreover, call for heroism, and heroism is too unusual and eccentric for the realist's consideration. As a matter of fact, realism is not true to its own professions because this is impossible; but in so far as it is consistent it can do little more than to concern itself with such laws as obviously govern the surface of life which alone they grasp.

Looking at life, moreover, always intellectually, and never imaginatively, the realistic writer is untrue also in that he stands in an objective mood toward his characters. That we shall understand the true significance of a word or of an act, it is necessary to apprehend the mood of the speaker or doer, and that, too, in the most intimately subjective way. The expression of the first love of an ignorant, uncouth girl may, to one who does not imaginatively share her feelings, appear simply ludicrous; yet, surely, he who enters into the emotions of her heart will perceive that the maidenly shrinking and passion which struggle for expression are as glorious and as sacred as those shown by the sweetly tender murmurings of an Undine or a Hilda. Has realism compared the eternal truth, then, or merely a trivial shadow of passing illusion, when it so perfectly presents the outward form and appearance of such a confession that the inner secret is lost sight of? It is not difficult to make the accidents obscure the essentials, especially since the tendency to do this is the besetting sin of all careless observers of life. The fatal error of regarding the surface as more real than what lies below is common enough; but surely it should be the mission of art rather to correct than to foster this mistake.

XI.

Much might still be said of the faults of realism, but there is little need of

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examining the minor defects of that which is already seen to be false in its essential principles. In the ultimate judgment the whole issue between realism and idealism must be decided upon the relative success of the two methods in reaching the emotion through the imagination. Time has hitherto decided always in favor of art which appeals to human feeling, and it has, for the sake of this supreme quality, forgiven much offence against the human intellect. If there were no other reason for this, it is to be remembered that the understanding removes constantly from point to point; advances, optimists believe; at least, remains fixed nowhere; while the emotions, the sentiment, the passions of mankind are essentially the same from age to age. We outgrow the knowledge of our ancestors, but the passion which their art embodies is our passion. Emotion is the salt of immortality, without which nothing can be preserved; and although the highest and most inspiring form of art is that in which the intellect has rendered the most effective service, it is by the force of the imaginative and the passionate qualities that it is immortal. Given this, it can hardly be made too intellectual, too exact, too realistic; but emotional it must be, first, last, and always.

All that has been said in this paper has been said a hundred times before, in one way and another, and one man—almost a god—has, in half a dozen lines, summed up the whole matter of the difference between the outer vision of realism and the inward perception of idealism. What are the dust and ashes of realism beside the living fire of these sublimely glowing words of William Blake?

"I assert for myself that I do not behold the outward creation; that to me it is hinderance, and not action. 'What!' it will be questioned, 'when the sun rises do you not see a round disk of fire, somewhat like a guinea?' Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty!' I question not my corporeal eye any more than I would question a window. I look through it, not with it."

FATHER ACACIO'S LITTLE GAME.

By Lizzie W. Champney.

FATHER Acacio paced the adobe cloister of Santa Cruz in much tribulation of spirit. The place was a Spanish mission in what we are accustomed to call the wild, new West, forgetting that Franciscan friars converted the Indians here before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The pueblo of Santa Cruz was one of the towns of the building Indians, scattered up and down the yellow Rio Grande, not far from the ancient city of Santa Fé; and Father Acacio was pondering, as he walked, how best to teach his charge the dogmas of his holy religion, while in the east Miles Standish and the men of his ilk were solving the Indian problem in the more popular way—by "first falling upon their own knees, and then falling upon the aborigines."

One of our astute governors of New Mexico sold as wrapping-paper the old Spanish archives, so that little remains but tradition of the work of these early missionaries, beyond the history that certain "Friers of St Francis moued with a zeale of charity, and a desire to saue soules, craued license of the Vice Roy of Nueva Espanna to go to the sayd townes and to endeavour to learne their language to baptize them and to preach the holy Gospel unto them."

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Tradition alone tells how the devoted band who followed the first explorers accomplished their mission, and we cannot vouch for the truth of this little story of Father Acacio; certainly his system was never approved by his superior or his fellow-laborers, and need cast no reflections on them, though a more honest man at heart, or one more zealous for his faith, never trod a mistaken path.

Father Acacio had been greatly aided in this enterprise by his friend the Spanish Governor of New Mexico, Don Juan de ——, who had his own reasons, based in worldly wisdom, for the converting of the savages who filled the pueblos around him. Don Juan had assigned him a large parish and a small chapel, and the good padre's heart had swelled with joy as he saw the fields about him white for the harvest. But now, after laboring for three years, he was obliged, with chagrin, to count his converts on the fingers of one hand; and of these, only little Candelaria, the chief's daughter, could answer a question in the catechism. Now, to complete his mortification, a runner had brought him a letter from the Bishop of Santa Fé, saying that he was about to start on a tour of the churches, confirming postulants, catechising and baptizing converts. He trusted to find at Santa Cruz a goodly number of catechumens as the fruit of Father Acacio's long ministry. The Bishop would begin in June with the lower Rio Grande pueblos, and would reach Santa Cruz about harvest-time. He would be accompanied in this tour by his excellency the Governor, who was eager to see what progress had been made in the Christianizing and civilizing of his Indian subjects. With this letter came a brief, confidential one from the Governor.

He wrote that the good Bishop, sainted be his name, was growing old and feeble, and was hardly sufficient for the place he occupied. The Governor had advised his choosing as a colleague the most successful of the missionaries in the surrounding pueblos, and it was the friendly intention of this letter to advise Father Acacio of the chances before him. The Governor hinted of the probable succession of the colleague to the bishopric, and recalled their old friendship when students at Salamanca. "Ah! my Acacio," he wrote, "what rare games of cards we used to have! There is no one in Santa Fé who has your skill. If I could but play with you once an evening, it would give new zest to life. Display now the astuteness for which you were so remarkable as a youth, and we shall enjoy many a game together when you occupy the highest clerical seat in New Spain." A sunny smile crept around the corners of Padre Acacio's mouth at this reference to their student friendship.

"I was the brighter then," he said to himself, triumphantly. "Ah! how many times I have beaten him at ombre behind the Capilla San Bartolomé. Sacred image del Pilar, but those were blessed days!" Father Acacio's hand sought the folds of his robe and brought from an inner pocket, not a breviary, but a well-thumbed pack of cards. He shuffled them in silence; and seating himself in a shady angle under a heliotrope over ten feet high, where the flaring Mexican sage of the cloister garden would not dazzle his eyes, then and there dealt himself a good hand. Then he replaced the pack, with a sigh, and passed into the church, remembering, as the bell pealed out, that he had set aside this morning for instructing his people in the catechism, and had made an especially eloquent appeal to all present on Sunday, had even sent the altar-boys through the pueblo with the announcement that indulgences would be granted to those who came. The cavernous mud church was quite empty as he entered, and his heart sank within him as he thought that even pretty Candelaria had deserted him. There was nothing for him to do but to wait. He sat down in the rude open confessional, and to pass away the time took out his cards again and began a game of solitaire.

Presently the bell ceased ringing, and he heard footsteps in the organ-loft (so called, though it boasted no organ)—light, skipping footsteps, not to be mistaken for the halting gait of old Isidor, the bell-ringer. Father Acacio had hardly time to hustle his cards into the sleeve of his gown when Candelaria was at his side.

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"Why, child, is it you who have rung the bell?" the priest asked. "Where is Isidor?"

"Where everyone else in the village is," replied the girl; "at the ghost-gamble."

"The ghost-gamble! What, pray, is that?"

"It is a custom we have borrowed from the Northern Indians. When a man dies his property is arranged in bundles; his nearest relative takes the part of the ghost, and all others take their turn in playing with him, with marked plum-seeds, for the bundles."

"Is it a good game?" asked the padre, absent-mindedly. "How do you play it?"

"There are eight plum-seeds; two are black on one side and white on the other, two are marked with spots, two with the heads of buffaloes, two with half-moons. You rattle them in a box and throw them; each combination counts differently, but if you have up the two moons, and a buffalo's head, two plain ones and two black spots, that is best."

"I see," said Father Acacio, "it is a good game; but, Santiago preserve us! this people is entirely given to gambling. They would stake their souls with Satan; and win them from him, too, for they are not stupid at play. If they were only half as bright at learning the catechism! Well, there is one comfort, all the other missionaries have the same material to deal with, and no one of them can have such a promising neophyte as my Candelaria. Come, my child, recite to me the seven deadly sins."

Candelaria's fawn-like eyes assumed a look of mischievous pleading. "If I do not miss any of my seven deadly sins," she said, "nor the six sins against the Holy Ghost, my five sorrowful mysteries, my four sins crying for vengeance, the three evangelical counsels, my two prayers to the Virgin Mary, and the one original sin—"

Unconsciously, while she spoke Father Acacio was counting on his fingers: "Seven-six-five-four-trey-deuce-ace, that makes almost a sequence."

But Candelaria proceeded eagerly: "If I say all these, good Father Acacio, will you teach me the little game you were playing all by yourself just now?"

The worthy father started as though a tarantula had stung him. "What little game?" he asked, almost angrily.

"When I was ringing the bell in the organ-loft," Candelaria replied, humbly, but with gentle insistence, "I thought at first it was your breviary, for there were pictures of the saints. Is it not so? But I saw soon that it was a game, like ours of plum-stones, for you mixed them and counted them so. Ah! let me see the little pictures, good Father Acacio?"

Mechanically the padre took the cards from his sleeve and spread them upon his lap, while Candelaria, kneeling, regarded them with silent admiration. They were cards of the ancient pattern, bearing, instead of hearts, spades, diamonds, and clubs, cups, gold pieces, swords, and cudgels. These devices are still retained on Spanish cards, while other nations have adopted other signs.

Candelaria crossed herself in awe before a particularly ugly queen of swords. "It is the blessed Virgin of Dolors, is it not?" she asked; and he with the club is San Cristofero, and he with the cup San Ignacio, is it not so? And what do all the little pictures signify?"

"The cups," said the padre, "and the money stand for the two theologic virtues, Faith and Charity; the swords and clubs for the two cardinal virtues, Justice and Fortitude."

So far the father spoke truly, for this was the accepted derivation of these symbols; but when Candelaria clapped her hands in glee and exclaimed, "I perceive! I see! it is a little game to teach the catechism—is it not so?" then Satan entered into the priest (or was it, rather, an inspiration from his patron saint?) and he replied, "Yes, Candelaria, one may learn the whole way of blessedness from these little pictures. We will call them the 'Joyful Mysteries,' and, if you are very diligent, I will teach them to you." An old Dominican jingle, or numerical catechism, came to his mind, and laying the cards out in regular sequence he caused her to repeat after him:

"Dic mihi quid sit unus? Unus est verus Deus qui in cœlis regnat.

"Duo? Duæ sunt Moysis tabulæ.

"Tres? Patriarchæ tres.

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"Quatuor? Quatuor Evangelistæ.
"Quinque? Quinque prudentes virgines.
"Sex? Sex hydræ positæ in Cana Galilæ.
"Septem? Septem sacramenta.
"Octo? Octo Beatitudines.
"Novem? Angelorum chorus.
"Decem? Decem præcepta Decalogi."

This he combined dextrously with the Mexican game of monte, so that in half an hour Candelaria was gambling skilfully—the father staking his money on the five prudent virgins, and Candelaria on the three patriarchs. At the close of the game Candelaria said she had never had so enjoyable a lesson, and was sure if the good padre would teach the catechism in that way, not the children alone, but the warriors, the medicine-men, and the chiefs would flock to the lessons. Father Acacio's heart sang jubilate; already it might be said that he "viewed his triumph from afar and seized it with his eye." He retired to the cloister garden, not to gather cactus for self-flagellation, but to elaborate his little game.

A little management was necessary to prepare the neophytes for their final examination, after the selections which he had made for them from the catechism had been thoroughly committed to memory, without betraying the machinery by which they had been learned.

The assistance of the object-lessons had been so implicitly relied upon that Father Acacio found it absolutely impossible to elicit an answer without exhibiting the cards. He at last hit upon the expedient of seating the Bishop and his suite in front and facing the congregation, and of secreting Candelaria in the confessional just behind them, where, like a jack-in-the-box, she thrust out the card or cards suggesting the required answer in full view of his people, but unseen by the catechists. Several rehearsals assured him of the success of this plan.

The great day arrived. The Bishop, a feeble, tottering old man, leaned heavily upon the padre's arm as he was shown the neat garden with its orderly rows of chilli and onions. He dozed comfortably in the garden-seat under the giant heliotrope, while the Governor slapped Acacio affectionately on the shoulder and told him of the ill-success of all the other missionaries whom they had visited. The good Bishop had been scandalized by the devices to which the missionaries had resorted to gain their converts. At Taos they had been permitted to as good as canonize their hero, Montezuma, worshipping him in equal honor with San Geronimo. At Laguna the festivals of the saints were celebrated with heathen dances, and the Zootheistic fetiches were allowed a place on the high altar.

Father Acacio professed himself greatly shocked at such crooked practices, and asked whether many of the converts had made commendable progress in the catechism.

"Alas! no," replied the Bishop, suddenly waking up; "they have with one accord relinquished attempts to teach the dogmas of our holy religion."

Padre Acacio smiled serenely and led his guests into the church, already filling fast with his spiritual children. He seated his guests, and the bombardment of questions and answers waged merrily, to the complete stupefaction of the Bishop, who could hardly believe his ears. The triumphant priest could not forbear occasionally casting a glance over his shoulder at his colleague, Candelaria, who smiled and nodded at him from behind the red-calico curtains. How clever she was, and how affectionate! He had hinted to her the possibility of his removal to a higher sphere of usefulness, and the tears had stood in her eyes. "Blessed father!" she had said, "how I shall miss you, and with whom shall we play the adorable little game?"

"Dear child," Acacio had replied, "we need not be separated. If you wish you shall go to Santa Fé with me, and teach the little game to Indian girls as the superior of a convent of holy nuns."

Father Acacio had painted Santa Fé in such brilliant colors that the girl had expressed her entire willingness to follow him thither. What a treasure she was! The padre could hardly keep his attention on the catechism for thinking of her, and yet his converts were doing him honor beyond his own expectation.

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There were some slight slips, as when the head choir-boy, confused by the like numbers, gave Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony as the seven deadly sins; and Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Wrath, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth as the sacraments. Old Isidor, being asked "For what did Judas betray his Master?" fixing his eyes on the three ten-spots extended by Candelaria for his help, replied, "Ten gold pieces, ten cups, and ten swords." But as a general thing all went swimmingly. The Governor regarded his friend at first with pride and admiration, which changed after a time to surprise, and finally to a puzzled doubt and downright suspicion. These converts were too preternaturally bright, there must be some little game which did not appear on the surface. The answer proper to Purgatory might be given to the question, "What is the sacrament of Matrimony?" for he had himself found that relation "A place of punishment, where souls suffer before they go to heaven" (Doña Anastasia was dead now, rest her soul!); but when Wilful Murder, Oppression of the Poor, and Defrauding the Laborer of his Wages were given instead of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, as the particular virtues of a good friar, he began to feel a certain incoherence in the questions and answers. It was at this point that he followed Father Acacio's frequently returning gaze to the confessional, and thought at first that he saw a vision of angels in Candelaria's pretty face. From this time on, to the priest's consternation, the Governor paid no attention to the catechism, but watched with rapture the padre's charming accessory as she made her signals. At last Father Acacio's little game was perfectly clear to him, and he knew not which to admire most—the genius of its inventor, or the beauty of the chief assistant.

When, after the close of the exercises in the church, Father Acacio sought his friend, to bid him to a modest feast prepared in the refectory, he found him, after long search, playing monte with Candelaria behind the great cross in the Campo Santo.

"Not a word of this to the Bishop," he besought; and his excellency swore by all that was sacred that wild horses should not drag the secret from him.

But when, a little later, a commission came to Father Acacio, stating "That whereas he had shown such great zeale and good success in converting the savages, therefore it had been thought best to remove him to a fielde more commensurate to his talents—even to the distant towne of Taos, whose warriors were thought to be very ill affected to the Spanish government and were by some sayd to be on the verge of insurrection"—this paper, which, instead of calling him to the capital, banished him still farther into the wilderness, this paper was signed, not alone by the Bishop, but also by his perfidious friend the Governor.

Had he forgotten his former desire to have a partner at monte, with whom to while away the long evenings? Not at all; nor was Candelaria disappointed in her desire to see the capital of New Spain, Santa Fé, "the city of the holy faith." The ancient chronicles tell how more than one of the early officials "took to themselves wives of the chieftainesses of that countrie," and it is to be presumed that the Governor and Candelaria kept their knowledge of the catechism alive, and taught it to their children by the help of Father Acacio's Little Game.

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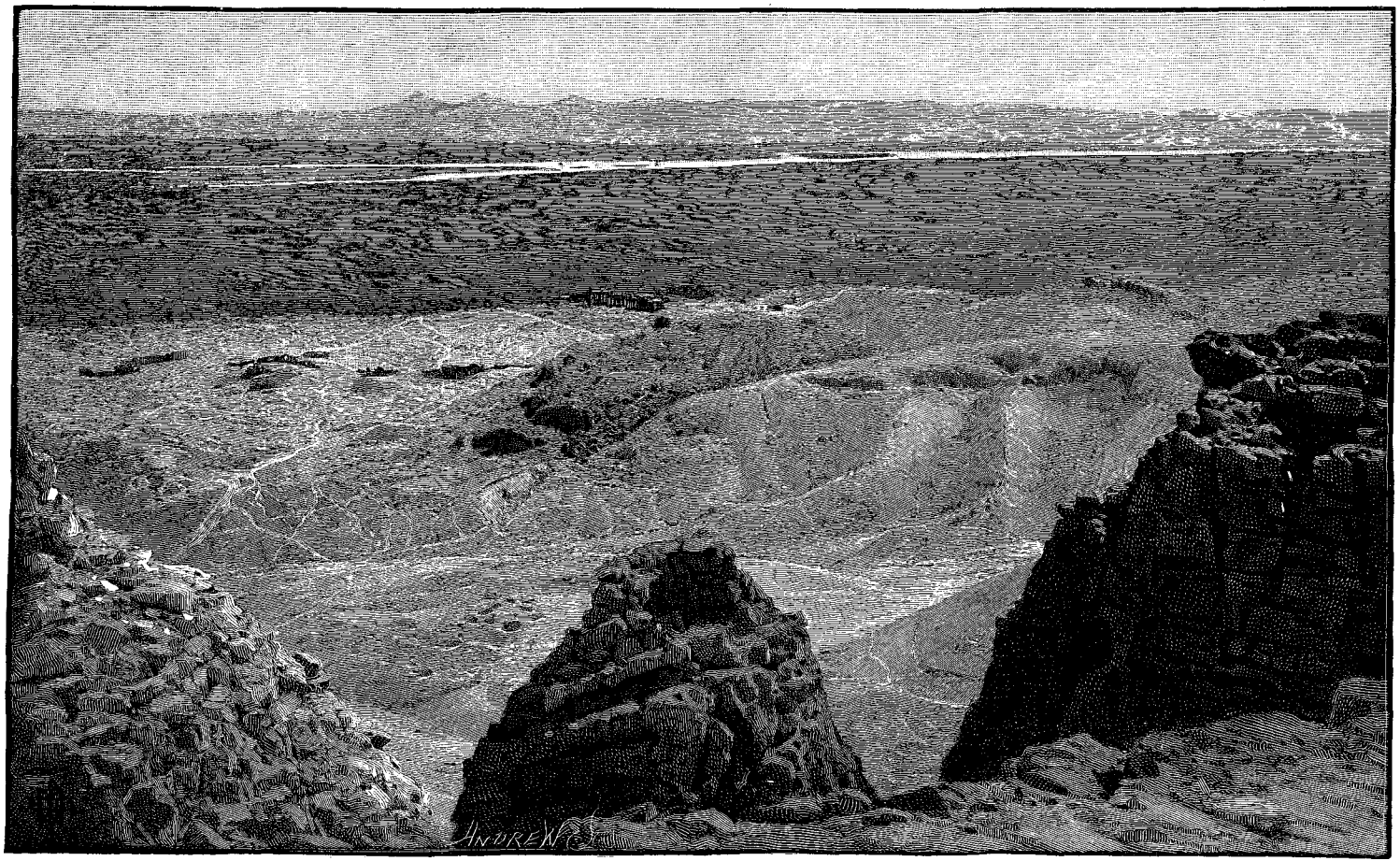

LOOKING ACROSS THE PLAIN OF THEBES FROM THE TOMB OF THE PHARAOHS.

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